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SOCIAL LIFE IN MUNICH.

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BY

EDWARD WILBERFORCE.

To the great trading nation, to the great manufacturing nation, no progress which any portion of the human race can make in knowledge, in taste for the conveniences of life, or in the wealth by which those conveniences are produced, can be matter of indifference.—MACAULAY—*Speech on the Government of India.*

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TO THE

Lord Bishop of Oxford

THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED;

WITH THE TRUEST ADMIRATION FOR HIS INTELLECTUAL POWERS,

AND WITH AFFECTIONATE REGARD,

BY HIS NEPHEW.

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SOCIAL LIFE IN MUNICH.

CHAPTER I.

MUNICH FROM THE OUTSIDE.

In forming an idea of a town, a great deal depends on the first impression. And the first impression depends almost entirely on circumstances over which you can have no control; on the weather, on your own state of health, on your companions, or on your reception. Few cities present a more attractive front than Paris, to one entering on a fine afternoon, and seeing the Boulevards crowded with people; but to drive in on a November day, with a thick yellow fog hanging down all the streets, would entirely destroy the best illusions. A certain gloom cannot fail to oppress the man coming on London from the East, and the universal verdict of foreigners shows that this first impression has never been overcome. Yet Alfieri was disgusted with his first sight of Paris, and enraptured with his first sight of England. I cannot, myself, hear the name of Paris

mentioned without remembering the evening on which I entered, the whole range of the Boulevards glowing golden in the setting sun, the trees and the gaily-dressed passers, the colour and the glory. And it was long before the beauties of Venice could make me forget the winter night of my arrival, the Styx-like *canaletti* through which we glided, like spies coming to see the nakedness of the land; the silent, ghost-like passers muffled in their cloaks, flitting noiselessly across the bridges, and through the mysterious lanes, down the mouths of which one peered with a half dread; the blank hotel, with a rat walking down its steps, as if lord of the manor; the falling snow that hid St. Mark's.

I think Munich is much favoured in the matter of first impressions. The majority of travellers come to it in summer, when it is certainly looking its best, and the judgments generally passed on it are very much influenced by its bright cheerful look from the outside. My first impression of Munich was decidedly favourable, and to that I probably owe my residence. Besides being bright and cheerful, Munich has an advantage which cannot be over-estimated. All the well-known towns that you visit are associated with some idea. You have had a floating picture of them in your mind since childhood, without well knowing the details, and it is almost a necessary consequence of indefinite pictures that the reality should prove a disappointment. Mr. Dicey has expressed the inevitable disappointment that every one must feel in visiting Rome, and probably few but have formed a very different idea of Venice

from that which is presented to them on their arrival. The more you have read and thought of a place before visiting it, the less chance of your vision being realised, and the advice given to travellers to make themselves thoroughly acquainted with the history of a country before going to it, is the surest guide to disappointment. A lady who was presented to a great man whom she knew from his works, said that she was much disappointed in Mr. ——, but was surprised to find Mrs. —— so agreeable a woman. Was not this to say that she had expected great things from Mr. ——, but had not expected anything from his wife? Sir Joshua Reynolds' first feeling on seeing Raphael's pictures, Correggio's exclamation, "anch' io son pittore," meaning that he had formed an idea of the greatest painter far beyond anything that the greatest painter could achieve, are familiar examples of this law of the imagination. Who has not been disappointed with the figure of our Lord in the Transfiguration? asks Mr. Ruskin, endeavouring to make that a reproach to Raphael which only proves that he was bound by the laws of our nature. For the meanest mind can conceive what the greatest mind cannot execute, and it is impossible for human work to come up to the standard that is set by the human mind.

Now in this respect Munich is doubly fortunate. Few people have an exalted idea of it before their first visit, and they are agreeably surprised to light on so pleasant a place. Everything around looks so clean and fresh, all the houses are neat and gay from without, and the many public buildings, with their diversity

of form and colour, produce an agreeable sense of variety. Most show-towns are apt to be tiring from their sameness. After you have seen one church or one palace, all the others are mere copies or reproductions, and unless you are a student of architecture you do not value the gradations through which each style ascends to perfection. You would like to have everything together so as to compare different merits, and to feast your eye on different schools at the same moment. In Venice, with the grand works of Titian and Bonifazio before you, you want the pictures of Raphael to check your enthusiasm, and would rather like to have the bell tower of Giotto placed beside the Campanile of St. Mark's, that you may know which is most worthy of admiration. And in this, too, Munich gives you just what you want. Instead of a puzzling national style, the considerate builder has collected copies of all the best known buildings of other countries. After seeing the Pitti palace copied in the front of the Royal Palace of Munich, you may go to the back, and find the inside of the court chapel built on the plan of St. Mark's. From the Loggie of Orcagna you can get in ten minutes to St. Paul's without the walls. "A poet himself of no mean pretensions," King Ludwig has followed the precepts of Horace, and succeeds in answering the requirements of the Art of Poetry. "Modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis." But on this subject I cannot enlarge as eloquently as a French writer, whom I shall more than once have occasion to quote, and from whom I must translate this passage. "In Munich you are led from one surprise to another;

each step gives you something new. No local convention governs the architecture, but all the riches due to human genius, from the remotest times, are laid under contribution. It may be said that art lives there in its entirety, breathing in byzantine, gothic, Italian monuments; that science has form and colour. And the painting and statuary have this good fortune, that they have not been painfully produced, are not due to a school founded slowly by generations of artists, but have sprung up suddenly, admirable in boldness and beauty, at the call of a king, from the depths of thought, as a volcano sometimes opens a new crater, like that of Iceland, which, sacred fire in the midst of snows, is the image of the arts in Munich. Thus, no remains of *mesquin* ideas, no affectation, no compromise exacted tyranically by convention, necessity, recollection of this or that epoch, but as volcanoes vomit a primitive fire, so the productions of Munich are brilliant by the effect of an ardent and religious imitation of the ancients. Thus, the man who has not the leisure to visit Egypt, Greece, and the East, to run over the various countries of Europe, has but to come to this town, where all the wonders of the world have been gathered with the most praiseworthy perseverance, with a love for all that is great and beautiful, and in the happiest manner. Let the English too, after admiring Indian and Moresque constructions in their Crystal Palace, take the road to Munich, for not only has Munich its Crystal Palace, but is itself an enormous Palace of Industry, which is to Sydenham what Balbec is to a cottage, and the Coliseum of Rome to a Marionette Theatre."

The reader who carefully follows M. le Baron Thiébault's eloquence, and compares it with my humble arguments, will find many points in this passage which seem contradictory. But while I enter a slight protest against the art of Munich being considered free from convention and tradition, which are the guiding stars of its inspiration, from affectation and *mesquin* ideas, which only recur too often, and cannot fail to recur in works based on mere imitation of older models, I will leave the other matters to be answered by the course of this volume. As I shall have occasion to touch on most of the buildings, and on the claims of King Ludwig to occupy the same eminence as Leo the Tenth and Lorenzo de' Medici, I need not go out of my way to reply to M. Thiébault. I am at present occupied with the outward aspect of Munich alone, and desire to explain the secret of the fascination it exercises.

Few German cities have the same advantage in point of newness. Visitors to Munich generally come from some places remarkable as monuments of antiquity, from Nuremberg, Cologne, or the Belgian towns. And I fancy that much as people are impressed with old things, as a rule they generally prefer what is new. The old is curious and instructive, but there is a gap between it and your habits which you do not care to leap, and you like to live in the present. I asked a travelling American what he thought of Venice, and his answer was, "Well, I can't say that I care very much for them old towns." The feeling is perfectly natural, and it is perhaps more often expressed in Munich than elsewhere. Besides the nineteenth cen-

tury is rather self-sufficient, and is proud of what has been produced during its own life. When we see Nuremberg, we say, "What splendid things these old fellows did!" But in Munich it is, "one might really live here!" The effect is pleasant throughout; in the new part from the cheerfulness, in the old part from the contrast. "Munich," says a recent traveller,* "surprised me more pleasantly than almost any city I ever remember to have entered. One had a sort of vague notion that the late king had a taste for the fine arts, and spent a good deal of his own, and his subjects' money, in indulging the taste aforesaid in his capital. But one also knew that he had been tyrannized over by Lola Montes, and had made a countess of her, and had not succeeded in weathering 1848; so that, on the whole, we had no great belief in any good work from such a ruler. Munich gives one a higher notion of him; as long as the city stands, he will have left his mark on it. On every side there are magnificent new streets, and public buildings and statues; the railway terminus is the finest I have ever seen; every church, from the cathedral downwards, is in beautiful order, and highly decorated; and it is not in the public buildings only that one meets with evidences of care and taste. The hotel in which we stayed, for instance, is built of brick, covered with some sort of cement, which gives it the appearance of terra cotta, and is for colour the most wonderfully fascinating building material. The ceilings and cornices of the rooms are all carefully and tastefully

* Vacuus Viator, "Spectator," September 6th, 1862.

painted and all about the town one sees frescoes and ornamentation of all kinds, which show that the people delight in seeing their city look bright and gay; and every one admits that all this is due to the ex-king."

Even here there are a few slight errors, and the writer has been tempted to wander off into a panegyric of King Ludwig, which is not entirely deserved. That the great improvements in Munich are due to King Ludwig must be admitted, but it is a question if the bright look of the town is owing to him. His own street, the Ludwig's Strasse, is as nearly dismal as it can be under the brilliant sun of Munich, and with a profusion of varied colour; in winter it is dreary in the extreme. This is owing to the predominance of public buildings over private houses, the disproportionate breadth, the want of trees, the want of any place to which the street leads. Thus the number of walkers in the street is always small, and the windows not being enlivened by lookers out are dismal and empty. Almost all the new quarters of other German towns are lively; Stuttgart, for instance, and Dresden, though they owe nothing to panegyrised monarchs, and are consequently unhonoured and unsung. One of the charms of the new parts of Munich, especially of that quarter in which the galleries are situated, is the green of trees, and the little gardens in front of the houses. The fringe of trees surrounding the Glyptothek, and spreading out like a fan towards the entrance into the town, has a very pleasing effect, enhancing the beauty of the building. All down the Brienner Strasse are lilacs and laburnums, whose masses of flower in spring and chang-

ing leaves in autumn, are as beautiful as their tint and refreshing shade in the summer. How much of this is owing to King Ludwig? It is known that he has that strange prejudice against trees which causes the gloom of many Italian cities, that he will not admit into the Ludwig's Strasse the only possible means of enlivening it, that a great ugly open place runs between the inner town and the new quarters, which cannot be laid out with pleasant alleys and *bosquets* till his death; that when his son began to plant trees in the square before the palace, he came up to Munich, and had the work discontinued. And yet these very trees and alleys which are obnoxious to King Ludwig are the pleasantest feature in Munich, and weigh more in its favour with travellers than King Ludwig's own achievements.

Now that the new quarters of the town are rapidly being filled up, and large vacant spaces no longer exist as they once did between churches and galleries, the outward show is highly commendable. Houses which are allowed to spread in an open and healthy way, are apt to seem cheerful and airy, especially when they are set off with trees and garden plots, which add so much to the look of a town. Moreover, there is a more home-like air about them, being smaller and more compact than the many-storied houses of the inner city. Each house is separated from its neighbour, and stands a little apart from the rest, a little way back from the street. A succession of such houses cannot but be attractive, especially to wanderers from the dark streets of London. Moreover the profusion of external ornament gives a cheerful look to the new houses. There

is something strangely picturesque in the aspect of Parisian houses, and the newest ones in Munich are built in outward imitation of Paris. Nor are the old houses behind-hand in this particular. The scrolls and embossing about the fronts of the houses in the Schrannen Platz, might seem to have given the idea for the ornaments above the windows and below the roofs in the Maximilian's Strasse. Without the architectural interest of Nuremberg, or the grave effect of Augsburg, the old part of Munich is by no means destitute of the quaint attraction of the national style of Germany. It is a question if in modern times anything could be made out of this style, had the building of Munich been left to architects. But King Ludwig's introduction of all the styles under the sun, and King Maximilian's imitation of Napoleon the Third, have given Munich a mongrel character, which places it out of the pale of architectural discussion. Like those American connoisseurs who prefer having their galleries full of Correggios and Leonardos, instead of founding a native school of painting, both the kings of Bavaria have put their own memories before the interests of national art.

But though the character of the town is mongrel, no one denies its outward charm. And one very great addition to Munich is the English garden, which no visitor can fail to appreciate, and which is certainly unrivalled in Europe. The flatness of the plain round Munich, and the want of pleasant walks, only make this promenade more necessary. The situation of the town is admitted to be faulty, and it is said that King Ludwig on his accession meditated removing the seat of govern-

ment to Ratisbon. All towns which have a claim to picturesqueness need the society of a river, and make much of its neighbourhood. Without the quays along the Seine, without the Lung, Arno, Paris and Florence would lose much of their grace. The discussions that have taken place in London about embanking the Thames show that the English people are alive to the necessity of making use of their river, and the Danube, which flows through Ratisbon, would have been a favourable stream for that use and decoration. Being navigable much higher up, and having daily steamers, the Danube is a main artery, and it is important that a main artery of a kingdom should be close to the capital. The Isar, on the other hand, has none of these advantages. It is merely a mountain stream, liable to fluctuations, and certain to be very much swollen with each spring melting of the mountain snows. It is not navigable save for rafts, and has to be dammed and furnished with a shoot for them. The town was never built along it, and is now gradually approaching it, though the bank on which the town is built is low and marshy, and the opposite bank is high, and save in some places unsuited for building. Up the Isar the scenery much improves, and in this direction pleasant excursions are to be made. But as a rule the country immediately round Munich is dreary and unattractive, and few facilities were given by nature for building a capital city in this situation.

It is said, that King Ludwig asked some stranger which street he preferred, the Ludwig's or the Maximilian's Strasse. The stranger begged to be excused

giving an answer; but the King insisted. And when the stranger very naturally replied, that he preferred the Maximilian's Strasse, the King called him a cad. But, in spite of the royal epithet, I think most will agree in the stranger's opinion. The Maximilian's Strasse is certainly the prettiest and liveliest street in Munich; though not architecturally conspicuous, nor decked with such buildings as the Ludwig's Strasse. And though the Ludwig's Strasse is composed of copies, at least the copies have been selected from many places; whereas, the Maximilian's Strasse is merely a version of the Boulevards. As, in earlier times, all German princes were so much impressed by Louis XIV. that they copied him in his buildings; so, in the present times, the Napoleonic seems likely to be the prevailing style. The palace of Nymphenburg, two and a-half miles out of Munich, is an evident imitation of Versailles, built on the principle Thackeray has somewhere mentioned, which impelled all German kings to have their Monbijous or Mon-plaisirs after the pattern of the *Grand Monarque*. In like manner they say that, when King Maximilian returned from Paris, his first impulse was to lay out the Maximilian's Strasse. In one thing at least he improved on his father,—he made his street lead somewhere. At the end of it he has built a bridge across the river to the high bank which looks down on Munich; he has laid out pleasant promenades there, with sloping plots, and larch and fir; and built a large college to serve as ending to the street. How the public appreciate this, is seen in their choosing the street as their favourite walk, while the Ludwig's Strasse is

almost deserted. For the Ludwig's Strasse leads nowhere, and is at best a dismal walk,—only tolerable in wet weather for its paving.

In dealing with the picturesque aspect of Munich, I must not omit to notice the processions which take place on feasts, such as Corpus Christi, and at inaugurations of statues and buildings. The people of Munich are celebrated for the success of their processions, for the tasteful and artistic manner in which they are organised, and for the pictorial nature of their execution. The whole town seems to throw itself, heart and soul, into the pageant; and no better time can be found for seeing Munich most favourably, and with the greatest enjoyment. I saw the Corpus Christi procession, at least the latter part of it, from a window commanding the Odeon Platz, where the whole train sweeps round; and the effect was gorgeous. The large square was hemmed in by soldiers on horseback, whose straight line gave a regularity to the space enclosed, and a definiteness to the limits of the stage. By every house door, young, light green birch trees were planted; and their leaves, shivering in the wind, threw out tints of delicious colour. Rich draperies, red and yellow, hung down from the windows, and at each window were ladies in light spring clothing, looking at a distance like flowers arranged in masses. To the right, the broad, desolate Ludwig's Strasse stretched away, forming a contrast, with its silence, its emptiness, and its heavy buildings of solid colour, to the animated scene before us. On the left, the gaze was bounded by the light pillars of the Hall of Marshals, which was filled with foot soldiers,—a mass

of rich blue. Through all this space passed the procession, in a multitude of hues. Friars leading in deep brown; then a few rich crimson uniforms; the King, under a canopy, surrounded by lighted tapers, and followed by yellow robes;—so that the eye wandered restlessly over a wilderness of blending colours, like a picture of Titian set in motion. And each change produced a new pictorial effect. As each colour passed, the whole picture changed, as if you had turned a kaleidoscope, or were watching a sunset. On the stage, with the even glare of the footlights, such a procession would have been robbed of half its charm. The open atmosphere, the clouds that flitted lightly across the sun,—threw a magic over the scene, that artificial means could not have supplied.

Another picture that I witnessed in Munich was the work of nature alone; but I do not know where nature produces such pictures, except in Munich. The spring had been unusually early, and all the trees and sprays were covered with that delicious dew of young delicate green, which Leigh Hunt has discussed so rapturously in his letters. On a sudden came a heavy fall of snow, which lay on all the trees, and was crusted and crystallised on the fresh young leaves. When the sun came out and shone bright, the contrast between the tender green below and the masses of pearly, sugary white, sparkling upon them, was like the contrast I saw at a performance of the Mariage de Figaro, when Marcelline was played by a young woman. The actress put on white hair, to suit the character, but was too vain to make her face look old; and the white hair over the blooming face

was worthy of snow on green leaves. Perhaps it is profanation of so lovely a picture, to compare it with the caprice of a French actress; and it is a pity that some of the landscape painters of Munich did not snatch the transitory effect.

Such is Munich from the outside; and I am the more glad to dwell on the pictures it presents to me, as I shall have few occasions to revert to it. The inside of Munich is more my subject in this volume; and I am sure the outside is the pleasanter of the two.

CHAPTER II.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

In the celebrated story of the camel, the Frenchman writes a brief and brilliant *feuilleton,* the Englishman studies the habits of the animal for two years, and produces a mass of facts undigested and scarcely understood, while the German retires to construct the camel out of his moral consciousness. This chapter must be the Englishman's chapter, though not without attempts on the part of the author to digest his facts, and refer them to principles. He is of opinion that national definitions have mostly proved unsatisfactory, by reason of rashness in forming conclusions, and wideness of generalisation. The following facts are put forward as those which have come under his own observation, checked by the remarks of friends. He does not wish to destroy the ideal figure of a German as painted in so many sketch books, or to set down the whole nation, north and south, as possessing those characteristics that he has seen in Munich. His experience goes to prove that the German nation is very far from resembling its fancy portraits. When he reads that "society is very pleasant, the Germans being frank and sociable," he

cannot but ask which society, and what Germans? He has met with the utmost sociability and frankness at one house, and with the utmost stiffness and reserve in others. He knows pleasant people who have lived twenty years in German towns, without making one friend among the natives; yet he has friends himself of whose kindness he has often made proof. These are apparent contradictions, and yet they are easily explained. The first explanation lies on the surface; men differ from one another. You may find a man stiff and rude, to whatever nation he belongs. Englishmen are generally considered cold in France, and an Englishman who unbends even in the slightest degree, may be complimented by being called half a Frenchman. And yet it is scarcely necessary to observe that there are Englishmen of social habits, even cheery men who will speak to their companions in the railway. The French are always polite and talkative, you say; but I have met some who were neither. And so when the whole German nation is set down as simple and modest, remarkable for bravery, good nature, good faith, and chastity, erring, perhaps, in their too great neglect of externals, the traveller can but shrug his shoulders, and produce thousands of instances to the contrary.

There is another explanation, which applies to the case as in Munich, and this is the separation of classes, the division of society into layers, that are kept independent of each other. A person moving in high society may find it stiff and reserved, while another associating with the literary and scientific classes may find them frank and sociable. It is certain that the high society

in Munich has a reputation for stiffness; I can myself speak only favourably of the professional society. But besides these two there are many other divisions of which I am ignorant, and I do not profess myself competent to judge the conduct of the *crême de la crême*. The few occasions on which I have been permitted to take part in its rejoicings, have impressed me very deeply. I never found anything to reprehend in the young ladies' dresses, in the light and sparkling conversation that passed between the two sexes, in the courtesy of the entertainers, in the refinement that checked all excess of conviviality. To my humble notions everything seemed perfect. But a noble of Rome, whose taste had been educated in the ball-rooms of the gay cities which own Rome as their capital, passed a very different verdict. "You think that gay and pleasant," he said, with extreme contempt, twirling his moustache. "Why, you never noticed what went on at the ball, or you have forgotten it. Shall I tell you what I saw? I went up and asked a lady to dance; she called for a sheet of foolscap paper which contained her engagements for the winter, and told me she could give me the third *valse* at the next ball but one. She asked me if I went to the pic-nic balls, and I found that was the name given to the gayest balls of the town, because they were held at an hotel."

"I don't see the derivation," I remarked.

"Evidently not. But it would be wrong to give the same name to a ball that takes place in an hotel, and a ball that takes place at court. So I accepted the dance offered me without a remark, and made my bow."

"And no further conversation?"

"There you are again. Don't you know it is not the custom in Munich for ladies and gentlemen to talk together? Everybody would think you were engaged if you talked together. When a dance is over every gentleman drops his partner exactly where they happen to stop, in the middle of the room, or in one of the corners, and she finds her way across by herself. You see all the young ladies in one group between the dances, and all the young gentlemen in another group; the ladies by themselves, and the gentlemen by themselves, and the elderly people by themselves."

"Besides, you have the quadrilles and lancers expressly for talking."

"*Vraiment?* I believe it requires two people to talk, and I never found the second. They pay so much attention to the figure that their minds are engrossed, or else they are like the Bermuda lady in Captain Marryat, who came to dance, and not to jabber. If you watch the progress of the lancers, you will see that there is no room for sliding in a word. Everybody takes it *au grand serieux*. The music plays at the speed of a dead march, and the gravity of countenance preserved by the company is quite portentous. To see the officers doing it you would think they were on parade. They stamp through all the parts where they ought to glide, and upon my word I believe they mark time when they ought to be standing. Then the bows and the curtseys, and the pauses between, and the solemnity of demeanour are perfectly appalling. I only once saw a bit of nature, when a gentleman with a Calmuck face stepped through

a lady's dress, and recoiled some paces hopping, and looking with horror at the offending foot which he held poised in the air for a penance. As for their quadrilles—would you believe it, they wound up the cotillon with a quadrille? I was so extenuated by the course of the ball, and so nervous at the constant stamps, (you know whenever a gentleman puts a lady down at the end of a turn he gives a stamp with his foot), that I lost all equanimity. A quadrille, I said. We always finish cotillons with a quadrille, replied my partner, with a stress on the always which placed the custom beyond appeal."

"Of course," I replied to this tirade; "every nation considers its customs more sacred than its laws."

"One of your country-women found fault with the custom of giving beer at ball suppers instead of champagne. And it does look strange to see the delicate ladies of an exclusive aristocracy quaffing goblets of beer after dancing. But I replied that good beer is better than bad champagne; and that beer is more refreshing after dancing than anything, save champagne. Of course, I prefer champagne, but only when it is first-rate; and how many people give you that? Do they in England? No;—there I think Munich is in the right."

I answered the noble Roman, that the supper was to me the stumbling block of the evening. From the beginning of the ball I had been offended by the predominance of officers in uniform, seeing them arrive with their swords buckled on, as if they were charged with the preservation of order. One has a natural objection to carpet knights; and this objection is always liable to be transferred to those who are ever seen in uniform,

but never on duty; who seem to wear the gay colours and the clashing metal for no other reason than to bear off the palm from sober civilians. Munich is, perhaps, the most offensive place in the world, or one of the most offensive, in this respect. I know of no other town in which one notices so many uniforms. When one goes from Munich to London, or even to Paris, one is agreeably struck by the prevalence of the civil garb over the military. No officer in London would think of walking the streets in uniform; and in Paris, I am told the employment of uniform is formally restricted to those who are on duty. In Munich, on the other hand, no military man is allowed to appear in any other costume. The same rule exists in the small towns of France; but I imagine the garrison is never as large, in proportion to the population, as it is in Munich. Here, there is one in seven in the army; that is, every seventh person you meet is likely to be a soldier. And as the army is almost the only profession open to young men of family, the balls of the high society are monopolised by officers. The incongruous spectacle is daily presented, of officers driving themselves; and in Munich it is carried to a most ridiculous extent, by the want of carriages adapted for that purpose. If anything can be worse than the spectacle of officers in full uniform driving about the streets of a capital city, it is the sight of an officer driving from the box of a ramshackle country carriage, with his servant occupying the body of the vehicle. After this, one can tolerate almost anything,—even the custom so many officers in Munich have, of riding abreast of their grooms, which makes you take the groom for a

friend of his master. But one really gets so sick of the everlasting soldiery in Munich, that one cannot but echo the sentiment which is fast growing with respect to these standing armies, and which is best expressed in Thackeray's line:—"Go to! I hate him and his trade."

One pities recruits, who have been drawn by conscription instead of having taken the shilling, when one sees them drilled all day long, and beat and thumped if they do not instantly appreciate the niceties of platoon exercise. But when the recruit has become a full-blown soldier, and repays the brutality of his early treatment on the civilian, one almost regrets one's pity. Martial music is a fine thing, and the strains of a good brass band set the blood flowing faster; but whenever one gets close to a marching regiment, the band is sure to stop, and the detestable drums strike up in its place. The poet has stated his disgust at the drum's discordant sound; and one has only to hear six or eight drummers beating as hard as they can on their diabolical parchment, to appreciate the epithet. Why cannot men walk without such a senseless row going on in front of them? The perpetual jar is enough to drive a nervous man to despair; it shakes the houses to their foundations, and seems to have got into the ground under your feet, and to be rumbling like premonitory symptoms of an earthquake.

To return, however, to the uniforms as they appear at balls. "One would think," I said, "that some revolution, some invasion, was expected; or are these swords only buckled on to defend the supper room?" But when

you get to that quarter of the ball, you find it is much more a question of attack than of defence. "If the gentlemen only waited on the ladies before beginning themselves——." But the noble of Rome interrupted me, having listened with ill-disguised impatience to my long discourse. "My dear sir, it is all very well to use ifs; but you should begin at the root of the matter. One complains that the society is stiff and ungracious; and one finds fault with their customs. I could forgive them this, and a great deal more, on one condition—if they only had manners!"

With this my friend makes his bow, leaving me to note down his strictures without being answerable for them. I confess there are other things connected with the society in Munich that strike me unfavourably. I think it awkward to see a footman helping his mistress out of her carriage, with one hand on the carriage door and the other employed in holding his hat by his side. To say nothing of the servility of the action, nor of its effect on the health in such a climate, it must be censured as eminently unpractical. If the lady's foot catches in her dress, either the footman's hat, or his mistress, must fall on the pavement. I think it unwise to take up so much of the envelope with a man's titles, that you have to crowd his name and address into a small corner, and run the risk of your letter being missent, owing to the care you have taken that your friend's dignity shall not be offended. I think it foolish to lay so much stress on the formality of paying visits, when a visit is only paid by sending two cards by a servant,—as if you could promote social intercourse by

possessing an extraordinary number of impressions of every card plate. Either visiting means something or nothing. It may be a great nuisance; but one constantly submits to annoyances if they mean something. But if it means nothing, why is it enforced as it is in Munich? You never, by any chance, find people at home; they are either just going out or just come in, or at their toilettes or at table. You may have exchanged cards with a man three months ago, and not know him when you meet him in the street. As for knowing the inside of his house, you might as well expect to know the inside of his mind. But you are represented by an oblong piece of card board on his table, and your name is inscribed on the tablet of his mind, that he may honour you with a similar object at the fitting time.

The truth is, that so far from neglecting externals. the Germans carry the observance of externals to the most extravagant lengths. What is the aggravation of titles, but an observance of outward show? And the idea of title is not confined to the nobility. As you go lower down you find every one with some sort of handle to his name. The authoress of "Quits" has made a pleasant scene out of a legal Doctor, and the English misapprehension of his employment; and in real life such cases are of constant occurrence. A man who cannot by any possibility get up a title, is bound to call himself a *privatier*, instead of leaving it to be implied by the absence of a formula; and a newspaper writer is called a *privatgelehrter* — literally, private man of learning—in the address book. The custom of calling all women of the lower classes Madame, to distinguish

them from those who are entitled to the more honourable Frau, has an exactly opposite effect on strangers. The universal term of French courtesy, the name that stands by itself upon the steps of the ancient throne of France, must always seem preferable to a familiar and half-vulgar word,—a term of honour that few ladies, save Germans, would wish to bear. Hand-in-hand with this zeal for titles, goes the excessive use of decorations. Till the beginning of 1863, it was the custom to give away Orders every New Year's Day; and on New Year's Day, 1861, no less than one hundred and forty were distributed. But the evil had got to such a height that a check was necessary; and the custom fell to the ground on the 1st of January, 1863. It is said, that an order was issued by the King, instructing the ministers of state to be more chary of their recommendations, in order to enhance the value of the Bavarian Orders. But it is not by giving pieces of ribbon to two men of letters, instead of to six, that the value of the Order is enhanced, so long as the chief stars in the decorative firmament are bestowed on chamberlains and gentlemen-in-waiting. We are pleased, when an Order is granted to an eminent artist or man of mental acquirements; perhaps the more, that such men are slighted by the custom of England. We can fully appreciate the idea of Nelson going into action at Trafalgar, with his four stars on his frock coat, as we can understand his answer to his officers:—"In honour I gained them, and in honour I will die with them." But when one gentleman gets a grand cross for acting a part of upper lackey, and another for telling the King the last bit

of gossip in Court French, the notion is too preposterous.

I have never gone so far into the secrets of the grave, as to ascertain if people are buried with their decorations. It is the custom in Munich to bury people in full dress; and what is still worse, to lay them out behind a window, bedizened as if for a fête. Goethe reproached some one for going to see a friend laid out for burial; adding, that he preferred to keep the memory of his friend as he was when alive, not the ghastly memory of his features, stiffened by death. The taste of Munich is quite opposed to this saying. Crowds of people go to the dead house and stand before the windows, looking at young girls in ball dresses—old men with bouquets of flowers on their bosoms. Burns, in his Tam O'Shanter, has hinted at the scene:—

> "Coffins stood round like open presses,
> That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses."

Much has been written against the Morgue; but there is at least an object in exposing unknown bodies, that they may be claimed by their relations. In Munich there is no reason, but pampered, disgusting curiosity—an ignoble prurience, that every government should be bound to suppress. The idea of exposing young girls in ball dresses, with wreaths of flowers round their heads, may, perhaps, suggest doubts to those over-literalists who consider the resurrection of the body material—not spiritual. If all were to rise again at the last day just as they had been buried, it would hardly be appropriate to rise in a ball dress. But this is the least objection

to be made to the Munich custom. It is marvellous, that in a capital town, so widely renowned for its taste, that Mr. Falkener's Dædalus is dedicated to the Bavarian people; a town, in which the police have always exercised the strictest supervision over public morals, such a spectacle should be open to all the world, and should be attended with such vulgar ostentation.

Not only in the matter of burials does death become a mere form. It is seized on as an opportunity for the most tedious and annoying ceremonial, which entirely robs it of its meaning, while adding to its horrors. When a person receives the last sacraments, it is the custom for the nearest relations to be present, in full uniform. The day after a death, the survivor receives the visits of all the town. I have heard of a widow sitting down in a suit of black that had been hastily run up during the night of her husband's death, and seeing all her friends and acquaintances while the body was yet unburied. One cannot conceive the union of feeling with this formality; nor is it possible that any one who mourned her loss could admit the world to gaze upon it.

Germans often express their surprise that Englishmen should go to indifferent tea-parties in full dress, while they wear only morning dress to important dinners in the middle of the day. On the other hand it seems strange to English people to put on their evening clothes at one o'clock, even though they have the ultra-English habit of dressing every evening. One sees Germans walking about in full black at one o'clock, sometimes with a white wide-awake on the top, which has a sin-

gular effect in broad daylight. I confess myself inclined to strike a balance between the two customs, believing them both to be formal. But in Munich the recognition of the right hand is made a point of even more formality than the full dress for an early dinner. Whenever a lady goes into a house the mistress of the house conducts her to the sofa, and places her on the right hand side. In many places the sofa is meant for nothing else, and I remember a person who let furnished lodgings objecting to the tenant lying on the sofa, because that was not the proper use for it. In what other country but Germany could one have left-handed marriages, as if the sanctity of the marriage tie lay in the right hand of the bridegroom, and a mixed marriage could only be contracted by the left? Perhaps the most ridiculous use of this custom, the one which carries its own punishment with it, is seen when a gentleman drives a lady, or a servant drives a gentleman. I have myself witnessed a gentleman driving a lady in a phaeton, the gentleman sitting on the left hand, and the lady on the right. One need not be a good whip to see the absurdity, and to predict the consequences. If the driver had to give the slightest touch of the whip to his horses, he would infallibly hit the lady in the face with his elbow.

But it is not often that you see a gentleman driving a lady in Munich. A kind of separate maintenance seems the rule, especially in the evening. I know of very few families in which the evening is passed in a sociable way, in which the husband stays at home with his wife. It is the old story of the French stage;

Où passerai-je mes soirées? But instead of the gay and brilliant café life of Paris, the husbands of Munich have what they call their clubs at taverns, or breweries. A curious chapter might be written on the clubs of Munich. The temptations they offer are certainly not the same as those which entice so many married men in London to their bachelor palaces in Pall Mall. They are rather clubs in the earlier sense of the word, not possessing a house of their own, but only a room in some tavern, which is theirs for the time. And yet their attractions seem even more powerful, as every genuine Municher makes a point of spending the evening at his club, and the wives of Munich people are always abandoned. It is said that many gentlemen object to making an exception even for their marriage evening, and libellers declare that the ladies, when left alone, immediately attire themselves in extreme *negligé*, and knit stockings. Probably from this custom of clubs has grown the rival custom of coffee parties attended by ladies alone; an opposition measure, which is perfectly excused by the circumstances. Meanwhile the men are collected in a room, smoking and drinking beer. The smoke is so thick, that clothes and hair smell of it for days to come.

The names of the Munich clubs are not so far-fetched as those recorded in the Book of Snobs, but they are sometimes even more inappropriate. For instance, one of them is the "Old Englishmen;" but the club which bears this name does not number one Englishman among its members. I was invited to a military club by two men, who were both civilians. But to

English ideas the Fisher Club would bear away the prize of absurdity. One naturally supposes that a club of this nature would look after the interests of fishing; would take a water, preserve it strictly, and confine it to the members; would secure, as far as possible, the preservation of fish in other waters, and have the right of fishing in them. Nothing of the sort is attempted. The Fisher Club has no corporate existence out of the room in which it meets during the winter. I read in a newspaper that it has turned its attention to the breeding of fish, and that it has stocked several of the rivers near Munich during the last two or three years. But while poaching is general, and fishermen live on the produce of the lakes and rivers in Bavaria, it is of little use stocking the waters, especially when they are not the property of the Fisher Club. And the actual proceedings of the club are in no way connected with fishing. The members meet once a month in a room belonging to a tavern, they sit round a table smoking and drinking beer, while a scientific authority delivers a lecture on some scientific question. All this is well enough; the lectures are generally able and instructive in the highest degree; but an Englishman considers a fisher club ought to fish instead of talk.

The domestic life of the Germans has been so often and so fully described, that I have carefully avoided it in this chapter. But one or two points may be mentioned in passing. Let me confirm the general idea that the Germans dislike fresh air, by stating that in many houses in Munich there is not one window opened from autumn to spring. A French author has called

attention to the singular mode of carrying home petticoats from the wash, sticking them upon poles like large cotton umbrellas, so that you see petticoats walking the streets after the manner of Birnam Wood on its march to Dunsinane. The very reverse of this freedom is allotted to babies. Young English mothers are more indignant at the injustice shown to these tender creatures than they are at the public exhibition of their own under garments. The unfortunate child is thrust into a feather pillow, and swathed like an Egyptian mummy, with tight bindings of tapes confining arms and legs; and all the other members which a baby loves to disport in freedom and familiarity. Even that unruly member, the tongue, is chained, by the thrusting of a lump of cloth with a piece of sugar inside it, or a compound of sugar and the crumb of bread, into the infant mouth. I leave it to the mothers of England, and to learned writers on the treatment of children, to decide if these practices are healthy, if the limbs are not liable to be stunted by the bandaging, and the stomach weakened by constant sucking at the sugar bag. The appearance is certainly not pleasing, nor does the aspect of the babies of Munich bear witness to the good effects of their training.

CHAPTER III.

ROYALTY.

This book would very inadequately express the sentiments of Munich, if an early chapter were not given to kings. In no capital that I have seen, is loyalty so general or so obtrusively shown, as in the capital of Bavaria. It seems to be a law, that the smaller a monarch the more respect is paid to him; and perhaps it is fortunate; for the ruler of a great country would sink under the weight of that homage which the ruler of a small country finds grateful and refreshing. In a small capital, the king is much nearer his subjects than in a large one. He walks about the streets almost unattended; is constantly seen driving; and his movements are known to the whole community. The gulf that separates him from them is much smaller; and, therefore, he seems to some extent one of themselves,—a being of flesh and blood, though glorified. And people always respect the highest among themselves more than the highest in another scale of being. To the soldier, a general is a much greater man than an admiral; to the lawyer, the lord chancellor, and to the clergyman, the archbishop, are supreme; while the small noble con-

siders the highest rank in the nobility more truly venerable than any other conceivable dignity. In the admiration thus felt, there is something definite and easily explained; in all other respects there is an uncertainty, which naturally leads to heartless and lip-loyalty.

It is only on this principle one can explain the extravagance of Munich loyalty. It is not directed towards the achievements of either king alone; for, though both the reigning king and the king who has abdicated have done much for Munich, they have not done enough to entitle them to such ultra professions of regard. Nor is the regard confined to the heads of the royal family; every member of it, and of its branches, is greeted with equal fervour. Every time one of these personages goes out walking, the passengers stop, draw up in a line, take off their hats and bow to the ground. This is done to young princesses of a distant branch, when they are walking with their governesses, and to the young princes, when they are walking with their tutor. On snowy days, when the Queen walks up and down the arcades, with two footmen behind her, the strollers there have to draw up in a line every time she passes. And as these arcades are the great resort of Munich in bad weather, and the turns taken by the Queen are many, it may almost be calculated that every walk of hers costs her subjects six or eight hats. It is not sufficient to raise the hat, as is done in countries of more advanced civilisation: each hat has to be pulled off and held crown downwards, in which position all the weight is thrown on the brim. Munich hats are bad

by nature; and I doubt if even Lincoln and Bennet would long resist such a pressure. Baron Thiébault, whose book on Munich I shall shortly have occasion to notice, complains of the necessity of doffing the hat completely, and says, that hats last longer in Paris than in Munich. But the elder branch of royalty insists on the full salute; and the custom is too deeply rooted in the people to be speedily abolished. The salute is not confined to royalty. Friends offer it to each other; and if you are walking with a man, you must salute every one whom he salutes. There is an old story, of a notice posted up in some German town, requesting people not to take off their hats; but one can scarcely believe that any movement has been made in the right direction. It is said that, during the Revolution, King Ludwig snatched off the hat of some man who did not salute him, and flung it on the ground. Prince Charles, his brother, abused a gentleman at Tegernsee for slightly raising his hat, instead of making the customary salute. One's only consolation is, that these royal people are more heavily taxed than their subjects. You bow once to each of them you meet; but they have to bow to everbody who meets them. How many hats do they use, I wonder? Baron Thiébault saw King Ludwig walking down the streets with his hat in his hand, to avoid having to take it off every minute, and this with the thermometer many degrees below zero.

But it is no real alleviation of an annoyance to reflect, that those who insist upon it are more annoyed than yourself. Common-sense considerations should have the first place, in regulating the amount of respect to

be shown to individuals; and where is the common sense of using twice as many hats as necessary, in a town where good hats are unattainable? It gives a man no more pleasure to have a hat swung right off in his honour, than to have it slightly raised, or to be bowed to politely. What pleasure does a king feel, in waking up his subjects at six in the morning, by banging of cannon to announce his birthday? One turns round in disgust, and wishes he had never been born. I think it is Victor Hugo, in the "Misérables," who makes a calculation of the money spent yearly in foolish banging away of powder in saluting, and of the good that might be done with it. And in Munich, all carriages and horsemen are still bound to stop when royalty comes along the road,—a regulation of constant inconvenience in a small capital. I am told, and I hope it is true, that the reigning King of Bavaria is glad to have a sensible lift of the hat from a stranger; and he has only to put himself against the needless servility of stopping all carriages he meets, to earn the praise of the first Alexander. "Enthusiastically beloved by his subjects," says Sir Archibald Alison, "Alexander had, immediately on his accession to the throne, abolished the custom of alighting from the carriage whenever the royal equipages were met, which had excited so much discontent under his tyrannical predecessor; but the respect of his subjects induced them to continue the practice, and to avoid such a mark of oriental servitude, he was in the habit of driving about, without guards, in a private chariot." Oriental servitude is, perhaps, the most appropriate term for such extravagant loyalty. So grateful

should I feel to any one who would procure the abolition of the custom that I would—take my hat off to him. Of all that has been written on the subject of hats, scarcely anything seems to have touched the question of taking them off. Fielding, whose chapter of hats, in Jonathan Wild the Great, has been pronounced by Coleridge superior to anything written by Swift in Lilliput, or The Tale of a Tub, confines himself chiefly to the wearing of them. His satire is, to some extent, a forestalment of Sartor Resartus, viewing hats as types of political differences, or as professional symbols. Everything is found in Shakspeare, however; and the pith of the question I have debated is given in one line of Hamlet:—"The bonnet to his right use;" says Hamlet to Osrick;—"'tis for the head." Judging by the importance assigned by some to the wearing of hats, one would think the bonnet was not made for the head—but the head for the bonnet; and in Munich, hats do not seem made to be put on—but to be taken off. It is true, that both these objections might be answered by a reference to the quality and occupation of some most sedulous saluters; as their heads seem only made to put hats on, and their hands only made to take hats off.

These, then, are the outward and visible signs of loyalty, deserving the first place in a chapter devoted to subjective treatment of royalty rather than objective. The institution of kings is not in itself a matter of such interest to me that I should write of it as some have done, nor has my stay in Munich inoculated me with Munich loyalty, though it seems to be catching. With-

out adducing other examples to prove the contagious effects of the air of the place, the French book to which I have just alluded will serve my purpose. I do not imagine any French author would gossip about the trivial details of imperial life as Baron Thiébault has done about the infinitely more trivial details of Bavarian royal life, or would set down word for word a formal conversation between himself and the Emperor as the Baron has done for the king of Bavaria. But Baron Thiébault goes so fully into all these matters that his volume is quite a Court Guide, and my knowledge of Bavarian royalty is due to it alone. The baron tells us that the king dines at half-past three, goes to bed at half-past ten, and rises all the year round at five; that the queen drinks beer every night, and does not like being addressed as Madame by French people, because in Germany Madame is a disparaging title. He expresses his regret that he began the Carnival by not bowing to the Queen, and ended it by sitting next to a prince without knowing him. He enlarges on the literary character of the whole house of Bavaria, and contrasts it favourably with the Catalogue of Royal Authors. He copies out the genealogy of the reigning house when he is kept at home by a fever, and adds a list of the mediatised princes, and the whole Bavarian nobility. When presented to the Queen he was troubled by the doubt whether or no she would recognise the bold promenader who did not salute her. Presented to Prince Charles he won that amiable prince's heart by praising beer. "Ah," said the prince quickly, "I, too, am a brewer! I had evidently touched a tender chord. I had been a courtier without knowing it!"

Bold promenader, and courtier without knowing it, are singular epithets to be applied to Baron Thiébault. His royal pursuits must have been all-engrossing to enable him to write a work on Munich in which the name of Liebig is only mentioned once, in a panegyric on the King; in which the galleries are dismissed in a page, and literature only introduced in its princely shape; in which Munich's real claims to distinction are ignored, and the motley character of King Ludwig's buildings proclaimed their chief merit. But he was occupied with other things. Listen to his account of his presentation to King Maximilian. "I print the conversation almost word for word. *The King.* You have been unwell? *Myself.* That alone forbade my soliciting the honour of being presented to your Majesty on the 1st of January. *The King.* I am glad to see that you are better. Our climate is somewhat severe for strangers. *Myself.* Out of doors one must be warmly clad, but when at home the houses are so well heated, that one has no idea of the temperature without. *The King.* Are you related to the author of the "Recollections of Twenty Years Stay in Berlin?" *Myself.* Yes, sire, Dieudonné Thiébault was my grandfather. *The King.* Well, sir, I have made these "Recollections" the object of special study. I know them by heart. *Myself.* I thank your Majesty very humbly for having the goodness to say so flattering a thing to me, and I am happy to see that my name is not entirely strange to your Majesty. *The King.* Do you speak German? *Myself.* No sire, no more than my grandfather. *The King.* He had a reason for not learning it. *Myself.* Doubtless, sire, he had pro-

mised the king of Prussia. *The King.* And he kept his word. Frederick thought that was the best way to preserve his French from Germanism. Do you stay any time in Munich? *Myself.* My intention, sire, is to pass the winter. *The King.* I hope that you will enjoy yourself, and above all that your health will be good." King Ludwig received the baron as graciously, telling him his grandfather had replaced Voltaire at Berlin, but not with the ideas of Voltaire. The conversation turned on the Emperor of the French, and King Ludwig said he had known Queen Hortense, that she was amiable and witty, but added, "smiling, shutting his eyes, putting his mouth close to my ear, and even pulling me by the arm to draw me closer—not pretty."

Except as showing the character of the writer, and affording texts for reflections on the strange fascination of royalty, these descriptions are worthless. We learn nothing of the character of the two kings from them, nothing more than what we know already. To mere observers in the street, who have never been presented at court, King Max seems somewhat prosy, and King Ludwig partially cracked. Any one admitted to see them at home, and speak to them, might have carried away some more definite idea of them, one would have thought; might have discovered new traits, or explained the old ones. But Baron Thiébault has attempted nothing of the kind. One casual glimpse indeed he gives us, but only incidentally, and without seeming to attach any importance to it, of a singular custom in the court life of Munich. King Ludwig received him, he says, in uniform, resting his hand on the hilt of his sword.

Was he just going to a review? asks the reader. No, he had just risen from table. Strange custom which requires a pacific king to dine in a soldier's uniform, wearing his sword. One step further, and you have the dress in which the inhabitants of Branksome Hall were in the habit of messing:—

> "They carved at the meal
> With gloves of steel,
> And they drank the red wine through the helmet barred."

But the costume which might be appropriate on the Border is ridiculous in a time of profound peace, and in the midst of civilisation. Why is it that so many rulers in Germany make the military dress their constant covering? In a military man like the King of Prussia it is somewhat natural, though the extent to which he carries it is ridiculous. A king who has no further view than one bounded by a square of soldiers, and whose highest ideal is the profession of drill, may very properly wear helmet, epaulets, and sword, for dining, dancing and praying. But the kings of Bavaria have a better ideal, and less limited views. The more pity that they do not set themselves against the use of this detestable dress, the badge of sad necessity in war, but of idleness and worthless parade, if nothing worse, in time of peace. "The first consul appeared on all occasions in uniform, with boots and spurs," says Alison, in describing the steps by which Napoleon introduced the reaction against republicanism, which was to lead to his assumption of absolute power. With this view the military dress was substituted for the Greek

and Roman costumes, in the folds of which Jacobinism was supposed to lurk. The motive is here intelligible; but if King Ludwig selected any dress on the same principle, it ought to be a mediæval costume to match with his buildings. He ought to appear one day in the garb of Pericles, when he walks towards the Glyptothek, another day in Florentine costume, another day as Emperor or Pontiff. It must be this idea that has caused the sculptor of his equestrian statue to mix up all times in the monarch's costume, and the mixture might be consistent in King Ludwig. But there is another point to be considered in introducing Napoleon. He had earned the best right to appear in military costume. He had won his spurs. Rivoli, Arcola, the Pyramids, were the exploits by which he was known, and the man who had worn the soldier's dress there might justly parade it at Paris.

A strange mode of complimenting soldiers of other nations is adopted by monarchs in general. Each German king is colonel of some regiment in every other German state,—an unmeaning form, with the sole merit that it ought to be embarrassing in case of war between any two states. Such regiments ought to be called on to choose between their king and their colonel; but the want of true meaning is shown in the absence of any such embarrassment. By similar usage, all royal people are related, which ought consistently to make war between them as sinful as family quarrels. But as this relationship leads only to each being addressed as *mon cousin,* and entitled to foolish black throughout all the courts of Europe in the event of death; so the various

colonelcies only lead to changes of raiment. Whenever a distinguished Austrian officer is received by the King of Bavaria, you read in the papers, that, out of compliment to his guest, the King wore his uniform as colonel of such an Austrian regiment. The time of German kings seems to be occupied in receiving people and changing their dresses between the receptions. Everybody of note has to be received;—foreign officers, foreign ministers, new members of the diplomatic corps, singers, actors and ballet-dancers, who are starring it at the theatre. If the King has to change his dress for each one of his visitors, the day would be almost too short for many receptions. I cannot think the compliment conveyed is worth the trouble incurred. What is the exact value of the compliment? If it were only paid now and then, it might be a distinction; but then it is done so often. And in cases, such as the meeting of the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Austria, the double-barrelled compliment seems to miss fire. You read, that the King of Prussia wore his Austrian uniform, out of compliment to the Emperor of Austria; and the Emperor of Austria wore his Prussian uniform, out of compliment to the King of Prussia. The *Charivari*, indeed, quoted the proverb, that "if you would learn a man's thoughts you must put on his skin," and added, that not being able to change skins, the two sovereigns had changed uniforms. But any one present, who did not know the two monarchs, would not have appreciated the mutual delicacy, and would merely have taken the King of Prussia for the Emperor of Austria, and the Emperor of Austria for the King of Prussia. Scoffing

minds are also led to ask, if these kings put on foreign uniforms to receive foreign officers as becomes their merit, why do they not put on tights and fleshings to receive ballet-dancers?

It is from the newspapers I learn the facts of all these receptions, and, in gratitude for the information, I will show the manner in which it is given. Thackeray says, that he was moved with such curiosity to learn the composition of the Court Circular, that he bribed the editor of some daily paper to let him see the man who brought it. But what is the bare statement of facts which interest every loyal subject in the columns of the London papers to the German expansion of such facts? The German papers seem to keep correspondents for nothing else than to chronicle royal doings in the most fulsome style. Carlyle complained that no other topic was discussed throughout the newspapers, save theatrical proceedings, reminding us of Swift's remark, that when he was young, he thought all the world, as well as himself, was wholly taken up in discoursing upon the last new play. "If you see 'intelligence from Munich,'—'intelligence from Berlin,' — 'intelligence from Vienna,' — it is only intelligence of green-room controversies and negotiations." But this complaint can no longer be uttered with truth. Theatrical news has been superseded by court items, and the only possible way of laying these before the English reader, is by following the example Carlyle himself has set in one of his later writings. One may venture to give literal translations of German Court Circular phrases for which no equivalent can be found in English, after reading this passage

in Frederick the Great:—"The King, who himself sometimes deigns to take the regiments into highest own eye-shine—höchst-eigenen augenschein, (that is to review them), say the reverential editors." It is, perhaps, a just punishment on Carlyle for his attack on theatrical news, that the only news which has succeeded it, is such as must be translated by parodying him. Instead of green-room controversies taking up all the paper, whenever you see "news from Munich," it is sure to be something about high Fraus and most serene princes; how duke this has gone to Venice, and duke that to Salzburg; how King Ludwig met the Grand Duchess of Modena at the railway station, and pleasingly surprised her. You look in the paper for an account of the Artists' Ball, and find the only statement about it is, that the Queen was present, and the most serene princes accompanied highest-their Frau mother. You wish to read an account of the Corpus Christi procession, one of the grandest *spectacles* Munich can afford, and you find that the King was represented by Prince Luitpold, and that the Queen and her sons looked on from their apartments in the palace. "The procession took place in the usual manner," says the writer; "though there were several small showers, the train continued without interruption." The paragraph reminds me of that story of a reporter who was sent to describe an eclipse, and who, after giving the time at which it took place, and one or two similar details, added, "the proceedings were entirely devoid of public interest."

These writers are evidently of opinion that public in-

terest is, or ought to be, concentrated on the proceedings of royalty. All other subjects are secondary. It is rather interesting to examine the views that are put forth by them, if we would estimate the nature of the opposition a large class of people is prepared to offer to any social or political progress. To judge from the respect they show to the Austro-Italian ex-grand dukes, and to the king of the brigands of Naples, it would seem that they hold the belief, "once a king, always a king." Even in 1862, we read that the Queen Marie of the Two Sicilies is going to pay a visit to her sister, before returning to her consort, King Francis the Second, at Rome; the writer forgetting that for the last year there have not been two Sicilies, but one Italy. The Grand Duke Ferdinand of Tuscany is a phrase that constantly recurs in the German papers, although he never even sat on the throne of Tuscany, his father having abdicated in favour of his people, before he resigned in favour of his son. No doubt it is a matter of surprise to conservative writers like these Court Circulars, that the Queen of Hanover should be able to arrive in Munich at a quarter past four, be photographed instantly, and depart at five; an amount of speed that never was attained in the good old days. But the writer retains his presence of mind even in the face of such an astonishing event, and records hurriedly that her Majesty came with her high family, and was received in the station by the royal Hanoverian ambassador. But none of the writers I have produced can vie with a Salzburg correspondent, who was fortunate enough to witness the arrival of the Empress of Austria in that town, and her

meeting with her husband. He is entitled to literal translation. "Even now departed from Salzburg the all-highest ruler-pair. The emperor had already arrived here at nine this morning, paid a visit to the empress widow and drove with her to the (by the then in the London Exhibition absent Archduke Ludwig Victor evacuated) country seat Klessheim. From hence their majesties repaired to the near the Railway lying Villa Schwarz, and after a short view of it, to the Station where the authorities and a selected share of the public had found themselves, which (the selected share) expected with excited interest the arrival of the much-loved Empress Elizabeth. In the midday heat, 15 minutes before 12, rolled the Munich Court carriage train slowly and noiselessly with the longed-for guests into the station. Scarcely that the engine stood, the emperor mounted the Saloon-carriage, to greet in the same his high consort in the heartfullest manner. A few moments later the empress widow also betook herself into the carriage of the reigning empress, embracing and kissing her. The emperor immediately helped both the empresses out of the carriage. The empresses entered the *Perron*, and then retired for a short time into the inner chambers of the station. The young empress was veiled, wore a black silk dress and a pretty round straw hat of dark colour, which a brown wing-feather of a golden pheasant decorated. In spite of the veil the full healthy traits and the high colour of the high Frau were to be remarked. With the same had also come the serene mother, the Frau Duchess Max, as also the Princes Charles Theodore and Max Emmanuel with

the Princess Mathilda Countess of Trani and the Princess Sophie (collectively brothers and sisters of the empress) as also the Neapolitan Prince Louis Count of Trani. At ¼ past 12 the empress mounted, visibly touched by the family farewell and holding a white handkerchief before her mouth, yet vigorously the carriage, in which also the emperor and Prince Charles Theodore took places, after which the train set itself in motion to Frankenmarkt where dinner was ordered for the all-highest lordships."

Absurd as this passage may seem, it is difficult for a reflecting man to read it without sadness. After all, these "high lordships" are flesh and blood like the rest of us, and it is charitable to suppose that they have our feelings, at least as regards themselves and their nearest kindred. The man who as absolute master of a kingdom plunges all his subjects into war sooner than resign one part of them, and causes general misery rather than relieve partial misery, may be loving and affectionate to those who are companions of his life, may have the same feelings himself that he disregards in all the thousand families under his sway. And yet these feelings are not thought too sacred to be pawed by a Court Circular scribe, and profaned by his mixture of toadyism and familiarity. We may be glad that when we meet our wives our greetings are not being noted down by a correspondent, and do not afford an opportunity for other writers to sneer at us under pretence of rebuking the toadyism of our chronicler.

It is a relief to turn from this subject to another,

which is sheer humbug; and yet a moment's consideration tells us, that a worse blasphemy is here committed than that outrage on our affections. When we read a programme of the court ceremonies to be performed on Holy Thursdays, we forget for the moment the sacred meaning of what is thus travestied. We forget that, when the King assists at a ceremony, in which he drops a little water on the feet of twelve old men, who have been washed for the occasion, he is repeating an act of which we cannot read without being most deeply moved. How is it possible to connect this most ceremonious ceremonial with that so meaning and so touching act of love! It is only by excluding any connection that we are able to view the thing calmly. But the piling up of form upon form very soon makes us forget that anything more than a court ceremony can be intended. And it is not likely, that any one who assists at it ever casts his thoughts back to the upper room, which is supposed to be represented by the Hercules Saal in the palace. Here, then, is the programme of the ceremonial:—

"After the procession held to day, and after completion of vespers, His Majesty the King betake himself out of all-highest-his oratory in the Residenz chapel, preceded by the grand cortège, to the Hercules Chamber, in which all-highest-the-same deign to perform the feet-washing and feeding of the twelve old men. His Majesty the King and the most serene Princes, Royal Highnesses, betake themselves to their seats, accompanied by all-highest and highest-their attendants. The

grand cortège takes the seats assigned to it. The clergy, which enters after this, betakes itself, after reverence made to the all-highest court, to the altar, by which two pages stand with burning wax torches, performs the usual church functions, and sings the gospel, which is brought by the assistants, accompanied by two pages, to his majesty the King and their royal highnesses to be kissed. After this, his majesty the King give his hat and sword to all-highest-his upper chamberlain, who gives both to the chamberlains on duty. At the same time, the royal high steward receives from the sub-deacon the can filled with water, and bears it to His Majesty on a salver, as also the court marshal with the foot-towel for drying, which he has received from the plate keeper. As soon as the director of the Royal Chapel leaves the altar, and, attended by the two Levites, goes to the old men, his majesty the King, escorted by the chief master of ceremonies, and accompanied by the high steward, upper chamberlain, capitaine des gardes, court marshal and upper-plate-chamberlain on duty, walk to the eldest of the men near the grand cortège, and the feet-washing begins in this way:— The royal high steward hands the can to his majesty the King, the sub-deacon holds the basin, which was placed on the altar for this purpose, under the uncovered foot. His Majesty sprinkle the uncovered foot of each old man, and dry the same with the cloth presented by the court marshal, on which the director of the Royal Chapel kisses the foot of each one. On completion of the feet-washing, the royal head-plate-chamberlain places himself with the pitcher appointed for the sprinkling of

the hands of His Majesty, then a page with the basin, and a page with the towel on a salver, by the last old man; after the sprinkling, His Majesty allow the towel which is held ready for drying his hands by the head chamberlain to be handed by the Prince Luitpold, highest-who is brought from his seat for this purpose by a royal master of ceremonies at the right time, and is accompanied by the chamberlain on duty. During this proceeding, the whole clergy returns to the altar, and there finishes the clerical functions. The royal high steward receives at the door of the knight's chamber, from one of his staff, the gift of money in white and blue purses, on a salver covered with blue taffeta, to be presented to His Majesty. Before his majesty the King hang the purses of money, which are carried round by the high steward, on the neck of each of the twelve old men, all-highest-the same receive his sword from the hands of the head chamberlain, but not till the last purse is hung his hat. After this his majesty the King betake himself again to all-highest-his place, on which the clergy, after making a reverence, leaves the room." So with the feeding of the old men, which I have not patience to translate. Suffice it that, when they are placed, the King gives up his hat to the head chamberlain, and is led by the chief master of ceremonies to the table. One master of ceremonies leads Prince Luitpold to one table; another master of ceremonies leads Prince Adalbert and Duke Max to another table: and each prince, after receiving his share of the food from the chamberlains, hands it to the King. The King places meat, bread, and wine before each of the old men, then receives

his hat from the head chamberlain, and returns to all-highest-his apartment.

Throughout this programme, as in court writings generally, the verb which is governed by the King's name is in the plural; and while the King is in large capitals, the princes are in small. I think this is the only comment I need make.

CHAPTER IV.

"TWO KINGS OF ——"

LOOKING down the list of reigning sovereigns in the *Almanach de Gotha*, we find no less than five whose accession dates from 1848. One of these is King Maximilian the Second of Bavaria, who mounted the throne on the abdication of his father, King Ludwig. We may speak of the kings of that year, and the year following, as we would of the vintage of any given date, and we ought to know them by their flavour. They came to their thrones because their predecessors did not suit the people, or were unequal to the exigencies of the time. A decided constitutional smack is, therefore, expected of them;—the young and fruity taste of kings accepted by the people, instead of the dry, bodiless flavour of the old theory.

I have a pamphlet of one hundred and two pages by me, in which the constitutional merits of King Maximilian are fully stated, and a list is given of the reforms he has introduced. It is everywhere granted, that he realises the present ideal of a king much better than his father. If he is not so prominent, either in the works he has executed or the words he has uttered, he

is much more popular with his subjects; and it is not possible to look at him without recognising a good will and graciousness of demeanour, more pleasing than mental power and more befitting his station. He may not have the force of character necessary to take a decided line, yet he had the grace to yield to his people and the power to obey the law. He may not have uttered showy sentiments about a powerful Germany, or gratified the most contracted minds in his kingdom by constant snarls against France. But his saying, "I will have peace with my people," is quoted whenever a warning has to be conveyed to a headstrong ruler, or whenever the highest of all compliments has to be paid to a constitutional king.

It would not interest a large class in England to learn the details of King Max's reforms. Enough, that he has endeavoured in all ways to strengthen the principle of constitutional government; that public works have been developed; the law has been simplified and improved. A small state like Bavaria, inclosed on all sides by other countries, and feeling none of those ambitious stirrings which have prompted other small states to raise themselves to the rank of European powers, is necessarily restricted to domestic measures. The great thing we require of such a kingdom is, that it should remain in obscurity. If we hear anything of it, either the people are discontented, or the country is beginning to feel ambitious; and while the first case procures the sympathy of nations, the second invites the attention of foreign ministers. It is hard to say which is most unpleasant for a government:—to have all other nations

looking forward to a disturbance in its territory, or to feel the uneasy gaze of the gentlemen entrusted with the balance of power, fixed ever on its movements. But of the two, the first occurs the more often, and its recurrence would make us believers in the truth of Schiller's distich, "That the best state is to be known as the best woman is,—by nobody speaking of them." The few occasions on which Bavaria has been prominent of late years, have certainly not contributed to set her in a good light. Even now she shares with Austria the unfortunate fame of not having recognised the kingdom of Italy; and from the first, her conduct towards the growing unity of that nation was characterised by the pettiest hostility. Diplomatic relations do not exist to this day between Turin and Munich; while an Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the King of Naples is still accredited to the court of Bavaria. It is said, and I sincerely trust it may be true, that King Max was opposed to the senseless clamour of 1859, and that his people, who plunged the most deeply into the folly of that time, actually longed for King Ludwig, who boasts his narrowness of nationality as if it were a virtue. Certain it is, that immediately after the peace King Max apologised to the Emperor of the French for having allowed Austrian troops to pass through Munich. But no apology could wipe out the remembrance of the blind enthusiasm with which the Austrian troops were received at the railway station, on their way to fight against liberty: the cheers, the drinking toasts,—to a speedy meeting of Austrians and Bavarians in Paris,—reminding us of the Prussian trooper knocking off the

necks of champagne bottles, in order to pledge that toast with fitting honours.

The chief aim of King Max is said to be the elevation of Munich in science to an equal height with that to which his father raised it in art. With this view some of the greatest scientific names have been settled in Munich during the present reign, and considerable sums are granted for scientific objects. The name of Liebig is a sufficient guarantee for the thorough pursuit of chemical science, and though other departments are not represented by men of equal reputation, the same principle is followed in the selection. In history much has been done, and much is still doing. By means of a commission appointed to superintend historical researches, important progress has been made, and as this commission is presided over by the chief living historian of Germany, Ranke, and numbers the greatest historical names amongst its members, its results cannot fail to be important. Under its auspices all archives in Germany have been ransacked, and valuable materials have seen the light. The early periods of German history are beginning to rival the latest days in the fulness of detail, in the strong gleams that are shed upon them. Inducement is given to the students of history to become writers of history by large prizes being offered for works on many subjects, instead of valuable discoveries being left to the more capricious encouragement of the public. And collections of records, chronicles of the free towns of the middle ages, or of the reigns of early emperors, are published with the aid of the sums

granted by the king. In more general literature the royal encouragement is fast making Munich a centre of activity. Several of the more distinguished poets of this generation are settled in Munich, supported by the king from his privy purse, or employed at his suggestion in the university. Nor has this patronage a bad effect upon the tone of literature, as the encouragement of Louis XIV. had on his poets, and as King Ludwig's taste had on art. Each poet is left free to create as his imagination prompts him, instead of receiving a command for a poem in this style. The only dissatisfaction expressed at the king's patronage, is that of the native Bavarians whenever a Protestant or a North German is a recipient.

It is almost premature to speak of the public buildings in the Maximilian's Strasse, although some of them are fast approaching completion. But though it is easy to weigh the merits and defects of an architectural design, it is difficult to predict the finished appearance of a building from its unfinished state. The minor ornaments, which catch the eye when there is nothing else to rival them, may sink into insignificance, the light graceful tracery may be too flimsy, the statues may not group. The design of the National Museum is pleasing, but frequent looks at the unfinished building lead to a less favourable judgment. Of one thing, indeed, the very highest terms may be employed—the new bridge over the Isar, at the end of the Maximilian's Strasse. Whether it be from its novelty, or from its usefulness, certain it is that the bridge is a more pleas-

ing object than most of King Ludwig's buildings, and one feels a charmed surprise at such a work being executed in Munich.

Such constant reference is made throughout this volume to the name of King Ludwig, that the author finds it necessary to state his belief, and his impressions, at the outset. Passing allusions are apt to be contradictory. In one place the king is blamed with unwonted severity, in another he is praised the more warmly to take off the sting of the censure. The most indulgent reader turns back, and compares the passages with a feeling of pity for the weakness of the writer, and perhaps ends by laying down the book as unreliable. But while man is so contradictory in his nature, how can one's judgment be other than chequered? Who does not feel a slight disappointment when a writer goes out of his way to be consistent? Macaulay cannot give James the faintest praise without a sarcastic qualification that neutralises its effects, nor can he blame William without half excusing his fault. If such reserve is needed for full-length portraits, how can a miniature present the truth of every line?

It is with great difficulty that any satisfactory verdict can be pronounced on King Ludwig. There is an entire dearth of reliable works upon him. Historians seem afraid to enter into details of his reign. At most you find facts stated with the utmost brevity, and no references by which they can be verified. Some writers dwell upon the order of his buildings, without any account of the source whence their expenses were taken. Others wander off into vague terms of adulation, talk-

ing of a noble Mæcenas, a liberal prince, an art-loving monarch. No doubt this is the easiest way of getting over the difficulties of King Ludwig's position; but if the writers only knew the disgust inspired by such misplaced epithets, they would pause in their servile career. Praise undeserved is satire in disguise, and even praise which is best deserved may seem satire when the object is plastered indiscriminately. But even those whose honesty is far above the temptations of flattery, show a remarkable reticence in treating of the ex-king. It would seem that German writers are too much engrossed in mediæval history to feel the claim of the times that are just gone by, or that they have adopted the safe motto, "de *vivis* nil nisi bonum."

A biography of King Ludwig, says a writer in the Saturday Review, would be a valuable preparation for a visit to Munich. Doubtless it would, if the materials were accessible, and the biographer had the courage to use them. But it would seriously damage all preconceived opinions as to the character of the king, and might detract from the charm of his buildings. Strangers who see the miles of ornamental façade that he has erected, who compare the present town with pictures of the old town, and observe the impulse that has been given to Munich by its enlargement and embellishment, are apt to suppose that King Ludwig was an enlightened and popular monarch, and that the nation, having deposed him in a fit of madness, has ever since sighed in vain for his restoration. I confess that I held this view when I first came to Munich, but since then I have found it utterly erroneous. With the examples of his-

tory before our eyes, we ought not to attach so much importance to outward shows. If we are no longer dazzled by the sham halo of Louis XIV., and have learned that his reign was odious to his subjects, that his great enterprises drained their money, and his vast campaigns their blood; if we have seen that the model of royalty was narrow and bigoted, why do we expect his humble imitators to be free from his failings? It has been proved that the regenerators of capital cities were often destitute of taste, and that the most glorious reigns were times of national misery. Neither the admiration of tourists, nor the hasty sentence of panegyrists, can afford the right means of judging a monarch; his public acts are more than his buildings, and history must be influenced by the verdict of his people.

Why is it that all politicians, all political authorities, are against King Ludwig? Why has his popularity grown up since his abdication? It is well to represent his fall as the natural consequence of 1848, and of his infatuation for Lola Montez, but there must be deeper roots for it than the general excitement of Germany, and the disgust of his moral subjects at his subservience to an actress. To me the fact of a change being demanded by a people of such exemplary patience, speaks volumes against his rule. It may be said that his abdication was the result of pique. But it must be remembered that he put off the crown with the words, "a new direction has been taken by the state, a direction quite at variance with that laid down by the constitution." The reactionary measures of his whole reign contrast unfavourably with the reforms that have been introduced

under Maximilian, and though the son is considered weak when compared with his father, those who can remember the last reign do not seem desirous of reverting to it. Nor can it be said with truth that King Ludwig had a choice between Lola Montez and his crown, and that he resigned the latter sooner than the former. I am afraid this romantic fidelity must be classed among the fables of history. As a matter of fact, there was an interval of a month between Lola's departure from Munich, and the king's abdication. It is possible that the king's partiality for the *danseuse* opened the eyes of his subjects, and brought them to take a more common sense view of the relations of a sovereign to his people. But they had much better grounds of complaint than Lola's influence, and they asked something more important than her removal. They wanted ministerial responsibility, the great check on kingly caprice, and they received it with the accession of King Maximilian. They wanted absolute control over the expenditure, not the nominal supervision they had hitherto enjoyed. Other things they wanted which were not demanded openly, and which are not even yet stated in writing. But speak to any liberal-minded man on the subject, and you will be astonished at his denunciations of the despotism of King Ludwig. Collect anecdotes from eye witnesses whose memory serves them, and though enough materials may not be provided for an impeachment at the bar of history, there will be enough to leave an unfavourable impression. In the ominous silence of contemporary authorities, such things have almost more than their due weight,

and must continue to bias our judgment till the facts of the case are stated.

"The establishment of monasteries, the favouring of ultramontane influences, the intolerance displayed towards non-catholics, the activity of the priestly party, which was almost all-powerful, went hand-in-hand with the suppression of free political movement, and the disregard of constitutional forms." This is the verdict that a reliable authority, distinguished for caution and moderation, passes on King Ludwig's reign. It may seem to some readers that very little censure is conveyed in it; but at least it must be admitted, that these doings are not those of a liberal sovereign.

It is strange that so few financial difficulties were experienced by King Ludwig, considering the enormous sums he spent upon building. He began his reign by several important retrenchments, and seems to have earned the gratitude of the Chambers by giving them increased control over the expenditure. The lavishness of Max Joseph was so prodigious, and so entirely without result, that King Ludwig's one-sided parsimony and ostentatious buildings would be welcomed as a change. Court life in Munich had been much gayer during the former reigns, and by suppressing public amusements a large sum out of the civil list was left over for public undertakings. Till 1825, there was an Italian opera in Munich, and Mozart composed his "Idomeneo" in Munich for the Italian theatre. The great show of buildings and pictures left by King Ludwig must, therefore, be taken as a kind of equivalent for the gaiety which formerly prevailed at court, and to part of which

the public were admitted. The rulers of Bavaria seem always to have spent money in one way or another. King Ludwig has left more signs of his disbursements than any of his predecessors.

At the same time, neither perfect agreement between the King and the Chambers, nor exactitude in financial statements, existed during his reign. The budget of Bavaria in 1846 differs little from that of 1862, and where it differs is more limited, except in the civil list. But we are told by a reliable authority that the official budgets of King Ludwig's reign are not to be trusted. The specification was very imperfect; and between 1830 and 1840 great "savings" were effected on useful works, streets, bridges, &c., and applied to artistic buildings. After the King's abdication an inquiry into his management of the finances was made by the Chambers; and it was discovered that a great deal of public money had been spent without ever appearing in the financial statement. Twenty million florins, which had been economised in various ways, had totally disappeared. King Ludwig was in consequence requested to pay back a million and a-half of florins to the public purse; and he found it advisable to comply with the request. The Bavarian politicians pride themselves justly on having achieved so great a work; but it must be remembered that King Ludwig had nothing left of royalty but the title when he thought it expedient to yield. These facts are known and authenticated. But the work from which I take them, though it ventures to tell that Max Joseph made a present to his wife and daughters of the chief part of the indemnification-money received from France

in 1815, does not hint at the financial crimes charged on King Ludwig.

But if King Ludwig was thus lavish of the public money when his buildings were concerned, he was certainly not sparing of his own. And if he denied the public those useful works on which public money should have been spent, his own life of frugality and self-denial may serve as an excuse. His own contributions to the embellishment of Bavaria amount to almost a million sterling. This sum does not include anything spent since his abdication; it is, therefore, the result of twenty-three years alone. Since 1848 he has received an allowance of half a million of florins yearly, of which he has devoted almost a sixth part to buildings. The architectural aspect of most of his works is separately described, but the great fault of his whole new town of Munich must not be passed over. Partly sharing, partly encouraging the chief want of the Bavarian nature, King Ludwig was content to confine himself to ornament, and leave practical matters untouched. Many of his streets were built without an attempt at drainage; and in the year 1862 whole streets are impassable while drains are being laid down in them. To him it is owing that the side pavements in the most fashionable street are morasses, after the pattern of the walk in front of his own palace. I shall have occasion to show the entire want of practical ideas in Munich; and I cannot but trace the prevalence of useless ornament to King Ludwig's example. He could not understand the beauty of fitness, as his people cannot understand it even now. Harmony and agreement are the chief sources of much of

the picturesque effect of the finest buildings; and great as may be the architectural merit of single works, it is nothing to the fitness of place which renders them perfect. Unpractical as are the Italians of the present age, it is evident their ancestors were not without ideas of use as well as of beauty; and we do not sufficiently appreciate their practical intentions, while we wonder at their exquisite art. But the tendency of the world since then has been towards use, in too limited a degree, but not without regard for the beauties that lie hid beneath the practical surface. To copy the old Italians now, is to throw ourselves back; and even if we could catch their spirit, their meaning would escape us. King Ludwig's copies have not even caught the spirit. The disadvantages of an early time have been carefully preserved, but we look in vain for the exclusive sense of beauty that once attended those disadvantages. And the result is, that we grow sceptical about that often-quoted saying of Goethe's,—"We must do our utmost to encourage the Beautiful, because the useful encourages itself." This saying was King Ludwig's guiding principle; and we see to what it has led him. By encouraging the Beautiful he has driven out one of the chief elements of beauty; and the useful has not the feeblest root in his dominions.

The want of all use in King Ludwig's creations is generally admitted even by his warmest admirers. But when the king's statue was inaugurated, the burgomaster of Munich thought it incumbent in him to add a practical leaf to the usual artistic garland. He gave the king credit for the canal between the Danube and

the Main, for the railway communications of Bavaria, and even for the existence of the Zollverein. Some faithful admirers of royalty will always hold that every good work, and every perfect work, is from the king; and this belief is very general in Munich. King Ludwig has encouraged it by commemorating his two immediate predecessors as founders of the English garden. When Otho was turned out of Greece the Munich papers asked indignantly how the material welfare of Greece under Otho could have grown up but for the king? when all the rest of Europe considered it the best proof of the vitality of the Greek nation that it could thrive under the burden of a stupid monarch. How often we see kings opposing reforms with all their might, and only granting them when the choice lies between a change of policy and a change of dynasty. Who would credit George the Third with the freedom of the American colonies? Who would assign to George the Fourth the merit of Catholic emancipation? It is true that the first railway opened in Germany was the line from Nuremberg to Furth, and that the commercial union between Bavaria and Wurtemberg gave the impulse to the Zollverein. But does the merit of these undertakings rest solely with King Ludwig? The point must be reserved for the decision of history.

Baron Thiébault has vaunted the literary acquirements of the royal family of Bavaria, and King Ludwig's poetry has found its way into Murray. More than this, it has been translated into English, though, to judge from the remarks of natives, it stood more in

need of being translated into German. But King Ludwig's poetic reputation has suffered very much by the excessive bitterness with which Heine has attacked him; and as Heine is read over all the world, King Ludwig's neglect of him has been severely punished. If it be true that the king banished the poet from Munich, the biting sarcasms Heine has uttered against King Ludwig and his favourites would be explained. It is so difficult for strangers to understand the ground of partisan hostilities, it is so easy for the most vigorous mind to be misled into exaggeration of violence by political opinions, and it is impossible for natives to take the impartial point of view that comes so natural to a stranger. Some may think that my judgment of King Ludwig has been too much influenced by the censure of his foes, and I am almost conscious of having inclined to the unfavourable side without giving him sufficient credit for his really meritorious actions. But my task has been far from easy. I have endeavoured to steer between the exaggerations of both sides without surrendering my own opinions. If I have not given the king credit for the many charitable works that have been reported to me, I have passed over unfavourable anecdotes with an excess of scrupulousness which will hardly be relished by the lovers of gossip. Man's natural tendency is to lay more stress on anecdotes than on unsupported judgments; and though the anecdote may be much exaggerated, it is seldom quite unfounded. But who can pay any regard to *ex cathedrâ* dogmas delivered by men who have either an obvious motive in avoiding plain facts, or

whose ignorance of facts is equalled by rashness of inference? The predominance of such verdicts on King Ludwig must have a worse effect on us than the anecdotes current in Munich, or even the denunciations of Heine. Did not Gibbon say that he never read an *ex parte* statement without being inclined to take the opposite side?

To all attacks on King Ludwig the inhabitants of Munich have a simple reply, like that of Sir Oliver Surface to the objections against his nephew:—But he has made Munich what it is. And no doubt this answer is unanswerable. Yet we have only to look back to the time of Pope to see that the faults of the new town of Munich have not the excuse of novelty. There is no lack of excellent translators in the literary world of Munich, and if any one wishes to convey a most appropriate lesson, he has only to translate the fourth of the Moral Essays. The noble lines that Pope addresses to his country are with a few slight changes applicable to the present subject, the more that only one of his precepts seems to have been adopted by the embellisher of Munich:—

> "Bid harbours open, public ways extend;
> *Bid temples worthier of the God ascend;*
> Bid the broad arch the dangerous flood contain,
> The mole projected break the roaring main;
> Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
> And roll obedient rivers through the land:
> These honours peace to happy Britain brings;
> These are imperial works, and worthy kings."

CHAPTER V.

PUBLIC BUILDINGS.

It is curious to remark the indifference felt by residents in cities for the sights and attractions around them. If the British Museum were opened on Sundays how many Londoners would frequent it; how many go under the present system? Are the Florentines regular attendants at the Pitti, or the Romans at the Borghese? One accuses the Munich people of bad taste, because they are ignorant of the collections which have raised their town to the rank of a show-place, but towns which have far finer collections are as liable to the reproach. It may be said that in the time of Leo the Tenth the population of Rome cared more for the art that was being born under their eyes than their descendants care for it now, and that Munich under King Ludwig ought not to be compared with the Rome of to-day, but with the Rome of artist activity. And there is little doubt that the Italians from whose own bosom the glories of Florence and Venice arose, must have felt a vivid interest in the progress they witnessed, and that their sympathy must have powerfully reacted on the artists. But Munich has the proud pre-eminence of being indifferent in the

present, while other cities are merely indifferent to their past.

As a resident I am not so well versed in the lions of Munich as many sedulous strangers are, and the subjects to which I devote myself chiefly in this volume are those which come under the cognizance of residents. But my book would be very incomplete without a full survey of the public buildings and the chief paintings contained in them. For without these important contributions to art no one would care to read about Munich, and if it were not for the artist reputation of the city there would be no surprise at its shortcomings. The faults and failings of domestic architecture would not be worth touching on if the public architecture of the town had not a name throughout Europe, nor would one attempt to gauge King Ludwig's claims to distinction if a certain distinction were not allotted him already. Who would complain of a market town in England as being behind the age? In writing of Munich I always keep in view the disparity between the fame enjoyed by the town as a centre of art—a modern Athens, and the actual state of its inhabitants, its trade, and its life. Strangers who pass through Munich every summer miss the very serious faults engendered by King Ludwig's attempt at forcing, and those not yet eradicated by the course of time which has been so powerful with ourselves. It is by their flying impressions that the mistaken judgments we hear pronounced on Munich have been formed, and from these mistaken judgments the recoil to over harsh censure is natural and unavoidable. My attempt has been to steer a middle course between the two.

On no point would a difference of opinion be more likely to arise than on the public buildings of Munich. A casual traveller who is not a student of architecture and does not much care for old buildings, would very possibly be enthusiastic in his praise of King Ludwig's erections, while a severe architectural judge would condemn them without mercy. A lover of the modern might find the palace in Munich less gloomy and forbidding than the Pitti, the Hall of the Marshals certainly lighter and more graceful than the Loggie of Orcagna. I once met an American at Milan who was not much struck by Raphael's Sposalizio, and who found that the Dusseldorf school of painters gave more idea of religious feeling, and did not leave so much to the imagination as these old masters. I was once studying Guido's celebrated portrait of Beatrice Cenci in the Barberini palace, when a party of English came in and after looking at it for a moment remarked unanimously, "Well, I think I prefer the copies." Much as one would be ashamed of uttering such a sentiment, it is the natural expression of the early stage of artistic feeling. We have probably gone through it ourselves at a time we do not care to remember, and have preached up Landseer as vastly superior to Titian. Moreover those travellers who go from Germany to Italy, labour under the same disadvantage as those who know a painting from an engraving. It is hard to look at a picture which you have seen well engraved without a feeling of disappointment. The clearness and cleanness of the fine lines do not prepare you for the faded colours, and clouded expression. So when you pass from the clean and airy copies of Munich, to the

stern and gloomy originals in Italy, the first impression is in favour of modern things whose beauties lie on the surface, and you regret the trouble you must take in studying the ancient and eliciting their merits.

Thus, I conceive, the reputation of Munich has grown. This explanation of its fascinating powers can alone excuse the raptures that are uttered upon it. When we come to consider its merits impartially, we find much that is faulty; and the raptures we have heard expressed often hinder us from apportioning praise as it is deserved. It seems almost ludicrous to have the figure of Bavaria held up to admiration as the finest colossal statue in the world, when one knows its defects; and the exaggerated praise does not allow any compromise in favour of its real merits. When the three Greek buildings in different styles forming three sides of a square, are presented as an example to our nothing-but-Gothic architects, one is almost tempted to deny the beauty of the only beautiful one of the three. When we hear that the multitude of styles in Munich is owing to the catholic taste of King Ludwig, not to the inventions of architects, we cannot but remember that some of the chief buildings were disfigured by the alterations the King dictated. And when we are told that Munich is the cradle of art, we forget all the excellence that at other times we are so ready to allow, and reply that the saying is true so far, as the art of Munich is essentially babyish. It is wrong to form such extreme judgments; but one extremity necessarily leads to another.

It is hard to know which building should be placed first in an examination of Munich. Murray puts the

churches at the beginning; but I am inclined to think churches are not the first objects of a stranger's visit. I would rather begin with the Glyptothek, partly because it was the first of King Ludwig's buildings, partly because it has real merits, and is the best work of Klenze. At present the Glyptothek is seen to great disadvantage. The building opposite is in Corinthian style, and stands so much higher that it attracts the eye. The Propyläen, which stands between the two, is of a sort of Doric, and though somewhat massive and imposing as you come close under the portal, is heavy and shapeless as a whole. The Glyptothek, on the other hand, is a really admirable work, one of the few modern buildings in the Greek style that give any pleasure to the eye. There are days in the summer when the white columns glow with southern lustre, and when the climate does not seem inappropriate to the building. Such a temple in England would, long ere this, have become dingy and dreary, like those gloomy works of pseudo-Greek that are such powerful promoters of dyspepsia in London. But the high position, the hot sun, and the clear air of Munich, maintain the whiteness without which Grecian architecture is a delusion; and the Glyptothek, which was built before King Ludwig's accession, remains unimpaired long after his descent from the throne. One warning, however, must be addressed to its admirers,—not to go round the building. The back is perfectly odious, having a window on each side of its portico; and a window in a Greek temple is an abomination that the architect might have been expected to avoid. In all other respects the Glyptothek is praiseworthy, and

well adapted to its purpose. Of the collection, I need not speak at any length; and the frescoes I have set apart for the chapter on their creator. The full description of the statues in Murray, and the detailed quotations from Westmacott, would make my task superfluous, even if I were as versed in history as the one, and in æsthetic criticism as the other. I will merely allude to a paper on the Barberini Faun, read by a German Professor, in which a different view is taken of the date of that statue and the school to which it belongs. Professor Westmacott attributes it, if not to Scopas or Praxiteles, at least to a scarcely inferior scholar; and in this judgment he coincides with many of the earlier critics. Schorn and Waagen both assign it to the same period, Waagen finding a close similarity between it and the Theseus and Ilyssus. Others, however, had already sought a later date for its production, some bringing it down to Nero; and Professor Von Lützow attributes it to the Roman-Alexandrine period. His grounds are ably stated in a paper read before the meeting of Philologers and Orientalists at Augsburg, in September, 1862. He rests his assumption chiefly on the absence of all similar subjects in ancient Greek sculpture, and of all literary description of similar statues. The only work whose treatment at all coincides with that of the Barberini Faun is a bronze discovered at Herculaneum, and this bronze is generally attributed to Roman art. Only two allusions to sleeping satyrs occur in ancient literature: one in the Anthology, the other in Pliny. Moreover, the naturalism of the Faun, the eminent anatomical knowledge, the exquisite rendering of drunken

sleep, would conspire to place the statue at a later time than that at which idealism, and the thirst for pure beauty, prevailed. Nor is this the only argument; a very powerful one remains. The Faun is lying on a skin, and Greek sculpture would almost certainly have made this the skin of a panther. But the sculptor of this statue has chosen a wolf's skin, which at once gives us the connection with Rome, and with the Lupercus of the Roman forests.

The English guide-book regrets, and English travellers are inclined to follow the example, that the Ægina sculptures, which form one of the chief glories of the Glyptothek, were not secured for the British Museum. During my stay in Munich, I cannot sympathise with the regret; and I am disposed to think that the statues are more appreciated by the travelling English, and by a greater number of visitors, than they would be in London. It seems somewhat selfish to grudge Munich her one treasure, without which the Glyptothek would be poor indeed; while we have the friezes of the Parthenon and the unrivalled collection of casts at Sydenham. By the possession of these early works, the sculpture gallery in Munich stands on the same footing as the picture gallery. The statues of the culminating period are few, and there are fewer still of extraordinary merit. The Ægina marbles form an introduction to these few, and the introduction is fuller and more valuable than the body of the work. It must always be considered King Ludwig's highest claim, that he formed the present collection; and the Glyptothek, both building and contents, gives a better opinion of his taste than

would be formed without it. And yet it is worthy of remark, that during the whole week of the popular festivity in October, when the population of Bavaria flocks in to Munich, the Glyptothek is closed. Evidently, the King has no very high opinion of the taste of the people for whom his capital was decorated, or of the amount of intellectual progress his improvements have wrought. According to a return that I copied from one of the newspapers, the expenses of the Glyptothek amounted to £9,246 for building, and £16,463 for paintings and sculpture. Murray states that the Ægina marbles were bought for £6,000,—an agent from the English Government being on his way with an offer of £8,000.

It has ever been considered right that strangers in Munich should see the Palace, and I do not suppose the remarks I am about to make will dissuade any one from following the tradition. For some time past those parts of the Palace that seem most attractive have not been shown, the rich chapel, the treasury, and the apartments of the King and Queen. The rooms on the ground floor with great frescoes from the Nibelungenlied, the large hall in the other part of the building with frescoes from the life of Charlemagne, Barbarossa and Rudolph of Hapsburg, the throne room with its colossal statues, and the ball room are shown, and unfortunately I can speak of them all from experience. It is interesting to read in a guide-book of the palace fitted up, not after the usual manner of palaces, but in an admirable style of decoration, especially when you have once been dragged round an unmeaning series of rooms with heavy beds and railings before them, and have been lectured on the wash hand-

stand of the Grand Monarque, or the chair on which Louis XV. used to change his shirt. But when you go the rounds of large rooms still less intended for life than the show rooms of Versailles, and yawn before fresco after fresco, each one of which has to be interpreted in all its details by the enthusiastic guide, you come to admit that all palaces are vanity, and you are humiliated at having succumbed to an ignoble curiosity. I have known people who found that their punishment was greater than they could bear, and who had to make an ignominious retreat in the midst of the guide's harangue. Wearisome indeed are these great hard pictures of early times, of dark ages on which the painters shed no light. I found the floor of the ball room more attractive and more artistically composed than the transcendental frescoes of the adjoining halls, just as a small court in the middle of the Palace with bronzes and a garden is more worthy of admiration than all the Königsbau or Festsaalbau of orthodox wonder.

You may observe from the outside with some surprise how the new parts of the Palace dovetail into the old. Beginning in front you have the stone chipped and hammered into the appearance of massive unhewn blocks, and as you go round the side you come to the bare old walls, in every way a striking contrast. You must take each part for what it is worth, for there is no possible harmony, no attempt at a whole. The building resembles nothing so much as an old statue, pieced and restored. One of the statues in the Glyptothek was found in a stone-mason's yard, provided with head and hands by its temporary owner. It would be unjust to call the

architect of the new Palace a stone-mason and still more unjust to compare the old Palace to the son of Niobe. But if the King had desired Thorvaldsen in restoring the Ægina sculptures to put a head of the time of Praxiteles and arms of the Roman period on one of the ancient figures, an effect similar to that of the Palace might have been produced. The sculptor would not have obeyed such a command, and in restoring the Ægina marbles he has followed the style of the time which produced them. Why could not the architect do the same? If a new palace must be built could it not be built anew? At present the building has the appearance of a palimpsest. It is certainly not one of those works that do honour to an architect. If such as this were the only buildings of Klenze he would hardly deserve the name. But the Glyptothek and Pinacothek may be placed against those in which he seems to have followed too faithfully the instructions of his patron.

I have thought it my duty to study several of the pictures which are representative of Munich art, that I might not have to dismiss the subject too summarily, and might not judge rashly without full power of determining. But I confess I had not patience to do this with the pictures in the Palace. Had their painter occupied the same position as Cornelius, I should have forced myself to have examined his works as I forced myself to examine the works of Cornelius.

The entire expenses of building the palace, including the court chapel amounted to £350,000. The court chapel is perhaps the most perfect part of the whole, and in richness of decoration, solemnity, and appropriateness

of ornament, resembles the churches built by wealthy religious orders rather than those built by Kings who have so many calls on their purses, and who are engaged in so many works as King Ludwig.

Before passing to the Ludwig's Strasse, which was chiefly built by Gärtner, I will mention briefly the other works of Klenze. The Pinacothek must have a place by itself; not for its external grandeur, but for questions of its contents. And when the Pinacothek and Glyptothek have been disposed of, the others are neither important nor blameless. The ministry of war, and the palace of Duke Max, in the Ludwig's Strasse, the Odeon, and the palace (once called the Leuchtenberg,) which balances it, the arcade of the Post Office over against the Residenz, the arcades of the Hofgarten, the royal theatre, are the most prominent, and none of these call for decided praise. It is admitted by German critics, that in spite of the great decorative powers shown by Klenze, and his wide knowledge of architectural history, his works are wanting in true genius, having been almost invariably built on the model of some Greek or Italian construction. At the same time he is reproached for not observing the rules that should guide an architect in the arrangement of interiors, especially with regard to the position of staircases. But in no building has he exposed himself to more blame than in his last, the Propyläen.* This gate was erected by King Ludwig after he had ceased to be king, in honour of the foundation of the Græco-Bavarian dynasty,* and it seems that its failure is meant to typify the abdication of the

* It was not finished till after the fall of the same.

monarch, and its mixture of styles the inappropriateness of King Otho's rule. It has a portico east and west, with Doric columns, and the two porticos are joined by Corinthian columns. On each side of the portico is a cumbrous and unmeaning wing, pierced with windows and doors, and on the line of roof that runs from wing to wing, over the porticos, are sham lion's heads, like the Edinburgh samples of Mr. Ruskin. The general effect of the building is heavy and clumsy, and the sculpture placed on it is far too small to bear any proportion to the whole. As you near the portico, indeed, there is a certain grandeur in it, but seen from a distance the grandeur vanishes in the disproportionate dimensions. In a practical point of view the gate is even more faulty than in an artistic. There are two side passages for carriages, the centre is reserved for royal carriages, and there are steps along the centre for foot passengers. The pedestrians have thus to cross the carriage way twice in order to get through, have to expose themselves twice to the risk of being run over, and have, strictly speaking, no footpath at all. When I add that the gate was opened before it was finished, to let the statue of King Ludwig pass through, and was then shut again from the public, after being solemnly inaugurated and handed over to them for their use, I have sufficiently spoken of the new building. The Burgomaster of Munich, receiving it from the master of ceremonies of King Ludwig, promised that it should always be kept by the town in the same state in which the town received it; fortunately the promise was made without considering the state in which the town received it, and the gate was not condemned to remain incom-

plete to the end of time. Allowing, however, for all these drawbacks to the reputation of Klenze, one must admit that he has deserved well of Munich by two, at least, of his buildings, and one is glad that his desert is to be recognised so as to commemorate his name. In a part of the town where several new streets are being laid out, the magistrate determined that two streets should bear the names of celebrated artists, and should meet in a *rond-point*, which should be decked with their statues. One of these streets was to be called the Cornelius Strasse, the other the Klenze Strasse. The idea is good, and the execution of it will probably tend more to perpetuate the name of Klenze, than some of the buildings I have just characterised.

> "There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
> O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
> There where the long street roars, hath been
> The stillness of the central sea."

And the poet's words may with slight changes be applied to the Ludwig's Strasse. Not that the dull unfrequented street may be said to roar, for your steps sometimes echo unpleasantly with a sound of loneliness as you walk along it. Nor can the site be supposed to have been washed by the central sea, at least within living recollection. The stillness of the central land is however sufficient to keep up the antithesis. There is a series of curious pictures in the new Pinacothek which seems to be passed over too quickly by visitors, but which would furnish inquirers with a singular idea of Munich before the time of King Ludwig. These pic-

tures occupy the tenth and eleventh cabinets, and are views taken from various points and reproducing various parts of the town. One gives the old corn market, and a number of vignettes of the old towers and places around. Another shows a formal old garden that used to stand somewhere in the position of the present Hofgarten, and that bore the old title of the reigning house. Another shows the old riding school, another the old Palace Square, with the low old-fashioned part of the building which is now replaced by the Pitti, and the hideous yellow and blue side of the old Post Office. Where now the Hall of the Marshals is was once an inn, with a sign of the Virgin and Child high up on the front. The old Schwabing gate was just outside the Theatiner Kirche; a high bank of grass topped with railings rose on one side of the road, and waggons are seen in the picture peacefully driving along the present Odeon's Platz. Where now the Maximilian's Strasse runs out of the place in front of the palace, was formerly a discordant mixture of little houses, a narrow irregular alley ran in one direction, and the ground was uneven, bulging in one part, and falling in another. Gates and old towers guarded the inner town from the palace and the post office, as if the citizens were afraid of royal encroachments, and suspected the treasonableness of letters. At the back of the palace, where now is the Court Chapel, and at the side where now the Palladian wing is devoted to festivals, was a deep moat turned into various gardens, and laid out irregularly with beds and trees, walls running round and bridges across to the palace. Little cottages and fragments of old buildings

rise up capriciously, many covered with ivy, from the middle of which their round windows can scarcely peep, slanting roofs run up and are fastened on to the palace, and the desolate effect is wrought out with gables, towers, walls, wooden staircases outside the buildings, and the lawless growth of vegetation wherever it can strike root. The quaint departed fashions wander about these pictures, ricketty cabriolets, that have long been consigned to the unknown limbo of their kind, drive down the uneven streets, or stand for hire.

One must examine these pictures to see what Munich was before King Ludwig and where his new additions have been built in. The study is highly curious, and one sees that the metamorphosis must at first have promised to be a difficult undertaking. Anything more strangely ugly than many of these old buildings can hardly be conceived, and the taste of the people may be judged from a sight of what they were contented to keep. There was nothing here to build upon, and yet an entire demolition could hardly be contemplated. When, therefore, we object to the present Palace, we must be careful not to look at the pictures of the old; and when we rail at the dreariness of the Ludwig's Strasse, we deserve to be reminded of what it has replaced. The great want of the street is the more remarkable, that in almost all other towns it has been remedied, the want of shops. For in no other town would an important street be filled with public buildings exclusively, a class of building the least able to impart life and cheerfulness to the space in front of it. There are certainly some fine works in the Ludwig's

Strasse, which give one a higher opinion of Gärtner than of Klenze. The Royal Library has, I think, more solid merits than either the Glyptothek or the Pinacothek; in grandeur it is certainly not second to the latter, and it transcends both in originality. The Ludwig's Church, I am given to understand, was altered from the architect's design by the patron of the street, and the Hall of Marshals also made higher than was intended. This may explain the want of fair proportion in the one, and the weedy appearance, the necessity of iron supports in the other. Perhaps the want of proportion explains the unpleasing effect of the Ludwig's Kirche, so far as an effect can be explained. Certain it is that one derives no sense of satisfaction from looking at the church, and it is difficult to understand the reason of one's disappointment. I have reserved the frescoes, which are the only particulars worth mention, for my chapter on their artist, and I need not linger in the unattractive building. One only point, however, should be touched on here with regard to Cornelius' "Last Judgment," to correct a mistake in Murray's Handbook. "The features of the ugly creature who crawls beneath Satan's feet resemble those of Goëthe." There are two figures under Satan's feet, Judas Iscariot, who betrayed his lord; and Segestes, who in revenge for the seduction of his daughter by Arminius, warned Varus of his designs, and was therefore considered to have betrayed his country. Just in front of Satan a figure is kneeling, which is remarkably like Goethe, though I believe it represents one of the seven capital sins. It would be curious to know if the

painter really intended to pourtray the greatest man that the literature of his nation can boast under the mask of a capital sin, and, if so, what motives impelled him? But it is no longer necessary for English travellers to endeavour to make out the features of Goethe in one of the bearded couple crawling under Satan's feet.

The church of St. Boniface and the church in the Au are two sights that no visitor should miss, and are two of the worthiest contributions of King Ludwig. The painted windows in the second are quite unique, presenting clear and enjoyable pictures instead of the imitations of mediævalism that go under the name of stained glass. I do not care to enter into a discussion about the æsthetic mission of windows, whether they should be pictures or no; I am content to admire the beauty of these without answering for my opinion in a court of art. The paintings in the Basilica of St. Boniface are so generally admired that there may be little merit in recording a vote with the majority. But one can hardly refrain from entering into the reverence and religious feeling that characterise them, and that place them so fully in harmony with the grandeur and solemnity of the church. So many feelings enter into the mind that criticism is disarmed, and the verdict against modern religious art is robbed of its severity. This Boniface church must be taken as an ample set-off against the illiberal side of King Ludwig's religion. Some bigotry in behalf of his faith my be allowed to one who has shown the bright side of his zeal in such a splendid monument, such a testimony to the sincerity

of his faith. Nor is the painter who executed the works to be less commended than the sovereign who commanded them. The departure of the saint from Netley Abbey would alone entitle him to the praise of feeling, so charingly bestowed on his contemporaries; and many English visitors carry away that picture in their minds as the one link between Munich and their native country.

CHAPTER VI.

PICTURE GALLERIES.

As a general rule, the picture galleries of Europe are fit for anything, save pictures. It must be allowed that they were mostly built for other purposes. The first owners, when they contemplated the admission of pictures into rooms which were to serve for residence, never intended to form such large collections as were made by their descendants. And the collections once made, the claims of art-students became so pressing, that the halls originally intended for private use had to pass to the public. By degrees, the encroachments of lovers of pictures become greater, and the inhabitants are thrust out of their best rooms during a large portion of each day; or the prince is driven to build himself another palace, and leave his old one to become a gallery.' One cannot of course compel a prince to build a new house for the pictures and to occupy the old one himself; nor can one expect the heir of a fine house to build a gallery expressly suited for artistic study. But it must be said, that both palaces and houses are generally ill-suited for the exhibition of a crowd of pictures.

There are certain architectural requirements in a pic-

ture gallery which are almost certain to be neglected in a palace. A human occupant wants light distributed equally about his room. But a picture is greedy, and wants all the light to be thrown upon itself. Again; one man likes lofty rooms, especially if he lives in a warm climate; another likes his rooms low and compact, if he has a taste for snugness. But high rooms would be useless for small pictures, and a large picture might not find place to stand in a low room. Your treasures may be invisible, if you are chary of glass; if you are lavish of it, the streams of light may cross and obscure the picture, by over-brilliance. All these objections may be found in full force in most of the public galleries; but in Munich, where a building was erected especially for the pictures, we may suppose that they will not apply. Murray's guide-book says with all possible confidence; "In addition to the praise of having constructed a beautiful edifice, Klenze deserves that of having formed the most convenient and appropriate receptacle for paintings in Europe." Beautiful edifice is not too strong a term to employ in describing the old Pinacothek. It is certainly a noble building. The entrance at the side prevents many from duly appreciating it; and it is not till you get the view of the front that you can judge it as its merits deserve. From this point the effect is truly grand and harmonious; the massive look of the whole building is a worthy product of the style selected, seconded by the tone of the material. Built in the style of a Roman palace, the Pinacothek does not remind you of any particular model, as its architectural merits exceed those of any possible model. But this praise can

only be bestowed on the inside. The architect had no excuse for repeating the faults that detract from the utility of picture galleries generally, for his building was avowedly intended to be a receptacle for pictures. In his desire for show, he has entirely neglected the architectural requirements of a gallery, while acknowledging their existence. The skylight system of lighting would deserve praise, if the ceilings were not so high that the light is wasted upon them. And the large halls, which look grand enough when compared with one's own height, and which answer to the promise of the exterior, are quite inappropriate for their purpose. Some pictures must be hung so high that they can scarcely be seen, even with an opera glass; and the lower ones are too far from the light to be shown advantageously. It is true, that some of the pictures in the collection are so large that they require a room of some size to contain them; but I doubt if there is a picture in the world that needs the height of the Pinacothek. To whose charge are these faults to be laid, if not to the architect's?

Yet, if the hanging committee had not seconded Klenze so ably, these faults would not have been so evident. The light might have been bad, as it is in so many galleries, and yet we should not have looked up at the height of the rooms to explain it. But the committee, or the director, or whoever he be on whom the hanging devolves, has called our attention to the architect's blunder. In the large rooms the pictures are hung at an inordinate height; and even in the cabinets, the bottom of the frame, not the picture itself, is on the line of the eye. The result is, that many of the works

of art in the gallery pass entirely unnoticed. It were well if all the inferior works were hung out of sight, so as to give all the lower space to the better ones; but this is not the principle selected. The second, third, and fifth rooms, are taken up chiefly with inferior works, many of them honoured with excellent places; while the early Germans, which form the strength of the gallery, are crowded into the first room, one above another. That it may not be thought I am making the charge rashly, or from any spirit of contradiction, unfairness, or spleen, I will add, that many of the facts communicated in this chapter have already been stated by art-critics of position and reputation in Munich. Having no pretensions to that power of assigning pictures to their true painters, that belongs to some modern judges in a peculiar degree, I have thought it better to consult the chief authorities and repeat their conclusions, than to attempt any independent decision. At the same time, I have examined the charges made against the gallery myself, and have resorted frequently to my private judgment before endorsing the sentences of others.

The badness of the hanging and the unfitness of the large rooms cannot fail to strike the most casual observer. But many of the faults which are most obnoxious to resident visitors are unknown to the majority of passing travellers. On cloudy days, says an artist living in Munich, it is almost impossible to see anything in the middle rooms; but cloudy days are unknown in summer. The want of seats in the large rooms* renders the gallery doubly fatiguing to those

* A few have been added since this was written.

who are seeing all the sights of the town in a couple of days, and contrasts unfavourably with the National Gallery or the centre rooms of the Louvre. But in winter the seats would have a perfect sinecure, for any one who sat down five minutes would be frozen. There seems to be no attempt to heat the Pinacothek, and the result is that it is rendered useless during winter. I have been there when the thermometer marked two or three degrees only above zero, and found all study impossible. In a cold climate, large rooms with stone floors are only accessible in summer, as the architect might reasonably have foreseen. But there is every facility for heating them, if the directors would only go to the expense of buying wood.

These evils most affect the public, and perhaps they are the only evils by which the public thinks itself affected. Their result is, that the public stays away. If the public studied the pictures attentively other faults would have their influence, but in the absence of the public the other faults act only on students and beginners. To them they are perhaps more serious than the want of seats, and light and warmth, for they may have a paralyzing influence on the whole life of an artist. These faults are many and serious, they strike at the root of all art, and there is not the smallest excuse for their existence. They may be summed up in one sentence, restoration of pictures, falsity of names, carelessness and neglect of preservation, illiberality as regards copying. Each one of these clauses deserves consideration in detail, and immediate remedies. If nothing else is done in Munich, surely the claims of art ought to be regarded in a city which calls itself the

capital of art. The mania of restoring pictures that has devastated so many galleries of Europe has not spared the Pinacothek. An art critic gives a pitiable sketch in a German newspaper of the process of restoring as adopted in Munich. How often, he says, is the restorer a man of very small ability, who owes his appointment to backstairs influence, and who has a powerful stimulant to restore all possible pictures as he is paid by the piece. It is a mistake to suppose that all painters are connoisseurs; many modern painters never study the old masters for fear of spoiling their originality, and without a course of study no man can be master of such a subject. Many of these men undertake restoring as a means of eking out small incomes; a painter does restoring work just as an employé in a public office writes for newspapers, or makes up accounts, or performs any similar drudgery. The consequence of it in Munich is, that the works of Rubens are half spoiled, and twenty-eight years have transformed the Gallery from a perfect collection to an imperfect one. "Let any one examine the Fall of the Damned by Rubens," writes the critic, "a work of his best period, a work referred to in all his biographies, and in all writings on art. The magic colouring, for which it was once so celebrated, has given place to an incoherent mixture of dark and light patches. Let any one look at Rubens's portrait of his second wife, and compare the flesh of the hand which holds the glove (and which has not been restored) with the flesh of the other hand and the bosom."

If we turn to another branch, to the carelessness in

preserving those pictures which have not been spoilt by this pretended restoration, we find very little improvement. Dust and mould settle on the canvas without being removed, the pictures are constantly taken down either to be restored, or to be copied, or to be renumbered; and nothing is so apt to harm a picture as this constant removal. The floors of the Pinacothek are made of some sort of stucco which gives out a great deal of dust, and besides being obnoxious to the pictures, is one reason why no copying can go on in the rooms. One of the writers from whom I quote states the astounding fact, that a picture of Rubens was taken to a photographer's studio, a quarter of a mile distant from the Gallery, carried thither horizontally on the shoulders of six soldiers, and then left to stand in the sun. Partly owing to the unsuitable material of the floors, partly to natural illiberality, copying in Munich labours under great disadvantages. No copying of any kind is allowed in the rooms, you may not even make a sketch of a picture in your pocket-book. One room is devoted to copying, and in this room the light is bad, there is only place for ten persons, and at least five seats are always taken up by painters on porcelain. The man who wants to copy a picture has to pay for its being taken down and brought to this room, besides being called on for many incidental expenses, which are more than many art students in Munich can afford. While he is copying, of course the picture is useless for the public, and as most students choose the more celebrated pictures, the public is constantly deprived of what it most desires to see. In most other galleries

copying goes on at the same time as public inspection: in Paris and Florence the same limits apply to both. In some cases, perhaps, copying is obnoxious to visitors, or visitors are obnoxious to copyists. But it is better to obviate disagreements by allowing certain days to each, as is done in the National Gallery, than to make war on both, as they do in the Pinacothek.

In objecting to the constant taking down of pictures as hurtful to them, it has been added that they were taken down for bad purposes. Either they are taken down to be restored, which they would be better without, or to be copied, which might be done better if they stayed in their places, or for another reason. This other reason leads me to the great blemish of the Munich Gallery, the Catalogue. In order to make people buy catalogues the old ones are rendered useless by re-numbering. A sale is thus created for a publication which is notoriously bad, and the proceeds of the sale are not employed in administering any remedy. No change has been made in the catalogue during the last twenty-five years, though that space of time is remarkable for the number of new discoveries in art it has witnessed. Here lies the chief crime of the Pinacothek, a crime of which the catalogue gives only the outward and visible sign. In the less frequented galleries of Italy, in out of the way churches, and half inhabited palaces, one has little reason to complain if anonymous copyists go by the name of Raphael, and *quattrocento* pictures are assigned to Salvator Rosa. But in Germany, and still more in Munich, one would think there was no danger of such ignorance. Is it not

from German critics that all our present knowledge of art has come; are not the names of Rumohr, Kugler, Waagen, sufficient guarantees for the accuracy of their nation? And yet, on good authority, there are no less than fifty-four pictures in the Pinacothek of Munich that are placed under false names in the catalogue.

If the catalogue were not meagre in the extreme, it would afford some means of ascertaining the truth of its system of nomenclature. But to avoid the trouble of inquiring into dates and pedigrees and authorities, to avoid the disagreeable necessity of telling the truth and diminishing by nine-tenths the market value, the directors of the Gallery have contented themselves with the shortest possible description of every picture, and have declined to put forth a *càtalogue raisonné*. It is true, they answered one complainant by giving their permission to any one else who chose to undertake the issue of one; but that is scarcely the same as contributing to it themselves. They seem to look upon the catalogue simply as a source of revenue, not at all as a part of their duty. They never for a moment suppose that there is any sort of obligation attached to the possession of pictures. It is enough for them if the yearly proceeds derived from the sale of the present imperfect catalogue are large; and if they are not, the plain expedient of re-numbering the pictures supplies the deficiency. Meanwhile the wants of the Gallery remain unheeded, and the usefulness of a public institution is seriously diminished. The study of art is liable to be perverted, the fountain of early taste to be poisoned at its spring. It is quite impossible for a student to

derive full benefit from the collection, to judge in future with any accuracy, or make comparisons and draw inferences with any certainty, when his point of departure is false. A young man who has a copy executed two hundred years after Raphael passed off on him as an original is not in a fit state to judge the genuine works of the master, and the confusion of mind into which a beginner must be thrown by the inequalities of the Italian pictures in Munich is almost fatal to learning. It hardly reflects much credit on the artistic taste of King Ludwig, and on the reality of his patronage, to learn that he bought the St. Cecilia in the Munich Gallery for more than £2,000 for his private gallery, believing it to be a genuine Raphael, and when the general verdict declared it a late copy, got disgusted with it, and presented it to the Pinacothek.

It is, however, in the works of another school that the unreliable nature of the catalogue is most conspicuous. And here it is even more hurtful than in the Italian rooms, because the early German and Flemish pictures form the strength of the Munich Gallery, and are nowhere else to be found in such numbers. Some might think it worth their while to pass many days in Munich to study these pictures alone, and might, if they were fresh to that branch of art, get more harm than good of their labour. Take for instance the works of Van Eyck. The catalogue gives us six pictures under his name. Dr. Waagen, in his "Handbook to the Schools of the Netherlands," denies the authenticity of every one of the six, agreeing in this with Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle, whose work on the Early

Flemish Painters is the chief authority on the subject. The Triptych of the Adoration of the Kings (Cabinets, 35, 36, 37) is by both assigned to Roger van der Weyden, as also St. Luke painting the Virgin (Cabinets, 42). The Offerings of the Magi (Rooms, 45) Waagen attributes to a certain Court painter to Henry the VIIIth., while Crowe and Cavalcaselle assign it to the early half of the 16th century, without determining the name of the painter. It is by an imitator of Van Eyck and Memling, they say, and is an attempt to graft the colour of Van Eyck on the composition of Memling. Memling, or Hemling, as he used to be named, and is named still in the Catalogue of the Pinacothek, is as badly treated as Van Eyck. Of nine pictures that bear his name only one is considered genuine by the authors of the Early Flemish Painters, and four by Waagen. M. Vitet, *de l'Académie Française,* goes even further, and renounces them all. The indiscriminate condemnation is not borne out by the best judges, and is hardly safe. Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle call the large picture of the Seven Joys of Mary (Cabinets, 63), a genuine work, well executed and preserved, but ill-arranged and over-crowded. "If the whole is not a perfect picture, each little subject is quite a gem of finish." This verdict contrasts strangely with M. Vitet's wholesale denunciation, and one is tempted to quote from Horace:—

> "Quid quisque *vitet* nunquam homini satis
> Cautum est in horas."

Waagen also admits the Seven Joys to be genuine, and

adds the Triptych of St. Christopher as an early work, though bearing traces of Van der Weyden. I confess that I am partial to this picture, and am more inclined to agree with Dr. Waagen than with Messrs. Crowe and Cavalcaselle. In their judgment, it bears the impress of the school of Stuerbout, to whom they assign several other pictures, called Hemling in the catalogue,—The Israelites picking Manna, Melchisedec and Abraham, and The Kiss of Judas. I observe that Waagen agrees with them in these points, which may add some value to his divergence in respect of the St. Christopher. But even if this Triptych be admitted, five pictures are left, which all judges agree in re-naming. Six to Van Eyck and five to Memling, make eleven pictures under two names; if the proportion were at all observed throughout the gallery, there would be an end of all study. It is beyond my present purpose to go more deeply into the subject. What I have already quoted will suffice to put visitors on their guard; and rectifications are more in place in a new edition of Murray's Hand Book than in these pages.

The new Pinacothek is rather unfairly treated by English travellers. "All very well, no doubt," says one, superciliously; "but I prefer the Royal Academy." Others sneer at the allegorical frescoes outside, "as oddly recalling the scenic temptations hung on the outside of booths at fairs." Others, still more unfairly, insist on seeing the whole; and if you are their travelling companion, and are dragged round the rooms without mercy, you sympathise strongly with the supercilious and the sneerers. But neither of them are quite just

to the modern picture gallery of Munich. The outside, it is true, is detestable; and the frescoes are sign paintings. But their failure is not attributable to any incapacity on the part of the artist, to any attempt at glorifying the revival of German art. Most people see in them the most objectionable of styles, the ideal allegorical, applied to the most objectionable of ends, puffery. But in reality they are a series of squibs, by a very clever and bitter satirist; and the evaporation of their spirit is attributable in great measure to the size at which they are painted. If any one looks over the sketches as they are hung up in one of the inside rooms, instead of looking at the colossal frescoes outside, he will have more chance of appreciating the artist. It would indeed be ridiculous, if these pictures were meant for a serious tribute to the modern art of Munich. To represent Cornelius and Overbeck fighting against pedants in order to release the Graces, would be consummate folly if it were meant seriously, seeing that these two painters are notorious for their exceeding pedantry, and have never once sacrificed to the Graces. But we know that Kaulbach's sketches were taken to be caricatures by those who would otherwise have been flattered by them. The painter of the huge frescoes in the palace, Schnorr von Carolsfeld, published a protest against those of the new Pinacothek, and declared them untrue representations, as well as a disgrace to the nation. A stronger testimony in their favour could hardly have been uttered; and it is only to be wished that they had been executed as effectively as they were conceived. But certain considerations seem to have paralysed the

hand of the satirist. It must not be forgotten that he was a pupil of Cornelius, and had painted under his direction the same empty, mythological works, that he might otherwise have ridiculed. Besides, the susceptible feelings of the royal patron might have resented any open reflection upon the justness of the taste, and the liberal superintendance that developed the public works of Munich. Thus, Kaulbach has so judiciously veiled his satire, that it is generally interpreted as panegyric.

A good deal of out-of-the-way knowledge, the sort of information learned only by gossip with the oldest inhabitant, is required to fathom the secret satirical meanings of these frescoes; and I have not proper access to it. Perhaps the present suggestion may tempt some duly qualified person to reveal the mysteries. As a slight indication of Kaulbach's spirit, let me point to the portly figure staggering in with a cushion on his arms covered with orders and decorations, at the right-hand corner of one of the pictures. This gentleman is the king's cook; and the point consists in his carrying the cushion of orders as he would carry a tray of dishes. One needs no very deep study of Klenze's buildings to appreciate his portrait, where he sits making architectural designs and referring to a book close at hand for some warrant or model. It always struck me that the representations of King Ludwig, received enthusiastically by artists and connoisseurs, were to some extent parodies of the last pictures in Reineke Fuchs,—those in which the fox comes proudly through a triumphal arch, and is invested with an order by the lion. The allusion is cer-

tainly very faint; but something in the attitude of King Ludwig is a clear suggestion of it.

Although the collection of pictures in the new Pinacothek is very imperfect, and very capriciously selected, it has one great value to students of modern art. It is the only place in Munich where you can get any idea of the state of painting in Germany, and of the really meritorious painters who have not an European reputation. The chief painters in each country are pretty well known by engravings, and by hearsay, which is even more effectual. But the painters of a second rank, men of great talent perhaps, highly valued already by native judges, and destined at some future time to achieve general distinction, are still unknown beyond the frontier. An opportunity, like that afforded by the International Exhibition, comes rarely; and accident or caprice may prevent a good use being made of it, when it comes. I do not know what reason can be assigned for the paucity of exhibitors from Munich, in the fine art galleries; I find only the names of eleven painters from Bavaria in the catalogue, and two of the eleven were merely copyists. None of the greatest Munich names were there; scarcely any even of the second rank of painters,—of those represented in the new Pinacothek. It may not be surprising that the men engaged on great public works were absent, but these may be counted on the fingers, and the mass of smaller painters remains. In England, the yearly exhibitions draw out all the best pictures, and a zealous attendant at these is kept fully *au courant*. But, let any one familiar with foreign writings on English art ask himself, how many names

of English painters are well known on the continent? I read in a French criticism some time ago, that for certain reasons the English had no great landscape painter; and the critic took pains to explain why Landseer was not a great landscape painter, although the "*reine d'Angleterre qui est riche et qui raffole des ouvrages de Sir Landseer lui couvre de guinées le moindre tableau.*" Apparently, the writer had never heard of a certain J. M. W. Turner. A German critic, estimating the comparative merits of the painters of different nations at the International Exhibition, says, "that modern English art is very mediocre. With the exception of Landseer, and perhaps of Frith, there are no prominent men of genius,—no movement of importance." It would be only too easy to retaliate on both French and Germans, if one was so prejudiced in favour of one's own nation as to resent every species of criticism. But our judgments on foreign art have been habitually too hasty and too general; nor has even the show of admirable French pictures in the International taught all our critics to be just. A mere retaliation on the surface faults of the art of either nation, would neither wash out their unjust judgment nor aid to bring about future agreement. Of course, everybody is more or less prejudiced in favour of the products of his country. They are calculated for him; hit his taste as far as taste can be predicted; and are, consequently, sure of some appreciation. With foreign things, on the other hand, the taste has to be created. And as the foreign thought has started from a widely different base, and tends to a different goal, any criticism of its details from the point of view

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of another nation, without allowing the primary divergence, must necessarily be unfair. So long as an Englishman compares a German landscape with Creswick, or a French genre picture with Mulready, and rejects them because they do not adopt his national standard, he is judging as crudely as the French and German critics I have quoted. Let the painter's means be unsatisfactory, and his end worthless,—he is fair game; but to dismiss him and his brethren in a line, because they do not happen to be English, is really a ludicrous perversion.

For this reason the collection in the new Pinacothek is valuable to the traveller, as it affords him an opportunity for making up his mind. It will be well to leave out all thought of the Royal Academy, not only on national grounds, but also because the products of a single year have a different effect from the gradual growth of many. You would not compare any number of the Quarterly Review with any number of the Times, although there may be three brilliant leading articles, and several foreign letters of great merit in one, and only inferior essays in the other. Goethe's saying is of wider application than even to what is really brilliant, and what is really solid and genuine.

> "Was glänzt, ist für den Augenblick geboren;
> Das Aechte bleibt der Nachwelt unverloren." *

It is, perhaps, a misfortune for Munich artists, that

* What glitters is born for the moment. What is genuine remains unlost to posterity.—Hayward's Translation of "Faust."

there is no yearly exhibition of pictures during the summer, when so many strangers pass through. The reputation of Munich as an art-producing town is so great, that lovers of art naturally look for some such public show, and are liable to be disappointed at finding none. The Art Union, where so many pictures are exhibited, is inaccessible to strangers without some introduction, and the pictures exhibited there are not the best class of works. To go round to studios requires considerable time and effectual guidance, nor does one feel free to express opinions in the presence of the painter. Thus it is that the new Pinacothek is the only resource left to strangers, and the purchase of a picture for the new Pinacothek is so valuable to artists, that they are willing to sell their pictures at any price King Ludwig may offer. I am told he gets pictures cheaper than any dealer, and that artists would gladly make him a present of their works, to have them hung on the walls of his gallery. One painter who could find no custom for his pictures, was fortunate enough to sell two of them to the king, and was instantly overdone with commissions. With such temptations to buy worthless pictures cheap, and encourage poor artists at the expense of the many who want to have galleries without an idea of taste, it is strange that King Ludwig has contrived to collect so many works of decided merit. The description of the gallery in Murray's Hand-Book is so cursory, that I shall take the liberty of accompanying the visitor.

The first of the large rooms contains Kaulbach's fine portrait of King Ludwig, wearing the dress of the

Bavarian Order of St. Hubert. In the second room is the unfinished picture of the Deluge by Carl Schorn, Piloty's "Seni discovering the dead body of Wallenstein," a good picture of Verona bathed in sunshine by Kirchner, and two paintings of the interior of Westminster Abbey, which are rather cold and painty. There is great vigour, many touches of feeling in Schorn's Deluge, although its incompleteness is most likely to act unfavourably on the spectator. The expression of some of the faces is decidedly good;—the furious despair with which one man is praying to his graven image, the king or chieftain at the top throwing his arms up to heaven, and the slow rising of the water storming the peak on which the last survivors have taken refuge. Piloty's picture of Wallenstein is firmly and solidly painted, though not free from a certain heaviness which has appeared more strongly in his subsequent work, Nero among the ruins of Rome. The attitude of the chief figure, it is true, is borrowed from Delaroche's Duc de Guise, and there is a calmness in Seni's look on the dead body which answers the conventional view of an astrologer, but is not equal to the dramatic truth of Schiller. Stuff is very well painted in Piloty's Wallenstein, the whole is arranged like a *tableau vivant*, and the forced repose of the dead, the overawed quiet of the living, the neatly studied disorder, enable the painter to dwell on contrasts and details with the minuteness of an inventory. The table cloth, on the end of which Wallenstein has fallen, dragging it half off the table, the carpet turned over on itself in the death-scuffle, the long dress of Wallenstein himself,

and the deep rich purple of Seni, are admirably done, and these things seize the eye at the first glance, and dwell on the memory amidst the barbarous painting of the other great pictures in the building. There is an attempt at more than stuff-painting too, as if Piloty was to some extent penetrated by the tragic depth of his subject, but was hampered by his love of material. Wallenstein's face is noble, and his repose is that of violent death. Spite of the conventional view of Seni, there is a sorrow, a yearning against fate in his expression, and consciousness of age and powerlessness. But how weak this painting seems to achieve the height of the argument! In the fifth act of Wallenstein, Schiller rises to greater dramatic power than he has ever shown, and a comparison of his version with this of Piloty's, should warn every painter against attempting the summit of tragedy, with such clogs of silk and satin upon him.

The third large room contains Kaulbach's Destruction of Jerusalem, two portraits of painters in the costumes they wore at an artists' ball, by the same, and a landscape by Heinlein. The latter is one of the best-known landscape painters in Munich. I have seen works of his that pleased me more than this. The fourth room contains a picture of Schraudolph's, which has only lately been added to the gallery, two landscapes of Albert Zimmermann's, an old one, representing centaurs fighting with leopards, which does not much attract me, and a new one of a waterfall pouring through a rocky mountain country, which pleases me highly; two or three other landscapes, one of them by

Schleich, and a strange blue canvas of Otho's Entry into Nauplia, 1833, by Peter Hess. The landscapes are the only remarkable feature of this room; Schraudolph's religious picture is conventional in the extreme, andPeter Hess is not only hard in his colouring, and unpleasing in his drawing, but his attempt at reproducing the blue water and sky and mountains of Greece, succeeds only in transferring pigments from his palette to the picture, without any preparation. The fifth large room is also occupied with religious pictures; an Ascension by Schraudolph, an Altar-piece of Henry Hess, and a Holy Family by Overbeck. There is little to remark in any of the three. Enough has been said on the religious painting of modern Germany to enable me to be silent. I must remark, however, that this Holy Family of Overbeck's is tolerably known by means of engravings. The Virgin stands behind looking on our Saviour and John the Baptist, accompanied by a cross and a lamb. I had at one time thought that it might be possible to assign each of the figures to their original, but on examining the picture more carefully I had to abandon the thought. Raphael, Francia, and Perugino, are all more or less mixed up in the group. The background is Raphael's every line, but Raphael under the tuition of Perugino. The Virgin's dress is a literal copy of Raphael's drapery, the attitude of one child is adapted from the Belle Jardinière, and the figure of the Virgin more or less resembles the Cardellino at Florence. But it is useless to particularise sources, when one look is sufficient to detect the general origin.

Rottmann's encaustic landscapes have the next room to themselves, a room so arranged that while all the centre is dark the walls are fully lighted from above, and at a distance the pictures have all the effect of illusion. But they do not bear close examination, and the spectator must be warned to remain in the darkness himself if he would feast his eyes on their light. From the last but one of the large rooms, that in which the two large altar pieces front each other, we go into the smaller rooms on the southern side of the building. The numbers begin from the other end, but the most natural way of seeing the rooms is by reversing the numbers. We thus begin with the fifth room. A sheep-stall, by the celebrated Dutch painter Verboekhoven, and a knight entertained by Dominican monks, by Eugene Hess, are the best pictures in it; one or two others are worthy of remark, but not of decided praise. Schadow's Holy Family is likely to attract attention as thoroughly German-religious; the view of the reigning King of Bavaria's fancy castle of Hohenschwangau is curious, and the picture of the fortune-teller is remarkable, as showing the inability of so many Munich artists to tell a plain story. From the attitude of the old woman, and the way the young man sinks back in his chair, with one hand on his pocket, as if he was cleaned out, one would think the two were playing a game, and that the old woman had beggared her neighbour; it is only by noticing the earnest faces of the other characters that one sees the meaning. How differently a French artist would have told the story ! There would have been no possibility of a mistake.

Eugene Hess's picture of the two monks entertaining a stout red-faced knight is an admirable work, just what a *genre* painting should be. All the accessories are solidly and carefully painted, the jugs, the bottles, all the little minutiæ that one cannot detail in verbal description, but which tell so decidedly on the general effect of a picture. Foreign painters are so sparingly represented in this gallery that one is thankful for all one can get, and the sheep-stall of Verbockhoven is so perfectly original in the different range of subjects chosen by German painters, that one is inclined either to rate it too high or too low.

In the next room we have a picture of Leys, a village-street in Holland, one of Adam's battle-pieces, a temple of Pæstum, by Coignet; a Veronese cemetery, by Kirchner; and a fine work of Gallait's, a Monk feeding the Poor in a Cloister. These works of Leys and Gallait are very different from those more ambitious pictures of theirs that made so much sensation in the International Exhibition. Leys's Village-street is quiet and retiring, many people would be likely to pass over it without giving it a second look, if they did not happen to remember the name; but the longer you stand before it the more certain your appreciation. Gallait's fine figure of the young monk holding the large stone jar to the mouth of one of the poor can hardly be overlooked, however; but the picture is colder and paler than his later works, resembling in some points his Tasso and Montaigne. Kirchner seems devoted to Verona, and the Italian towns at the foot of the Alps. There is a glow of colour and light on all his pictures, which

harmonises with the depth and richness of the architecture he loves to paint. Passing over the room of Kaulbach's sketches for the frescoes without, the visitor having already been exhorted to study them carefully, we find two more of Adam's large battle-pieces in the next, Novara and Custozza, which, with the Storming of the Fortifications of Düppel in the Schleswig-Holstein war (fourth room) may serve as a text for a short view of the painter. I am not in general very partial to battle-pieces, nor do I think that a painting of any celebrated battle is of any value, unless it betray some decided genius in the artist. For the object of painting a battle is not to show how the field was won, but to extract some interest from it. The dry historical description of any celebrated fight, if utterly unreadable to the student of history, may yet be valuable to the military critic, may serve to convey hints to future generals, and may season future addresses to armies drawn up before the enemy. But a picture cannot pretend to such a mission. No military critic would judge a battle from a picture of it, and no general would draw up his troops in a certain order because he had seen troops so drawn up on the canvas. The painter must give you the spirit of the battle, not the details; he must compress into the space of a moment what may have taken hours to execute; must seize the dramatic pith of the story, and present it at the culminating moment of the day. Most painters have appreciated this to some extent; Adam seems never to have had an idea of it. One does not get the faintest notion of any unity in these battle-pieces. In the im-

mediate foreground one has the details which one would most gladly avoid, put the most prominently forward; soldiers march by next, and a shell explodes in the middle of them; beyond are officers on horseback, very probably taken from the life. This is the outskirts of the battle; what effect has this on the whole? Far better the conventional cloud of smoke, and one or two bullets coming out of it, than these sickening details in their worst reality. If the object of the painter had been to disgust us with war, he could not have chosen his ground better; but that could hardly have been the wish of the man who set himself as a glorious task to celebrate German victories, and chose as such the execrable fields in which the liberty of Italy was overthrown. One would think that in Adam's view the soldier who is binding up his wound in the foreground was the hero of the day, as in Victor Hugo's view it was Cambronne who won the battle of Waterloo. The laws of painting, however, are very distinct from the laws of description. The prophet can say with magnificent vagueness that every battle of the warrior is with confused noise and garments rolled in blood; but the painter must banish those thoughts from his canvas if he would not give us a ghastly reality. How very different the spirited and admirable battle-pieces of the French; one feels that achievements are being done, and one is not forced to dwell on what is revolting to humanity. That Adam's pictures are cold and unpleasing in colour is not surprising; one who could sympathise with the ugly heroes of the Austrian garb had no claim to glow or to feeling.

A fine picture of gipsies, brought up for stealing, by Claude Jacquand; a Venetian Court, by Kirchner; and one of the interminable winter landscapes of Richard Zimmermann, are pleasant changes from the battle pictures that hang in this second room. The one of the gipsies is especially powerful, both in character and painting. The first room, to which we come last, has a fine landscape of Andreas Achenbach, who is generally ranked as the first of German landscape painters. The scene represented is the Pontine Marshes;—an autumn morning, and the glow of colour is almost dazzling. I scarcely know how to describe the effect produced,—so much warmth and so much brilliance combine, that it would seem a sunset at mid-day. Geyer's Medical Consultation, which hangs next, is also a good picture, though the faces are not entirely original; but his companion work, The End of a masked Ball, is to the French models, by which it is inspired, what Hackländer is to Balzac.

The inferior works are generally placed in the small cabinets, which may be more hastily viewed. No Englishman is likely to leave the building without seeing Wilkie's Reading of the Will, which is in the second cabinet. In the fourth cabinet hangs Stieler's portrait of Goethe, which is engraved in Mr. Lewes's "Life," as frontispiece to the second volume. In the fifth cabinet Hassenclever's picture of the examination scene in the Jobsiad, very clever and spirited; the helpless ignorance of the candidate, his enormous blunders, and the amusement of the doctors baiting him. The tenth and eleventh cabinets contain the curious views of old Munich, which

I have already noticed; the thirteenth, some views of Heidelberg, by Kirchner; and the fourteenth, a picture from the Thirty Years' War, by Eugene Hess,—the Swedish general, Wrangel, surprised while hunting near Dachau, by the Bavarian general, Johann von Werth.

CHAPTER VII.

KÜNSTLER-FESTE.

THERE are, I believe, about a thousand artists in Munich, and the most agreeable feature of this society is its love of amusement and pageant. The costume balls, that have at different times been organised by the Munich painters, are constant subjects of remembrance; and the yearly excursion to the country in May adds a relish to the spring. It has not been my fortune to see any of the grander feasts with which the memories of great men, or the anniversaries of notable events in the art-world, are recorded, saving that one that I shall describe in the next chapter. But I purpose here to devote a few pages to two of the ordinary festivals that I witnessed,—the fancy ball and the May-feast of 1862.

The continental habit of confining all dancing to the Carnival, and crowding ball upon ball, revel upon revel, into the last days before Lent, if it does not lead to unrestrained gaiety and frantic pleasure, as it does in Paris, is apt to be a kill-joy. It certainly acts as such in Munich. People who would willingly amuse themselves moderately during a season of sufficient length, find themselves compelled by law to crowd all their

amusement into six or eight weeks, without a pause to recover their breath in, to concoct small talk, and interpret the clever remarks that they put aside as needing reflection. Thus they come to the Carnival as a duty, and go through it with the serious face and resolution that duty requires. The young ladies go to balls to dance, and dance because it is their duty. At the end of the Carnival come the masked-balls, and people go in masks because it is their duty. The sagacious remark, however, that you may take a horse to the water, but can't make him drink, applies to this enforced amusement; and though people go to the masked-balls because they think it their duty, they cannot amuse themselves for that reason. The court masked-balls stand in need of no such enlivenment, for the court is too much accustomed to parade itself to need the excuse of amusement. But I cannot conceive why private persons should go to the theatre in order to sit in the boxes and see the royal family walking about in costume on the floor, though the attraction of the sight was once fully explained to me by a spectator. "It is exceedingly pleasant," he said. "The pit and stage are boarded over so as to form a level surface, and are spread with a carpet. There are several little tables laid about at which the King and the royal family sit down if they feel inclined, or else they walk to and fro. You sit in the boxes and watch them; it is very amusing." I must be allowed to differ. If the royal persons were in any costume, if anything that we are accustomed to associate with masked balls took place, there might be some fun in looking on. But that one figure in a black

domino is the King and another the old King, and that these black figures sit down at little tables or walk about on the floor, can in no possible degree cause a rational being to be amused or excited.

I do not wish to imply that the stupidity of these masked balls is owing to their being held in Munich. So far from this, I have generally found masked balls, even in places where they are indigenous, beyond measure tedious. It must be borne in mind that to enter into the fun of intriguing you must be well known to some of the company, and a disguise which merely prevents you from seeing a strange face is quite useless and need not be effectual. The interest of a masked ball consists in friends playing tricks on each other, in persons who are familiar with all your ways evincing their familiarity without being detected. It is rare for a stranger in a place to have such friends, and yet strangers are the very people who look for amusement in going to masked balls. Besides which, in many places once celebrated for gaiety, the spirit has departed. It is all very well for the defenders of the Austrian rule in Venice to draw pictures of the real content of the people, and to argue that the stagnation is merely an invention or is got up by the enemies of the government. If this were so, the masked balls would probably be attended by some others than strangers, and those who make their sex their profession. As it is you need only go to the far famed Ridotto to find an Italian version of Cremorne, and I think of the two most Englishmen would prefer the latter.

The fancy balls that the Munich artists arrange about every three years are very different from the ordinary

masked balls that I have mentioned. Some of them which have been more than ordinarily successful, have lingered long in the memory of the town, and have served to disparage subsequent attempts which were less praiseworthy. A subject is always chosen, and the costume of the period rigorously observed. Thus it happens that the dresses are not left to the choice of the wearers, as in fancy balls generally, and odds and ends cannot be pieced into a nondescript attire. Sketches are made by the artists who organise the ball of the dresses that are to appear, and if you wish to take a costume you must adopt one of the sketches and follow it rigorously. The disorderly mass of vestments that appears at fancy balls where all is left to individual caprice is thus avoided; none of those soldiers talking with Pierrots, old court dresses, sailors, Turks, Swiss peasant girls and Diana of the Ephesians. A very celebrated ball some years ago represented Rubens; this time the subject taken was an historical panorama of fairy tales. Half the artistic world was engaged for months preparing sketches, or dresses, or decorations for the ball, and from an artistic point of view the success of the pageant was complete. The hall of the Odeon was beautifully decorated, the dresses were all in keeping with each other and were highly to be praised, each train was well organised and swept past with splendour that seemed too real to be mimic. But it was this very splendour that detracted from the perfect success in all other respects. The character of the fairy tales was not duly preserved. Some jealous feeling had kept the elder artists from joining, and the younger artists, not to be left in the

lurch, had to call in the *bourgeois* world to assist them. The humour of the feast and the character of the society suffered by the mixture. Of course those members of the *bourgeoisie* who took characters preferred the showy dresses to the characteristic dresses. Every one wanted to be a prince or princess, and though the sketches were followed, the harmony of the whole picture was destroyed. A very slight reflection suffices to show that the courts and rich dresses which may be made to figure prominently in fairy tales are only put in as concessions to human weakness, and are not the essential part of the story. The fairy element is the real thing in each story; you may vary the accessories, or even remove them altogether without any serious harm. In Cinderella, for instance, the pumpkin which was turned into a coach, the rats that were turned into the coach-horses—I quote from memory—are far more interesting than the toilets of the two sisters and the prince's train. But in a procession the two sisters take a much higher place than they are allowed by the fairy annalist, and the balance of right and wrong is disturbed. Perhaps this view of the subject is taken in order to show that the merits of the good characters were greater, and the temptations to which they were exposed more dangerous than we should gather from the stories. We always thought that there was no particular merit in resisting the proud sisters and choosing the humble one, because we knew that the proud sisters were wicked and that the humble sister was good. But when we see them pass before us we forget their pride and wickedness, and might very probably, if we were in the place of the prince, succumb

to the temptation and take the wrong one. If this was the object of the procession, we ought to thank it for the new light it throws on the fairy characters.

No such excuse, however, can be found for the predominance of court dresses. The charm of the fairy tales would be extinguished, as well as their moral, if they merely led up to a life at court. No one would be either virtuous or clever, if he was to be rewarded by being placed in a situation where neither of those qualities would avail him. As I have said before, the introduction of courts and riches is a concession to human weakness. Some reward is needed for virtue, and some object for the exertion of cleverness; so the fairy annalist throws in what seems most splendid, merely to imply what he cannot exactly convey. The fairy world in which the characters move is before all things fantastic, and is so far above the real world, that an actual court is a descent from it. But as court is above us who read, so there must be something above the fairy world, and this something is conveyed to us by a symbol which we are supposed to be capable of appreciating.

Enough of these metaphysical considerations, which are rather out of place as an introduction to a fancy ball. I merely wish to imply that the dresses were deficient in character, and over-abounding in splendour; that there was more sameness than fun. Having entered this protest, let me turn to description.

The large hall of the Odeon was turned into a fairy world. The pillars were hidden behind a mass of tropical vegetation, flowers and creepers hanging in festoons across the spaces between, gay birds, butterflies,

and lizards swarming through the foliage. The whole effect was highly fantastic, and prepared the imagination for the fairy panorama that was to come by initiation into fairy life. One hardly recognised the room in which one had heard so many concerts, or the columns behind which single gentlemen are supposed to crowd themselves, so as to leave the body of the hall to the ladies. Everything was softened away, and the lovely screen of rich tropical growth shut out the real world. Up the pillars swarmed snails of great size, with shells of gorgeous blue and gold, happily idealised so as to present no trace of affinity with the coarser snails of daily life; green tree-frogs keeping pace with gaudy lizards, and humming birds balanced their graceful forms on the festoons of luxuriant creepers, while at the top a giant peacock was perched, its feathers made of reeds, and their tips wrought up to natural beauty by the aid of moss. The stage at the end of the hall was screened by a large red curtain, in the middle of which a lesser drop curtain hid a lesser stage. In front of this the spectators congregated, all standing and waiting with exemplary patience, till the arrival of the Queen should give the signal to begin.

But with the arrival of the Queen all patience evaporated. Hitherto each one had stood his ground without much difficulty, and the occasional pushing of those ambitious of better places, had not caused much discomposure. But the presence of the Queen was made generally known by an oscillation in the crowd, like the setting in of a rapid tide. The cheering and shouting caused a violent swell like a gale, but the movement to

and fro went on after the cheering had subsided with more regularity and more trying result. Looking to discover the cause of the motion, I at last ascertained that it was owing to the shorter people rising spasmodically on tip-toes to catch a view of the royal party. A lady close to me gave me the most practical insight into the workings of this manœuvre. She was very short and very active, and her hoop was exceedingly sharp. Every moment she made a sudden start on to her toes, and each start brought her hoop in such violent contact with my legs, that I had to recoil a step. In such a crowd a recoil only throws you against a barrier of impassable forms, but your impulse communicates a certain motion to them that is felt through several rows in that direction. You have only to multiply the short lady who sets you going by the number of similar short ladies in the room, to find the force of the oscillation. And to ascertain this may, perhaps, enable you to compute the force of the loyal curiosity, which is the primary cause of the movement, and to which I have so often to refer in the course of my narrative.

When the Queen is seated, the small drop curtain rises, and a little operetta is performed. This was an amusing little piece composed for the occasion, dealing with two young people of the fairy world, named Hansel and Grethel. What with the enchanted prince of sugar candy, who had been turned into a bear, the old ogre who loved children (roasted), the witch his housekeeper, who heated the oven, and was tipped into it herself by the children, what with the house roofed with cakes to entice wandering children into the ogre's

clutches, and the appearance of the dreaded police in all their Munich majesty, the play succeeded very well, and every one who could hear it was amused. But now came the business of the evening. The large red curtain was drawn aside, showing a castle on the Rhine. Pinnacles and battlements rose from the precipitous rock hanging over the river, like some of those Italian hill-towns that seem to cling by main force to the scanty soil. From the gate of the castle came the procession down a sloping way across the stage, and drew up in a line facing the audience. Each branch of the fairy tale was represented by a special train, which marched round the hall in front of the Queen, and too much on a level with the mass of the crowd to be sufficiently inspected. First came the Prince of Sugar Candy, and his wedding train, representing nursery tales. Then the fairy tale bordering on legend, the fairy tale in its relation to home and family life, represented by Cinderella; forest tales, Snowdrop and the seven dwarfs, Little Red Riding Hood, Rübegahl and the Gnomes; the fairy shapes of the watery world, the Queen of the Nixies, and fairy tales of humour, Puss in Boots, and the Goose with the Golden Feathers. One was glad to recognise many of one's old playmates, many of the friends of early childhood. The Seven Ravens walked about staring at the company, and sometimes pecking. Puss in Boots seemed lively and intelligent, the reapers and mowers who accompanied him did not shake off the tame characteristics of the agricultural mind. The frogs who supported the car of the princess in the story of the Enchanted Frog, the strange watery shapes attending

the Queen of the Nixies, the solemn little dwarfs with their long white beards escorting Snowdrop, the wolf following Little Red Riding Hood, were all well got up, though, perhaps, a little too *posé*.

With the procession the formal ceremony is over, and the company divides itself into dancers and suppers. The Queen retires, and, after her retirement, it is but fair to mention that the programme laid before her was illuminated with the artistic feeling of a missal painter of old time. The flies and bees crawling in and out of the letters, the animals at the head of the page, were painted with admirable truth, and in some cases the illusion was perfect. The pains bestowed on a work that could scarcely look for meet recompense, the talent and skill exerted by the painter, were far beyond the occasion, and deserved special appreciation. Let us hope the programme is preserved in the palace, among those many paintings that distinguish it from all other palaces in Europe.

Meanwhile the supper-room is not deficient in some traits of character that come out very strongly at balls. Every place has been taken the moment the doors are open, and many seem determined to sit there, not to sup, but to rest. Ladies occupy tables with a glass of lemonade before them, others go to dance, leaving a *pater familias* to take charge of their seats, and hungry guests find no room from one end to the other. So crying at last does the evil become that the hotel-keeper, who has charge of the food, goes round and expostulates. One person, when requested to leave, replies indignantly, 'I have been here all the even-

ing," as if that were not the best reason for going then. Dancing goes on all the time in the large hall, a space round being with difficulty cleared, in which the couples follow each other like bubbles floating down a stream. The fairy characters have generally taken sufficient exercise during the performance of their parts, but some of them are dancing still. A lucky mortal has been favoured with the hand of the princess who but lately made the Enchanted Frog the happiest of princes. We leave them waltzing.

Very different is the atmosphere of the May Feast, which needs a fine day, and some charming spot in the country. One has got rather sceptical of late about the beauties of May; but when that month comes out in all its glory, nothing can be more delightful. This year everything was forward, and May was glorious.

An artistical ticket, showing a train of children in procession bearing lilies of the valley, and attended by a May-bug as instrumentalist, admitted to the feast. The train took its thousand passengers away from Munich, turned off from the wide dreary plain that extends uninterruptedly to Augsburg, and ascended the course of the Wurm towards Starnberg—past the forests of fir and oak that inclose the strange chapel of the Virgin at Planegg, the Sunday excursion of so many Munichers, till we get out at a station on an eminence looking down on the lovely Mühlthal, with the stream gushing from the mill, and beyond at the succession of ridges that leads the eye to the blue line of mountains. A run down the grassy slope takes us into the valley, and we roam through paths in the beechwood till we come

to the group of buildings, the small old chapel with a red top-knot, and the wooded hill of Petersbrunn. Here is the site chosen for the festival, and by the time we arrive the woods are already alive with revellers. Light spring dresses are glinting pleasantly through the mass of fresh young sunny green, intersected by the clear straight stems of the beeches; and here and there are flags wreathed among the branches, which scarcely add to the picturesque effect, save when their colour contrasts with that surrounding. Tables are spread about, and one has a moveable kitchen, from which the smoke curls up in faint clouds, and the demands for food and beer are voluble from an early hour of the morning. For the artists, not like us degenerate mortals who take the train all the way, have walked in procession from the third station, and even at the early German dinner-hour much of the food is exhausted. In one place a plateau has been made of boards for dancing; in another is a tent that, later in the day, is to dispense Mai-wein. Meanwhile we stroll about the beechwood along the paths leading in all directions, admiring the pretty faces and bewildering dresses that seem to have turned out for this time only, glad to see artists of European celebrity casting off the cares of historical painting to enjoy themselves like children, and stopping every now and then to get a peep at some picturesque bit of scenery or effect that would make a picture of itself. Here we catch a glimpse of the bulbous red tower of the little chapel below, thrusting itself between two boughs of the lovely green leaves. Here we find the branches receding so as to

form the mouth of a cavern, and the setting for a picture of the Lake of Starnberg, a couple of miles away. Anything so picturesque as the general effect it would be hard to conceive possible, so great is the talent employed by the artists of Germany in organizing such spectacles, so kindly does Nature lend herself to complete the panorama.

We now look about for a table and some dinner, both of which are easier looked for than found. All those in the wood are crowded, and the balcony of the inn is equally so. At last we get places, and proceed to the bar across the kitchen-door to find food. The crowd already congregated in the narrow way is little disposed to yield; plates and dishes are passed over their heads, and the solitary waiter of the establishment stands afar off and shouts to the cooks. It is a marvel how fathers of families get out with piles of soup-plates, like waiters in Vienna, and manage to convey the contents safely to their ravenous brood. But when you have got at last a limb of roast goose, which is quite an anatomical study, and is charged accordingly, you must get a plate from another quarter, and your glass of beer from a vault over the road. Carts, conveying casks and barrels, are still coming up, and huge baskets full of brown bread are speedily emptied. But dinner is now over, and we scramble up again into the wood with rather more difficulty than before. The tent which we noticed in the morning is open, and the artists who concocted the Mai-wein are serving it out in large glasses. A pile of *Waldmeister* (*Asperula odorata*, sweet-scented woodroof) lies on the board to be mixed

ad libitum; and the delicious potion only needs the artistic barrel-glasses and the floating flowers to equal its insidious brother of the Rhine. Certain it is that to many the Mai-wein forms the vital part of the Mai-Fest, the libation in honour of the new god May, without which the deity could not be propitiated. At any rate, the devotion of his subjects shows itself most copiously, and with as much gratification to themselves as to the object of their worship.

After this refreshment the dancing begins. Young ladies who are stripped for the occasion of hats and mantles enter the lists, and the small space is soon full of moving couples. Some dance well, especially the ladies; some dance badly, and some cannot dance at all. One gentleman seems to have got up a species of Irish jig, which he dances with much violence, to the confusion of the other dancers, sometimes amounting to a dead lock. The dances are interspersed with choruses, sung with wonted German accuracy and precision. Then comes the event of the day. A gentleman who is famed for such performances gets on a tub and delivers his Capuchin sermon. Written in rhyme, and abounding with jokes, it may be supposed this sermon was listened to with less solemnity, though often with more attention, than is vouchsafed to serious preachers. One interruption of a ludicrous character, however, might have occurred elsewhere, and taxed the preacher's gravity as much as the interruptions of Lord Dudley and Ward the gravity of the Rev. Sydney Smith. Before giving his text the preacher made an emphatic pause: "We read in the Bible—" "Cuckoo, cuckoo," from an irre-

verent bird in a neighbouring tree. With this the remarkable character of the feast was completed. Dances, and songs and potations occupied the afternoon till twilight warned us to be gone. And so back to the station, through the darkening woods, the stems standing erect and silent like sentries, and the leaves laid to rest and murmuring in their sleep.

CHAPTER VIII.

CORNELIUS IN MUNICH.

THE father of modern German art—as it is the fashion to call Peter von Cornelius—happened to pass through Munich on his way from Rome to Berlin, and his many hundred sons, grand-sons, step-sons, and adopted sons, joined to give him a greeting. The place chosen for the feast was the Westend-Halle, one of the largest beer and dancing saloons in Munich. Above four hundred artists were present, and many other notabilities. The large hall was beautifully decorated with the unfailing taste of a city of artists, the taste which shows itself most conspicuously in decorations and processions. Garlands and flags hung from the ceiling and the pillars that supported the balconies, chandeliers with tasteful wreaths, paintings, and a fine bust of the hero of the feast. At the end of the hall was a small stage erected for the dramatic part of the feast; immediately beneath was the table for Cornelius and his supporters; the rest of the hall, and a large ante-room, were crowded with tables, and the tables were crowded with all the intellectual population of Munich. At about half-past seven Cornelius appeared escorted by a deputation, "a

little Druid wight," to quote the description of the poet in the Castle of Indolence, "of withered aspect, but his eye was keen." That he looked feeble may be accounted for by the age of seventy-four that he had attained, and the nervousness he seemed to show by the presence of such a crowd of admirers. When he was seated the curtain of the stage rose, and three artists presented a dramatic prologue, in which Munich, Dusseldorf, and Rome disputed the right of crowning the artist, till they came to mutual agreement, and crowned his bust together. The supper was interrupted by various speeches which were not much listened to, save a few words from Cornelius in praise of King Ludwig, his generous patron, words breathlessly watched for, yet only audible to a few. Next came a troop of young maidens with flowers, headed by a poetess, who recited a poem of her own composition; after which the maidens formed in a circle round Cornelius, and his wife came down from the gallery to keep him out of mischief. She is the painter's third wife, report says; is an Italian, and twenty-two. Now came singing, Mendelssohn's "Sons of Art," and the "Cornelius-Lied," a parody of Prince Eugene, written for a Munich festival in 1835, and glorifying modern German Art under the leadership of Cornelius, and the patronage of King Ludwig, with its triumph against the perukes. With this the formal part of the feast came to an end; Cornelius and the elders left, and the fun grew fast and furious. Artists got up on chairs and made speeches, one preached a sermon in verse, another a sermon in prose, for which some lines made by the hero of the

evening served as a sort of text. A dramatic performance was organised, which lasted three quarters of an hour. Songs and toasts, mirth and frolic, went on till deep into the night, and it is not known when the last guest quitted the room. The success of the feast was complete, and could not but strike me very favourably. The hearty appreciation of an artist to whom Munich has only a divided claim, the entire burial of animosities, and the catholic sympathy of all the different schools, impressed me with a pleasant sense of brotherhood in art, and the sight of the man who had founded all these schools, who had been master of Kaulbach, and is now looked up to as originator and instigator of the whole life of German painting, carries me back in thought to the great men of Italy, and the bands of pupils who owed half their eminence to their master. We see all these men, some of them already at the height of celebrity, some rapidly attaining an enviable position, some feeling truer stirrings of genius than can be given by success, uniting to applaud with one voice a man with whom they have so little in common, whose style is so entirely different from the styles of all the rising schools, and whose authority is daily being sapped by the influence of France and Belgium. His return to Germany at this time is like the last public appearance of Louis XIV., yet the artists are more grateful to their former sovereign, than the people of France to that departed greatness.

It may be well to let this feast serve as a peg to hang some reflections on, with regard to the state of that art which is derived from Cornelius, and with regard to the

master's own works in Munich. Art may be but a small portion of daily life, as has been said of literature; but it is certainly the most prominent part of Munich activity. It is the artistic reputation of Munich that brings so many strangers to visit the town, much as they may be disappointed by all collections, save the old picture gallery. The artistic reputation of Munich is supported by the residence and energy of nearly a thousand painters, although the patronage of the inhabitants is miserably small, and the taste of the population very little developed. Art cannot but have its effect in leading strangers to take up their residence in Munich, as it affords them at least a refuge from utter stagnation, and a sense of something going on. And as the works of the lesser artists are constantly exhibited in the Art Union, which has a fresh supply of pictures every week, as the studios are generally open with sufficient freedom, and the greater works are almost invariably shown to the public on their completion; there is a decided link between the artists and the population. If people confine their study of art to a weekly visit to the Kunst Verein, the fault lies with their own indifference, not with their opportunities.

But this branch of the subject must be touched upon later. At present I am engaged with the works of Cornelius. If a stranger had been present at this feast, he would doubtless have inquired for the works that had caused the enthusiasm he had witnessed, the speeches and songs he had heard. And he would certainly go to see these works with some pre-conceived idea of the greatness of their painter. It would matter

little to him to be told that the man whom Munich had feasted and toasted was represented by pictures very much inferior to those in Berlin and Rome; he would naturally seek on the spot the cause of its excitement. And I fear he would be much disappointed. I confess that I am very much in that position. Till I was present at the Cornelius feast I never wearied myself with studying his works, and now that I wish to ascertain the secret of his fame, his works in Munich are the only ones accessible to me. I am willing to admit that those in Berlin are vastly superior, so long as I do not see them. With Cornelius, unfortunately, seeing is disbelieving. His chief paintings in Munich are the frescoes in the Ludwig's Kirche, of which the Last Judgment is entirely his work; the frescoes in the Glyptothek, partly his work, and partly the work of his scholars; and the Loggie of the Pinacothek, which were painted from his designs.

In judging the works of Cornelius one must necescesarily revert to first principles, and ask what is the object of painting. Is it not to express your own thoughts and feelings so as to act on other men? The secret of the success of the greatest painters lies in this, we seem to read their heart or their mind in all their pictures. The depth of feeling in the early painters more than excuses their technical imperfections; we find that there is something below the surface, and we study their works the more carefully that they are not able to dispense with our labour. But when we come down to more recent times among painters who had nothing to say, but an admirable power of saying it,

who adopted the thoughts of their progenitors, and put them clearly on the canvas, we turn away without a word. Who that has mastered an original cares for a loose translation? And yet the later artists, neglecting the first requisite, were more awake to the second. They saw that to act on others you must of necessity please, and they only forgot that in making pleasure the sole object, the mission of painting was abandoned. The early painters gave their own feelings without sufficiently acting on others; the latter tried to act on others without expressing any feelings at all. Technical perfection is only too apt to supplant what it is meant to convey. The revival of Cornelius was apparently based on this principle, and his aim was to emulate the elder painters, by forsaking the path their successors had travelled. Unfortunately he has forgotten both the requirements of painting; he neither expresses his own feelings, nor does he give pleasure.

To limit the action of painting to its power of giving pleasure is not to confine the art in too narrow a compass. You are left free to choose through the whole range of pleasures of which the human mind is capable. You may begin with the mere sensuous pleasure of uncultivated minds, and rise gradually to the highest pleasure of the soul that can be felt by the most refined. How many different chords are struck by Correggio, from pure maternal love and childish frolic to perfect beauty of form and to the "strongest of human instincts" in its most varied phases! What soul is not awed by the grandeur of Titian, or impressed by the vigour of Michael Angelo? And yet how different is

the path of these painters from the quiet, retired walk of Francia and Perugino. These are like the meditative figures of monks you see pacing their cloister with an occasional ramble into the garden that forms the court, while the others plunge into the heart of human action, and feel the wildest pulses of excitement. And the result of this divergence is, that each one is genuine throughout, each one feels what he paints. So long as the painter feels himself he can make others feel, be it in a limited degree, and in a future age. So long as he expresses his feelings his work is not wasted, and however abstruse his feelings may be, the true expression of them can hardly fail to find favour. But when once an artist steps outside the circle that bounds him, and attempts to reason by means of his art without observing its rules, to make music a mathematical science, and painting the black board accompaniment of a class-room, he ceases to please, he loses all command over the feelings, and his aim is no longer artistic. It is idle for a painter to plead that the great masters did thus, and that he must follow their example. The great masters were great because they spoke their feelings so that the world would listen to them, and you must follow their example in this if you would hope to rival them. "If one has the spirit of a composer," said Mozart, "one writes because one cannot help it."

Perhaps it would have been better for Cornelius if the great masters had never existed. He might have then employed his real powers, which are considerable, in something better than imitation. As it is, with such splendid examples before him, he has fallen into an

error to which artists of all kinds are liable. Nothing is more common than for a man to be impressed by the thoughts of others, to take them into his mind, and brood over them till they seem to become his own. How frequently it occurs in daily life that men repeat to you your expressions of a few days back, and tell you your own stories. We talk very much about plagiarism without thinking that this is so often the explanation of it. A young man with a love for poetry is moved by the thoughts of a poet; the thoughts take root in his mind, and gradually find an utterance. He thinks this utterance is due to himself alone, he is not conscious of having borrowed. We see it again in modern music, when fine subjects are taken and treated, as the great composers ought to have treated them. And this is the explanation of the German art of the revival. A love of fine subjects and a genuine admiration of the old painters was mistaken for independent inspiration. With this feeling the modern Germans produced a series of variations on all the old masters in turn. If a Last Judgment was to be painted, the question was, how had Michael Angelo painted it; if a Holy Family, a clever compound of Raphael's early manner and Francia was passed off as original. The moderns never asked if they were fitted to paint such subjects as the Italians had painted them, if that style was suited to their taste and the taste of their country, or if they had to tell anything new or striking in that way which the Italians had left untold. The times have very much changed since the days of Raphael; inquiry has told us much that was not known to the ripest scholars of that world; nothing is

the same, even in the most backward institutions and the most sluggish minds. Yet we have these men endeavouring to paint as if the times could be rolled back again, and the same motives for action, the same views of surrounding things preserved unimpaired through the dust of three centuries.

Now that the school of Kaulbach has succeeded to the school of Cornelius, and is being pushed out in its turn by the modern school formed on the dominant styles of the day, the French and Belgian, the merits of Cornelius are not seriously discussed, but are passed over with silent allowance. At the time of his great activity, however, his head might well have been turned by the praises bestowed on him, if the right balance had not been restored by the attacks of those who took an opposite view. I find, for instance, in the letters of 1833. Dr. Förster has just published, the subjoined judgment, important indeed as coming from an art critic of such reputation, the author of the History of German Art, and of so many further contributions to artistic knowledge. "Giulio Romano," says Dr. Förster, "has served in many respects as a model for Cornelius, and the mythological paintings in the Glyptothek resembles those in the Palazzo del T, even down to the smallest details; but Cornelius is throughout nobler and simpler than Giulio, though the graces of Raphael have not entirely deserted his chief scholar." The judgment of Byron was rather different. In a letter from Rome (where the painters had established themselves for greater facilities of copying) he writes, "There is a set of Germans here who let their hair grow

to imitate Raphael. If they were to cut it off, make it into brushes, and paint like him, it would be more *german* to the matter." Some time later Heine wrote of the dispersion of Cornelius' scholars in Munich, as if he had read Byron's allusion to the hair.

"With Cornelius, too, was borne off
His disciples' joined array,
All its long hair it had shorn off
And in that its virtue lay.

"For he laid, the master knowing,
Magic spells upon the hair,
Truly, by the motion's showing,
Something that had life was there."

Has the strength of the school departed with its hair, or has Samson regained enough to bring down the temple about the ears of the Philistines? The works he has left in Munich date chiefly from his middle time, as the frescoes in the Glyptothek were finished in 1830, and those in the Ludwig's Kirche within the next ten years. There is no lack of strength in these productions; in truth, the power displayed might aptly lead to a comparison with Samson, but out of the strong comes forth no sweetness. It is merely as a duty that the student of art goes to look on Cornelius; no charm attends the study, no pleasure is derived from it. Who can feel that enthusiasm before these cold academical labours that trained minds feel before the works of old masters, as Thackeray has so admirably shown us in Clive Newcome? The great merit claimed for Cornelius by an orthodox critic is, that he has translated the

Greek figures into old German in his frescoes for the Glyptothek, and with the originals before you in the sculptures you are doubly inclined to resent the translation. It might be said, with equal truth, that in the Last Judgment the painter has translated Michael Angelo into Cornelius. I confess that I am always predisposed against painters who have no sense of colour, and my objection to Cornelius may partly be exaggerated by the atrocity of his colouring. But, surely, if a man has a power of drawing and an entire absence of the instinct of colour, he should confine himself to cartoons, which are willingly enough accepted in Germany, and should find colourists to do the painting for him. Michael Angelo was not too proud to employ the services of Sebastian del Piombo for what was beyond himself, and Michael Angelo's translator would have done well to follow the example. For not only does the colour of the works of Cornelius give no pleasure, it gives pain. It is not a negative quality, but a positive. It is not like the light coating of indifferent colour laid on by painters who, wanting any decided sense, are wise enough to avoid making their want conspicuous; it challenges condemnation by its obtrusiveness, and sets one's teeth on edge by its badness. The brickdust and tiles that do duty for the different shades of red, the execrable hue given to flesh, the predominance of painful blue, would make a Venetian frantic. If anything were needed to distinguish our pre-Raphaelites from those of Germany, this colouring would suffice.

Some would urge as an excuse for the execrable colour of the frescoes in the Glyptothek, that the example of

Giulio Romano is not favourable. I grant the proposition; but I do not see that it proves anything for Cornelius. There was no necessity for him to copy Giulio Romano even down to his defects. If he could not work without a model, there is surely no want of classical painting to serve him as model. Besides, we must remember that he is much nobler and simpler than Giulio Romano, and whatever can be said against the chief scholar of Raphael, it cannot be said that he ever produced such colour as that on the walls of the Glyptothek. There is some classical feeling in the classical paintings of Giulio Romano, but there is not a jot of it in these frescoes. Neither Greek form nor Greek spirit are preserved, though there is an open imitation of Greek sculpture. Ganymede feeding the Eagle is an exact reproduction of one of Thorwaldsen's works, and single figures might be proved identical with familiar statues. The introduction of copies from sculpture and anatomical design is often a great blemish in Cornelius, the figures are put in without regard to fitness of time and place, and the harmony of the whole is sacrificed to a display of drawing. Of the two rooms in the Glyptothek, the one which is devoted to heathen mythology is far better than the other which contains the tale of Troy. The marriage of Neptune and Amphitrite indeed is poor; the female faces are ugly, and their German cast of features with copious flaxen hair destroys any truth to Greek nature that the grotesque dolphin might have preserved. In the picture of Olympus, Hebe is pretty, and there is a strange introduction of character in the right-hand corner, the face of the

old man peeping over Silenus. But of the three the descent of Orpheus is the best, and the right hand side of that picture can safely be commended. Some of the Danaides are actually pretty girls, especially the second face from the front, and the female figure leaning against the balustrade of Pluto's throne. Cerberus dropping to sleep, one mouth still barking faintly, and the Furies sinking on their iron beds with the snakes uncurling, show considerable attempt at preserving the local character, though it can scarcely be necessary to make them so ugly. Pluto himself is a mistake, the sort of figure that would be cut by a tenth-rate German actor undertaking the part. The ceiling of the gods' room is well painted with lunettes, the Sun God in his chariot drawn by four spirited Greek horses, the beautiful moon drawn by kids. One of the steeds stands straight out from the wall, like that noble white horse of Parmigiano, in the church at Parma; and the life and energy that old sculptors give the horse are perfectly preserved. Painful as it always is to look at ceilings, I recommend the study of this; the animals, horses, kids, owls, are quite a relief after the figures in the hall of Troy.

The hall of the Trojan war, says a German authority, is the most marvellous and magnificent in its composition. I consider it the most hideous that ever was painted. It is almost a penance to dwell on the frescoes, and save some salient faults, impossible to remember them. Mr. Gladstone is indignant at the treatment of the Trojan story in Troilus and Cressida, and carries his wrath so far as to doubt that Shakspeare

was author of the play. What would he say to Cornelius's version? It is hard to say which is the most offensive, the want of dignity in the men, or the want of beauty in the women. Who would recognise Helen (the German guide-book takes care to remind us that she is the beautiful Helen) in the ugly crying woman clinging to the pillar on the right hand side of the picture of the destruction of Troy? Who would recognise Achilles in the long-limbed, long-nosed, weedy-looking spoony in the opposite picture? In that one, indeed, there is this merit, that Briseis is pretty and Minerva has black hair. But Briseis is put in the corner of the picture where she might be passed over, and the ugly parts are thrust into the middle where they must be seen. The same partiality for corners is seen in the frescoes in the hall of the Gods, but in the other two frescoes in the Trojan hall there is not even this redeeming point. The colour of the fight for Patroclus is so bad that the design has to endeavour to keep pace with it, and the obtrusive anatomy in the destruction of Troy is only equalled by the utter want of fidelity. After waging a war of ten years to recover the most beautiful of women, it is hardly in keeping with the character of Menelaus to make him neglect Helen in order to gain possession of Polixena.

Even in assigning these paintings a modicum of praise, I believe it is open to dispute how far it is deserved. A severe critic might allege that the utter badness of the greater part makes us too favourable to some minor excellences, which stand out in the more striking relief as they are so much superior to what surrounds them.

But this is too great a refinement for me, and I own my inability to conduct such an investigation. When a picture is before us, we naturally judge it by a pre-conceived standard, and pronounce it good or bad accordingly. But when there are great inequalities in a picture we can only judge them by the rest of the picture; and though they may be so much better than the rest as to merit praise in comparison, they may be much below our standard, and, if judged separately, might have been condemned. We remember the story in Bacon of the man who ran badly one day in green, and ran worse the next day in yellow, that it might be said some one had run worse than the green. I doubt, however, if such an attempt would answer in painting. Certainly one judges the works of Cornelius in Munich by what predominates in them, and there is less danger of our rating his merits too highly than of our involving the whole work in too sweeping a condemnation. The paintings on the Loggie of the Pinacothek show pretty clearly what he ought to have done, show the real bent of his mind, and the subjects in which he was interested. The enthusiasm that he felt for art was more directed to the artists who had excelled in it than to the art itself, and instead of showing that enthusiasm by copying the works of these painters he should have painted their lives. It was not their subjects he felt, but their treatment of the subjects, and he necessarily fell into servile imitation when he endeavoured to reproduce what had pleased him in them. He took the same mistaken path that is taken by modern writers of religious poetry, who believe that by rendering the

Psalms or parts of Scripture from noble prose into poor rhyme they are emulating David or Isaiah. He forgot, as they forget, that originality is the first requisite if you would have greatness, and this is the answer to the questions so often repeated; why have we no high religious art? why have we no good religious poetry? The pictures in the Loggie of the Pinacothek, which present scenes from the lives of painters, are far more valuable than the religious and mythological frescoes, on which the fame of Cornelius is supposed to rest, because we see that he felt his own subjects, and not the treatment of them that others had adopted.

I must own that I have scarcely the patience to describe or to criticise Cornelius's Last Judgment in the Ludwig's Kirche. It is not enough to dismiss it with the remark, that it is an attempt at a literal reproduction of Michael Angelo's Last Judgment in the Sistine; an attempt which fails, in so much as Cornelius is inferior to Michael Angelo, and which ought to fail, as the duties of religious art are so entirely changed since Michael Angelo's time. The Last Judgment is not a subject to which any painter that ever lived can do justice, because it is a subject that no human being can conceive. The mind has wisely ceased its endeavour to realise eternity, and the eye is as little able to command such a field as the world brought to be judged. If any pictorial representation were attempted of such a subject, it must necessarily be imperfect in the extreme, and the painter would have to choose between omitting nine tenths of the figures, or crowding them into such a mass, that neither faces nor characters

could be discerned. Martin's Last Judgment is a mob; Cornelius's is a little private performance, with perhaps fifty figures in all, and King Ludwig looking on as an impartial spectator. But the unfitness of the subject for pictorial treatment is not the only objection, the choice of a model is equally to be censured. As a display of power, Michael Angelo's picture is very remarkable; but neither Protestants nor Catholics are satisfied with its rendering of the Last Judgment. Kugler, while praising the lower half of the picture, observes that the upper part is faulty, that the glory of heaven, the joy, and peace, and blessedness of the heavenly choirs are sought in vain; "everywhere we meet with the expression of human passion, of human efforts. We see no choir of solemn tranquil forms, no harmonious unity of clear grand lines, produced by ideal draperies; instead of these we find a confused crowd of the most varied movements, naked bodies in violent attitudes, unaccompanied by any of the characteristics made sacred by a holy tradition. Christ, the principal figure of the whole, wants every attribute but that of the judge; no expression of divine majesty reminds us that it is the Saviour who exercises this office. The upper half of the composition is in many parts heavy, notwithstanding the masterly boldness of the drawing; confused, in spite of the separation of the principal and accessory groups; capricious, notwithstanding a grand arrangement of the whole." A Catholic passed a more severe censure than this of the great German critic, saying, that if the glory were taken from the head of Christ, and the upper part somewhat altered,

the picture might serve for an admirable representation of the war between Jupiter and the Titans.

So far as I can remember, Michael Angelo is the last who has treated the subject, and if this be correct the inference to be drawn is not unimportant. The later painters admit their inability to deal with it, and what the successors of Michael Angelo left untouched might well be avoided by a modern. The Italian versions of the Last Judgment that remain are those of an earlier date; the frescoes of Orcagna in the Campo Santa at Pisa, and a celebrated picture of Fra Angelico in the Academy of Florence. But though these differ very widely from Michael Angelo's fresco, in one point they are analogous to it. The painters in selecting this subject have only done so in order to express their own feelings. As Michael Angelo laid a stress on the lower part of his fresco, where energy and action were more in place than in the upper half, so in Fra Angelico's Last Judgment, the rapture of heaven and the blest is the prevailing sentiment. And the Italian painters generally made use of the religious scenes that were assigned to them, as opportunities for displaying the bent of their minds, and for conveying indirectly with all possible freedom what they were not allowed directly to express. For instance, who does not see that the Venetian painters graft Venice upon Jerusalem? Paul Veronese paints the Crucifixion merely to show Venetian senators and grandees presiding at it, and to accumulate his favourite dresses and colours, his pomp and magnificence on a subject in which an ascetic artist sees nothing but the intensest suffering. At that time no-

thing further was demanded. But with our increased desire for truth we insist on each scene being reproduced as it may be supposed to have taken place, and we revolt against anything conventional. Perhaps we carry this too far, even as regards feeling: we certainly carry it too far as regards dress and accessories. Yet it has one good effect on painters, that it makes them study their subject with some independence of thought, and does not leave them free to draw on an early master for every line, for details as well as for inspiration. On this rock Cornelius has split, and we ought to be grateful to our principle, that it preserves us from such paintings as his Last Judgment.

The whole work is inspired by Michael Angelo, and the sentiment of it is a confused recollection of Italian sentiment. Not being able to copy Michael Angelo's Christ, Cornelius has given us a figure which is even more conventional than a literal copy would have been. The failure of his master taught him timidity. After what has been said and written against the Christ of the Sistine no one would venture to adopt it; but after such wholesale copying of the rest of Michael Angelo's picture, Cornelius had scarcely the right to stop short. We look up expecting to see Michael Angelo's Christ as a natural consequence of the lower part, and we are disappointed. The recollections of the Sistine are so numerous, that we ask the painter to trust entirely to his memory. And yet it is only necessary to compare the two to see that we do Cornelius injustice. The lower half of his Last Judgment is really no copy of the lower half of Michael Angelo's.

Where is the animation and life, the admirable figure of Charon and the oar raised to strike? Cornelius is far more composed and decorous. Strictly speaking, it is not so much a plagiarism from Michael Angelo's one picture that this fresco shows, as a general feeling for Michael Angelo. The anatomical display in the lower half strikes us not as love for anatomy, but love for Michael Angelo's anatomy. The introduction of King Ludwig, crowned with laurel and looking forbidding, is a departure from the text of the original, and a reminiscence of various painters. But the picture is in all other points true to the narrow streak of inspiration.

CHAPTER IX.

KAULBACH.

Before proceeding to a general survey of the present state of art in Munich, we must pause before a great name. As pupil of Cornelius, Wilhelm von Kaulbach deserves to be mentioned immediately after his master, and in dealing with Munich he must have a chapter to himself.

And first a word of caution, which no doubt will be needed. The reader must not for a moment suppose that Kaulbach is judged as a painter, that is as an artist possessing a sense of colour. This highest excellence must, unfortunately, be put out of the question, and the painter considered merely in the quality of draughtsman. I believe he acknowledges himself that he is more of a sculptor than painter, and that the words placed by the Danish poet in the mouth of Michael Angelo would not be inappropriate in his mouth.

> "I am no painter, no, not I—I know it.
> I am a sculptor. What of sculpture's art
> In painting can be used, why, that is mine!
> In drawing and design I stand alone,
> But as for dipping in the paint pot, zounds!" *

* Oehlenschläger's Correggio, translated by Martin.

It is unfortunate that an artist so evidently pre-disposed to drawing should not be allowed to follow the bent of his genius. There are enough painters in the world without pressing others into their ranks, and a good drawing is in its way as perfect and as pleasing as a painting. A man with Kaulbach's astonishing power should rather have been employed in producing works in which his power could be freely displayed, than in making vain attempts which were not smiled on by nature, and were eclipsed by the works of inferior men. Injudicious patronage, or rather blindness of patronage, diverted the artist from his true career, and defective teaching contributed to lead him astray. It is a question if King Ludwig's patronage did Kaulbach more harm than the teaching of Cornelius, and yet it is a question what he might have been without his patron and his teacher. No doubt many artists are spoiled by unintelligent support, and many by imperfect tuition. But how many more are extinguished by the want of support, or the want of tuition? If the greatest men owe it to the force of their genius that they have had the strength to overcome impediments, it is necessary that the weaker should sink under them. The English artist who has to fight up to a position without aid from above looks longingly to the more extended patronage of the Continent, and to the monarchs who make it their business to nourish art from the roots. But the caprices, the ignorance, and the wilfulness of such patrons are left out of sight in the vision of their liberality. No one thinks that Genelli, with the truest power of decorative painting, and the most thorough taste for mythology, was

never once employed by King Ludwig, while Cornelius was retained to daub the walls of the Glyptothek. No one thinks that painters such as Moriz von Schwind have seen their works go away from Munich, while crowds of inferior pictures have been set up in the new Pinacothek. No one thinks of Kaulbach, a satirist and a designer scarcely inferior to the French, set to paint Apollo and the Muses on the ceiling of a concert-room, and the rivers of Bavaria in the arcades of the Hofgarten.

One must bear in mind, whenever one feels dissatisfied with Kaulbach, the disadvantages he has had to contend against. The temptations to which a man is exposed by education and patronage are often more fatal to genius than the trials of difficulty and neglect. A man often gains more knowledge of himself, and more reliance in his powers, when he is left to himself, than when he is fondled and pampered by unskilful judges. Some one says,

"Too large a share
Of harsh prosperity has some o'erthrown;"

and it seems only fitting to ascribe the failure of many gifted artists to this reason. If you are taken up by a rich man you naturally submit your judgment to his; if you are taken up by a great man you naturally follow in his track. But Kaulbach's faults are not entirely owing to others; I fear he must bear the charge of some of them himself. He is not the first who has taken a compound of intellect and fancy for imagination, nor the first who has attempted subjects far be-

yond him, believing his admiration of them was the same as inspiration. His astonishing power is enough to veil these defects from many; no wonder, then, if it can veil them from him. Yet one cannot but feel a certain want in his great pictures, a searching, a disappointment, a question why does not this impress me as I feel that it should? The only answer that can be given is, that the painter has no real feeling for his subject; and in many of Kaulbach's more ambitious works this is only too apparent. It is the more apparent owing to his having chosen subjects which intellect alone is not competent to treat, and in which the want of feeling must be constantly manifest. A notable feature in the history of modern art seems the intrusion of pure intellect into the domain of feeling. Many instances of it may be found in all branches of art, in music and poetry as well as in painting. But several of the intruders have been wise enough to withdraw after a short trial, and have attained eminence in the pursuits for which they were more fitted. Kaulbach has unhappily been encouraged to persevere in a wrong course, and his fame must, more or less, depend on his occasional deviations.

It is impossible to look at any of his pictures without being surprised by his intellectual power. It breaks through even in works least suited to any display of it, and in those where free scope is given it, the effect is astonishing. "The triumph of intellect" might be the label of his whole pictorial production. An Italian said of Goethe, "he thinks his feelings;" and the sentence is peculiarly applicable to Kaulbach, and explains the

coldness all others but thinkers feel in his presence. To the applause of literary men he owes much of his reputation, and their applause is earned by his agreement with them. Mr. Palgrave has said that to look at the series of pictures in which the chief moments of the world's history are conveyed, is like reading a chapter of Herder or Hegel; and without having ever read such a chapter one can conceive the truth of the simile. But this style of pictorial history writing, or rather literary historical painting, however it may please men of letters, is repugnant to artists. I have heard painters object to Kaulbach's works because they were literary pictures, aiming at the literary delineation of subjects instead of giving their feeling. To a painter there is an entire lack of unity in works thus conceived, and instead of forming a whole by virtue of the subject, the groups are detached and straggling. The great picture of the Fall of Jerusalem, which occupies a wall in the New Pinacothek, and must necessarily be seen by all visitors to Munich, is much criticised on these grounds. There is a group of Christians departing; another of the Wandering Jew and the Furies driving him out to wander; another of the High Priest killing himself; another of the Roman army entering; another of the Prophets denouncing doom, and another of the Angels coming down to execute it. To a literary mind these groups are linked together in the harmony of the subject. All these things, did happen, or might well have happened, if not at the same moment, at least within a certain time. Given the Fall of Jerusalem for the event, and these detached pictures rise naturally in the mind.

But a painter is not content to have the subject for the centre, he wants some centre on the canvas. If you are to paint a number of detached incidents which cannot be grouped, you must paint them in a series of detached pictures. It is impossible that all these things could have happened within the space of one canvas, and by crowding them all together, you give us not the Fall of Jerusalem but your recollections of it. Thus the words of one of the Fathers apply to the truth of pictorial representation, "*sacramentum veritatis unitas.*"

Objection may also be taken to the groups severally. The Wandering Jew is really a stretch of the mind, and it may be doubted if any one in thinking of the Fall of Jerusalem would remember that legendary character. Why are the Christians going out so peacefully and undisturbed on the same side of the canvas as the brutal soldiery are entering? The device almost reminds us of the impunity of fugitives in an opera, who stay singing for half an hour on the stage while the whole company is searching for them behind the scenes. But Kaulbach would probably answer such objection as he answered a question about his Battle of Salamis. Some one asked him what authority he had for bringing together all these characters and persons of such different times,—where did they ever come together? "In our memory," replied the painter. In any other country but Germany the answer would be considered conclusive. This arbitrary connection of all things, this habit of hooking anything he wants on to anything else, is one of Kaulbach's strangest characteristics, and a natural consequence of modern eclecticism. As Cor-

nelius brings in Hebe and Ganymede simultaneously, so his great pupil gives the reins to association. But is not this rather the same principle as that which produced the *ne plus ultra* of eclecticism and association, that play in which all memorable events and personages are confused together, Packwood's Razor Strops and Magna Charta, ancient Romans and Knight Templars?

It is much pleasanter to dwell on the undoubted excellences of Kaulbach than to trace out his defects, and I do not wonder at the indiscriminate laudation sometimes bestowed on him. His great and genuine power of drawing, his wide sweep of fancy, and his restless intellect, are sufficient merits in themselves, and contribute to produce pictures that we cannot but admire. I have alluded to his chief faults, and I do not wish to be compelled to examine them more fully. But at the same time I protest against indiscriminate praise as no real tribute to any man, and even in allowing Kaulbach's beauties I shall do so with whatever reservation is needed. The works that I cannot appreciate I will dismiss from sight, the colossal mistakes of the Battle of Salamis, and kindred pictures which seem only executed as *tours de force*. I confess that I have never been across the street to look at the works Kaulbach has executed in the manner of Cornelius. I have never even looked up at the roof of the concert-room in the Odeon, often as I have been waiting there without occupation, and it is only from guide-books and authorities that I know of the existence of such paintings. But Kaulbach's genuine works I value very

highly indeed. His purely intellectual drawings, the illustrations to Reineke Fuchs, the Cartoon of the Reformation, his fanciful drawings, especially all those in which children play a part, are perfect in their way. In them we do not miss the imagination that should have inspired his great historical pictures, nor the colour without which it is hard for a painting to excel. In all that regards children Kaulbach deserves a place not far below Correggio. It is perfectly right to talk of children as playing a part in his drawings; you see them thoroughly at home there with all the funny ways and gestures and sportive extravagances that belong to them. If Correggio's exquisite cherubs are merely glorified children, Kaulbach's children are cherubs come to earth. There are little tail-pieces in Reineke Fuchs of consummate merit and admirable expression, and Kaulbach's admirers speak of a children's fricze at Berlin in the warmest tones. One of his Goethe drawings represents Mignon singing, surrounded by a tribe of dear little faces, every one of which is true to the life, and perfect in childish merriment, or that serious attention which is almost more engaging. The barbarous custom of swathing up babies in a cushion as if they were Esquimaux has no doubt acted on Kaulbach, in forbidding him to rival the children in arms whom Correggio has made so lovely, and in restricting him to an age more matured. But what he has effected with the materials given him is perfect indeed.

The illustrations to Reineke Fuchs are tolerably known in England, and are generally valued by us, and all out of Germany, as Kaulbach's chief title to

distinction. I am inclined to agree with this verdict. It is true that the pictures are not the highest in aim or in thought that he has executed, but they are more carefully and truthfully expressed; they have more genuine meaning, and are more valuable as comments on the painter's own thoughts than the rest of his work. To satirise men as animals is not a new thought, of course; but Kaulbach's treatment is more or less new, and his object is his own. The especial value of such unlimited satire is, that you are sure to include many incidental points which were not your original objects, like a man hitting out wildly in a *melée*. It is an established rule, that any man may interpret any allegory in any way; and in Germany the number of interpretations to which Faust and Hamlet have been subjected puts allegorical writing at a premium. If Kaulbach had the Emperor in view in his lion, and the Princes and Electors of the Empire in the subordinate but independent beasts, it must be owned that he chose a most telling parable, and one that his country might well take to heed. But as I have no wish to rival the expounders of kindred riddles, I will not speculate on the innermost meaning of the satire, the more that so many meanings are on the surface. Much of the satire is universal in its application, and much more, if not always certain of its aim, cannot fail to be so in the present state of Europe. Many of the exaggerations of Germany which Kaulbach has painted exist among ourselves, in a smaller degree one would hope. The curses of all power, unreasoning obedience, and ultra-subservience, do not belong to that country alone

in which kings and nobles are found in every district, nor is brutality on the part of soldiers and schoolmasters restricted to Munich and Augsburg. Hypocrisy, gluttony, and folly of all kinds, are unfortunately inseparable from human nature; many men put them on with their bodies, and their mind is not equal to a struggle against the law of their members.

Whether general or individual, Kaulbach's satire is worth careful inspection. How telling is the first picture in Reineke Fuchs, where the lion summons his court, the hog with a large white cravat, and the chamberlain's key stuck in his girdle, laying his hand on his heart, the deeply reverent upward gaze of the ox as he kisses the monarch's hand, the stag a foolish young officer without an idea beyond his sword, the priestly panther with a suspicious side-look at the lion out of the corner of his eye. Then we have the fox as a schoolmaster teaching the hares, and the priestly panther coming up just in time to save the throat of one of the scholars. The picture of a school was never perhaps more faithfully presented, the little hares reverently and attentively learning their grammar, one of them drawing, all with the awed look of incipient scholars. The fox himself might easily stand for a schoolmaster of the old kind, and the likeness he bears to a human face is very striking when you come to examine the details. His fierce eager mouth snatching up a slight mistake and pillorying it, his rather large wrinkled forehead, whiskers brushed away off the cheek, the skull-cap on his head, and the long robe, with a book stuck into the waistband, are all thoroughly

human, though without a tincture of humanity. The illusion is so perfect that only one touch more is required to transform the fox into an actual schoolmaster. One cannot but think that the face is a portrait of some real person, especially as the fox's conduct is so exact a counterpart of the conduct of a schoolmaster at Augsburg of whom I heard the other day that he sent a boy home with half his ear torn off. Another page, and we have the cock pleading before the King with Demosthenic action, pointing to the corpse of one of his wives, and impeaching the fox. The bull-dog, who is the lion's cook, stands with his mouth wide open in horror behind the throne, the mitred goat, in bishop's robes, sits calmly looking on, reminding us of Sydney Smith's horror at being blandly absorbed by bishops, the two moles as grave-diggers, the badger as relative of the fox turning away with pain and pious awe. Again we have the fox as penitent before the cock, the cock a country squire or magistrate with important spectacles, the fox telling his beads with downcast head, and thick bushy tail curling up between his legs. The picture of the fox stealing a fowl from the priest's table is worthy of Hogarth. The anguish on the face of the priest, throwing himself forward to save the dish on which he had counted the whole day, is admirable. Look how he overbalances himself, knocks over the table, spilling salt without a thought of the ill-luck attending it, while his chair knocks against the shelves behind, and sends the contents of all the dishes, soup, liquids, solids, pouring on his back and down his neck. In the hanging scene, which comes early in the book, and which

makes us wonder how the fox will escape, as we feel certain that he must though the halter is round his neck, see the portly agricultural ox with his great shirt-collar, like the pictures of John Bull, and the ape with the thorough face of a convict unawed by the fearful example, the exultation of the fox's enemies, his own edifying repentance, and the general detestation of the animal world. In the next one, the lion on his throne, and the ass consulting a long genealogical table, which he unrols and handles like a Dryasdust, his pen stuck behind his ear and his dimmed spectacles on his learned nose. The grand feast at Court is full of telling hits against various vices. The lion and lioness are fondling each other on a couch, while the ape ties their tails together without their noticing it. The ox sits like an alderman after a feast with the kid on his lap. The tiger blows out his brains with a pistol, the elephants hold bottles of champagne in their trunks and pour the contents into their mouths, the mastiffs gorge, the donkey waves his champagne glass, and sings, "We won't go home till morning." Is not this the custom at feasts? But it is worth observing that the lion and lioness are stretched on a couch formed of deer skins, which, like the tiger skins and bear skins one sees, have the heads left on them. The deers' heads hang over the sides of the couch, and tears are running down their cheeks. Close by lies a book which the lion seems to have flung aside, the title of it is "*Le Roi s'amuse, tragédie, par Victor Hugo.*" Who is not familiar with this kind of allusion? How many instances Hogarth has given of it. Even now it is, perhaps, the

most successful form of allegory, whether in this picture of Kaulbach's or in the next, where the fox brains the rabbit before a way-side shrine, the *Stunden der Andacht* lying on the ground. The fox taking leave of his family, the badger with a pipe stuck through his hat, and ears of corn peeping from his pocket, the lion's domestic arrangements, the cranes as physicians, with swords and cocked hats under their arms, looking very judiciously at the wolf's sufferings, the lion's illness, and the fox holding up a large bottle to the light, in imitation of a well-known Dutch picture, the leopard as soldier keeping the lists for fox and wolf, and chucking a village maiden, a picture of injured innocence, under the chin, the triumphal entry of the fox and his investiture by the lion, are some of the figures and incidents in the other illustrations which have struck me as peculiarly noticeable. But the whole series may well be studied, and cannot fail to give great pleasure from its ingenuity, as well as from its wit and the power of design.

Although Kaulbach's drawings of Reineke Fuchs are supposed to illustrate Goethe's poem, they take a very independent position, and open an immense field which might reasonably be worked by others. I have somewhere met with a statement that an English body of painters refused to take subjects from poetry, because they preferred to work independently, and not submit their imagination to that of the poet. But the drawings of Kaulbach show that the painter may be quite independent of the poet. The barest text in the book is sufficient to suggest the whole mass of detail, while

at the same time the painter's wandering fancy is kept within those bounds it is too often tempted to exceed. The complaint of the priest, "He stole the fowl from my table!" is the sole warrant in the text for Kaulbach's animated picture of Hogarthian confusion. No one can deny that the painter's imagination was unfettered here, or assert that it was only secondary to the poet's. Nor need any one fear that he will be counted as a mere interpreter or translator, so long as he can furnish such illustrations as these. The Goethe Gallery of Kaulbach may be taken as a sort of return to his earlier love, but it is by no means as perfect as the Reineke Fuch's drawings. The size of the Goethe Gallery almost excludes delicacy, and the figures always seem gigantic. Heine has especially praised Goethe for painting people smaller than the size of life, instead of giving them enormous proportions, and Kaulbach has missed this aspect of Goethe's creatures. "Don't you know," asks Heine, "that it is much easier to create these ideal images that you boast so highly, these statues worthy to be placed on the altar of virtue and honesty, than the small worldly beings, sinners stained with mortal infirmity, which Goethe gives us in his works? Don't you know that mediocre painters generally stretch across their canvas the figures of saints as large as life, while it needs a great master to paint with truth and expression a little Spanish beggar hunting for vermin, a Flemish peasant having a tooth pulled out, or one of those ugly old women whom we see in the easel pictures of the Dutch school. In art it is easier to represent what is grand and terrible, than what is small

and agreeable. The Egyptian sorcerers imitated several of the miracles of Moses, the serpents, the blood, even the frogs; but when it came to miracles which seemed much easier, the production of insects, for example, they avowed their inability, and said, 'that is the finger of God!'"

Probably Kaulbach was ignorant of this simile of Heine's, or he would not have sacrificed the natural grace of Goethe's characters by adding to their stature. With many charming details, these Goethe drawings are often unpleasing, owing to the great proportions of the centre figures, and it is not easy to do them justice. The one which represents Herrmann and Dorothea coming down the hill side in the evening, the lights beginning to shine through the village windows, would be charming but for this defect. As it is, the effect conveyed is that of a giant and giantess striding down a mountain, from shelf to shelf of rocky terraces, which to the eye seem made for a giant's staircase. And Lotte cutting bread and butter for the children, has the proportions of the ogress feeding Hop o' my Thumb and his comrades. In the engraving one ceases to perceive this fault, and the grace and delicacy of the design are clearly perceptible. But in the drawings themselves, and in the admirable photographs which reproduce the drawings so exactly, that as some one has said, you can see the strokes of the pencil in them, the size is a great objection.

It may be interesting to compare Kaulbach's drawing of Faust and Gretchen with that of an English artist who was long resident in Munich, and who is

now a conspicuous exhibitor in the Old Water Colour Society. Mr. Burton's Meeting of Faust and Gretchen was in the International Exhibition, and Kaulbach's companion drawing is tolerably well known from the photograph in the Bavarian Court. Mr. Burton's picture is eminently dramatic. By the action both of Faust and Gretchen, you see clearly that Faust has attempted to catch hold of her arm, or to put his arm round her waist; but Gretchen has avoided it by a sort of forward spring. Perhaps the energy of Faust is a little too decided, and the flutter of Gretchen a little too exaggerated. But the admirable colour, so rich and unusual in water, the power of the male figure, and the pretty young girl, both faces being thoroughly original, in spite of the natural temptation to express a familiar character by a familiar type, give the picture a value of its own. Kaulbach's drawing on the other hand is steeped in conventionality, and seems as if the artist was afraid to depart from the usages of Faust's illustration. Instead of an overplus of energy he has given us unbroken repose. Faust is a noble, dignified philosopher, above human weakness, above any stimulant to action. He stands peaceably at the corner of the street admiring the figure that has passed, and explaining his admiration to himself and Mephistopheles, as he might lecture on a Greek statue. On the other hand, the young girl, with her profuse flaxen plaits and German face, walks calmly and deliberately on, unfluttered, unruffled. I need hardly ask which of the two pictures is truer to nature. But which is truer to Goethe? One is always accustomed to regard Faust

as a philosopher, whether he is soliloquising in his study, or hiding from Gretchen in the garden. But it must be remembered that the first step to Faust's enjoyment of life is the putting off his former self, the shedding his skin of abstract learning, and putting on vigorous youth. The witch, when he drank the magic potion a moment before, said, that with that draught in his body he would see a Helen in every woman; and his first words to Mephistopheles after Gretchen had passed, were so decided that the devil was taken aback. It is evident that Goethe did his utmost to get rid of the doctorial element in Faust, by making him act as unlike a learned professor as possible. Nor is the dignity and reserve of Gretchen in the drawing at all borne out by her speeches in the poem. Mr. Burton has far more truly and more pleasingly pourtrayed her fluttering off like a frightened dove. And yet so important an element in art-criticism is the national element, that I imagine Germans would prefer the philosophic self-sustained rendering of Kaulbach. Singularly enough, Mr. Burton, who has so ably departed from tradition in his view of Faust and Gretchen, has obeyed it in his view of Mephistopheles. Kaulbach is more consistent here, and to my mind both of them are wrong. The conventional portrait of Mephistopheles, with his hook nose and diabolical smile, his cap with the feather and his short mantle, is as familiar as an historical personage, and the disguise ceases to be a disguise. It would be excessively inconvenient to drag about a gentleman like that in your train, and he would soon be so well known that he could not furnish any assistance. We

have gradually revolted against the conventional expression of all other characters of whom no authentic likeness exists, and Kaulbach himself has ventured to give us a new reading of Shakespeare in the face of contemporary portraits. But Mr. Burton might have been expected to give us an original Mephistopheles before Kaulbach.

The admirers of Kaulbach may object to my treatment of him, inasmuch as I confine myself to his less important works, his illustrations of others, and make no mention of his great achievements. It certainly does seem ungracious to do so, and would be unpardonable if I had access to his great works at Berlin as I have to the engravings and photographs of his Goethe drawings. But my object is to reproduce the artistic life of Munich, and I cannot but exclude the works which are in other parts of Germany. A volume in itself might be made of the products of the modern German school of painting, but those products would have to be visited in many galleries. Although I have spoken unfavourably of Kaulbach's ambitious works as a whole, I am not blind to the merits of some of them. One especially may be described, as it was executed during my stay in Munich, the cartoon representing the period of the Reformation. The subject of this cartoon is better chosen than all the other subjects of the paintings in the Berlin Museum. For this one may well be allowed to form a gallery of distinguished contemporaries, and nothing more is asked of it than to give us a panorama of those among whom the great religious change was effected. It is not the reformation itself,

but the period of the reformation; the men who were living around it as well as those who moved and had their being in it. Here, therefore, Kaulbach might give the reins to his fancy, being bound by no other chain but the portraits of the characters. It must be admitted that he has produced a noble collection of heads, a portrait gallery in which one would gladly linger. The arrangement of the cartoon is, to some extent, borrowed from the school of Athens, which, I presume, was unavoidable. In the centre, the figure from and to which everything radiates, Luther holding up the open Bible at the stretch of his arms; on each side of him the work and teaching of Protestantism proceed, communion is given in both kinds, and the Word is expounded. Below, in the foreground, are two groups, the left-hand representing science, the right-hand group letters. Between them reclines Hans Sachs, the cobbler poet, counting the feet of his verses on his fingers, and reminding us rather too much of the Diogenes in Raphael's school of Athens by his attitude and posture. The literary group contains Shakspeare, Cervantes, Petrarch, Erasmus, Ulrich von Hutten, Pico di Mirandola: the scientific group, Columbus, Bacon, Vesalius, Harvey. On the steps, above these groups, we see Queen Elizabeth, Gustavus Adolphus, the warriors and statesmen of the time. But to me the interest is chiefly divided between the two groups in the foreground, which were more advanced when I saw the cartoon, and which suggest much matter for discussion. The power and majesty of the figures and faces contained in these groups can hardly be overpraised. The

representation of Columbus is truly stupendous. He stands like a pillar of the world, towering far above all who surround him, in a posture of self-sustained majesty, his hand resting on that part of the globe he has rescued from nothingness, though his wrists are fettered. But the grandeur of his look is beyond even that of his posture. His forehead rises in a mass of power, transcending in height and in command the greatest foreheads we know, and there is a look of resolution stamped in every line and feature. I know not if any authentic portrait exists from which this idea is taken, or if the painter has improved on his model. But be the representation authentic or purely imaginary, there can be no doubt of its grandeur.

The novelty Kaulbach has introduced into his portrait of Shakspeare is enough to petrify the commentators. The general expression of the face is preserved, but not one feature is the same as we are accustomed to see it. The shortness of Shakspeare's nose and the length of his upper lip have always been obnoxious to the advocates of a science of physiognomy, except to those mistaken few who raise blemishes to the rank of beauties. Kaulbach has endeavoured to reconcile Shakspeare's physiognomy with his genius. The upper lip is very much shortened, and the nose is lengthened; the forehead preserves its height, but takes quite a new form; a fire and animation are given to the face which are altogether wanting in the Stratford bust and the early portraits. Kaulbach flatly refuses to accept the Stratford bust as a correct representation of Shakspeare; he denies that King Lear could have come from such a

face, and argues that it is his duty to convey the genius of the poet in reproducing his features. The result is that we have here such a Shakspeare as we could wish to have, a study for genius and animation, the fire of his mind bursting out at every pore, in the firm grip of the clenched hand and the firm set of the under thigh. Humanity generally will feel flattered by the portrait; but what will the commentators say? The question of long upper lips has more than once been debated, and some consider them a necessary accompaniment of genius. Carlyle has spoken in favour of them in one of his Essays as being a sign of power, and his own portrait is a more important testimony. A writer in the *Cornhill Magazine* goes further, and assigns them to all men of genius, which can be proved to be an exaggeration. In great speakers length of upper lip would doubtless be indispensable, because without speech the oratorical faculty is incomplete. But in poets and artists there is no such need, and the long lip is not found in them generally. Kaulbach urges that the forehead is the seat of intellectual power, and that the possession of it is not affected by the lips. Be the question as it may, the departure from the traditional portrait is rather bold, and sticklers for Shakspeare are scarcely likely to pardon it. Ludicrously enough, the powerful legs that Kaulbach has given to the poet are equally liable to objection. Some commentator on the Sonnets discovered that Shakspeare was lame.

CHAPTER X.

MUNICH ARTISTIC.

"When I said I would die a bachelor," observes Benedick, "I did not think I should live till I were married." When I undertook to give a general view of the art of Munich I did not think that the materials were beyond my reach. Without some guiding thought, or definite purpose, an extended survey of the production of such a town would necessarily be incomplete. It is not easy for any one to take stock of so many pictures which are not regularly exhibited at stated times, and the absence of well-known works to refer to would throw uncertainty on every judgment. Each successive London season serves as a landmark for the progress of the painters who exhibit in the Royal Academy, and a few days' study suffices to keep both Londoners and strangers from falling behind hand in knowledge of their national art. But in Munich the Kunst Verein is the only regular place of exhibition, and as pictures are sent there every week, and taken away at the end of a week, as the size of the rooms does not permit of large works being hung, and the bad arrangement is so notorious that the best painters regularly absent themselves, it

cannot be considered adequate for this purpose. By missing one week you may miss the best picture that has been produced during the year, and yet you may go week after week without seeing anything to reward your visit. If you happen on the good picture you are not struck with it as you might be from the want of anything with which you can compare it, and you may even do it the injustice of imagining that its merits proceed from the poverty of the works surrounding. Moreover, the first object of the Kunst Verein is to support poor artists, not to promote the cause of art. With this view the pictures that are bought by the Society are chosen according to the poverty of their painter, not according to their merits. In too many cases the mental poverty of the artists assisted is no less conspicuous than the real poverty which entitles them to support; sometimes the one is the cause of the other. It is well to have an institution for the purpose of aiding strugglers in a laborious career, but it is scarcely well to unite this object with that of promoting the taste of the public. As the Kunst Verein is very largely attended, and all pictures bought by the joint committee of artists and amateurs are supposed to possess some merits, the standard of public taste is lowered by the very means that might be chosen to raise it. It is bad encouragement to a man who has no artistic power to buy his pictures, especially when you exhibit them freely with all the guarantee of a committee of judges and a public exhibition.

In describing the New Pinacothek I have gone into details with some freedom, and my object in this

chapter is only to give general views of the state of art in Munich. It would be impossible to particularise with so vast a field before me, even if I were willing to sacrifice a considerable time to master all the details presented. My wish had been to give a fuller account of many of the chief painters in Munich than is to be found in any publication, but many reasons have induced me to abandon this idea. For to do it any justice a long and exclusive study would be needed, a study not pursued in galleries, but from one atelier to another, under circumstances of much difficulty, and without any certainty of a result. Men who have lived half their lives in Munich in the practice of art, who have gradually massed up their knowledge, and become familiar with styles and schools from daily observation, might give us interesting details and reliable principles; but even then, in the absence of scholars, with the small interest large masses of men take in criticism which they cannot apply, such writings might be wasted. It may be pleasant for visitors to Munich to compare the pictures in the New Pinacothek with the accounts I have given, or for those at a distance to read a description of a famous gallery. But while one valet-de-place is left to take the stranger round the studios, a mere catalogue of those worth visiting would not be suited to my pages.

The capricious selection of the New Pinacothek has been noticed in its place, though without remarking its widely pernicious effect on the general sphere of art. King Ludwig being till lately the only amateur in Munich, all pictures which he refused to place in his

gallery had to find purchasers in the other towns of Germany. Remembering that Piloty is Professor in the Munich Academy you look in vain for his Nero—a picture which, in spite of the heaviness of the colour and the theatrical exaggeration of the figures, shows more grapple, more feeling than the Wallenstein. The reputation of Moriz von Schwind is almost unsupported in Munich. I may seem to do him injustice to those who rank him above Kaulbach, but in the absence of all his chief pictures no other course was open to me. It was not till after Genelli had left Munich that any of his pictures could be known to the public, nor are they known by royal repentance but by private encouragement. These difficulties may serve as my excuse for bareness of generalisation and want of detail.

A great predominance of landscape is the first point that strikes one in a general view of the Munich school. Some men have attained eminence in this department: very many produce pleasing pictures, with or without striking characteristics. Not aiming high, landscapes are generally exempt from searching criticism, and as many scenes in Nature are attractive, though they do not attain to much beauty, so the unpretending sketches of landscape painters may please out of all proportion to their merits. The lakes and mountains of the Bavarian Highlands furnish scenes enough to employ the whole tribe of painters during the summer, and travellers are by no means loth to have the pleasantest bits of their tour recalled on the canvas. How powerful the attraction of these scenes may be guessed from the fact, that the first picture sold in the International was a Bava-

rian landscape. At the same time the continual repetition of favourite lakes, or mountains, or groups of trees, is apt to become tiresome, especially as painters get mannered sooner than Nature. One cannot but recall the story told in Guy Livingstone of a scientific Frenchman and his abhorrence of the *beautés de la Nature*, when one sees picture after picture taken up with the Königssee and the Chiemsee, or with *Gebirgsparthien*, and motives from the Isar. A critic of a cynical turn, but of excellent judgment, has remarked that a stranger seeing the pictures of the Munich school would conclude that most of them were painted before the sixth day of creation. Certainly, he says, more oxen and sheep are to be seen on these canvases than men, the men have all been swallowed up in the blue lakes, or engulfed in the mountain ravines. With such predominance of landscape, figure painters have not a fair chance. A beginner is always tempted to go with the majority, and a young man who might make a good genre, or historical painter, may be decoyed into a style for which he is not fitted by the abundance of example and encouragement.

Fortunately for the foreign reputation of the Munich school, landscape is not so exclusively represented in the New Pinacothek as it is in the Kunst Verein. I have mentioned several figure paintings with praise in my account of that gallery, and though Munich is very far behind France and England in *genre*, it produces works of considerable merit. Genre is so decidedly native in France, and so secure in its monopoly of patronage in England, that German painters cannot

pretend to compete; and it must be remembered, to the credit of Germany, that the higher branches of art are not entirely neglected for the convenience of the careless and the untaught. When the chief painters are engaged on historical works it is natural that genre should languish, and though one may regret that talent is employed on the work of genius, it seems better that the State should support what can never be popular, and lay a good foundation for future excellence in soundness of tuition.

The influence of Cornelius does not seem to weigh on the younger school of historical painters. The freer and larger ideas of the great French and Belgian masters have swept out the cobwebs of German nationalism from the minds of the rising youth, and Munich begins to see that Rossini's saying about music applies to painting. Rossini is supposed to have said to some learned gentleman who was entertaining him with a discourse on nationalities in music; "My dear sir, there is no such distinction as you suppose between Italian, German, French music; there are only two kinds of music, good and bad." There are only two kinds of painting, good and bad. Of course one allows for *degrés*, as the president of a French tribunal stated to Dumas, but the principle is the same. Some, indeed, would stretch it to admit a third class, like the violin-teacher of George the Third. "There are three classes of violin-players, your majesty; those who can't play at all, those who play badly, and those who play well. Your majesty has now risen to the second class." But two kinds or three kinds, the meaning is, that art must

be gauged by its actual merits. Just as you cannot condemn a painter because he is German, so you cannot praise a painter because he is German. It is no censure on the young painters who have learned ease and grace from France, to say that they do not paint like Germans. They do not paint like their predecessors, it is true; but neither did Raphael or Correggio. If the French style is better than the German, take it; if Delaroche is more religious than Cornelius, and Horace Vernet's battle-pieces better than Adam's, follow Delaroche and Vernet. Nations have reacted on each other since time began, and every step of national progress may be traced to some foreign inspiration. Why, then, is Art, the great common language of all peoples, to be confounded into separate tongues by an arbitrary Babel?

It is unfortunate that sculpture, which is tied down by no such rules, should have succeeded so badly in Munich. A reason for its failure may doubtless be found in the general inaptitude of the present age. But Munich sculpture occupies a lower position than that of any other country, in spite of the encouragement of King Ludwig, and the presence of so fine a collection of ancient statues. In proportion to its size, Munich has an unusual number of street statues, and as this is a subject which inspires much bitter comment in Londoners, I will dwell on it at more length. Street statues have almost monopolised the production of Munich. There is only one room of modern sculpture in the Glyptothek, and that is chiefly occupied with busts. But a great many public works have been

executed: groups in the temples and churches as well as statues in the squares; and King Max is following in his father's steps in decorating his new street and his public buildings with statues and bas-reliefs. All around the Glyptothek are statues in niches; every temple has its *obligato* groups on the pediments; and the two classic gates, the Ludwig's Kirche, the Bonifacius Kirche, and four of the public places at least are loaded, or embellished. In the Promenade Platz, in front of the Baierischer Hof—one of the hotels most frequented by English—are five statues: an elector, two composers, and two legislators. In the Wittelsbacher Platz stands Thorwaldsen's statue of the Elector Maximilian; in the Odeon's Platz close by the new statue of King Ludwig, and in the Hall of the Marshals Tilly and Wrede. King Max has placed a statue of Schelling in front of the unfinished National Museum, and King Ludwig promises a statue of Schiller for another part of the town. There is thus no lack of sculpture; but a favourable opinion cannot be formed of the majority of the statues.

Thorwaldsen's mounted Maximilian the First is, indeed, a noble work. The firmness, the dignity of the rider, the fire of the charger, are worthy of the greatest of modern sculptors; but the execution is surpassed by the aptness with which the artist has caught the character of the monarch. We seem to see in every line of Maximilian's face, in his lofty bearing, in the grand simplicity of his gesture, the man who survived throughout the Thirty Years' War, taking a principal part not only against such antagonists, but under the pressure of such

an ally; the man of whom Schiller says that his firmness only failed after resisting twenty-eight years of the severest trials. Thorwaldsen seems to have cast him in native bronze. This statue is a sufficient example to all future sculptors, and if we had one such in London to point the way, our failures might doubtless be avoided. There is character to some extent in the statues of Kreitmayr and Westenrieder in the Promenade Platz, still more in Gluck and Orlando di Lasso; but all four are spoiled by the stupid figure of the Elector Max Emmanuel, which has been stuck in their middle. The two musicians were moved from the Odeon's Platz to make room for King Ludwig, that patron of art having declared that he would not have his statue placed between two fiddlers. The position seems uncomfortable enough to justify the king's objection. Max Emmanuel is far from being at his ease in the centre of such expressive faces, such noble attitudes. He stands on an exploded shell with an uplifted sword, his face like that of a sheep, his posture that of an awkward fencer, without one particle of motion or energy. This tameness is the more inappropriate that the statue is erected to him in his character of stormer of Belgrade. If it had presented him in the character more familiar to English readers, as father of the prince chosen by the Partition Treaty to govern Spain, or as sharing with Tallard the honour of being defeated at Blenheim by the Duke of Marlborough, some amount of repose would be natural. Still better if the sculptor had intended to copy that French caricature of the Congress at the Hague which is described by Macaulay, and in which "William ap-

peared taking his ease in an arm-chair, with his feet on a cushion and his hat on his head, while the Electors of Brandenburgh and Bavaria, uncovered, occupied small stools on the right and left." Certainly, the Elector could not look more ridiculous in the French caricature than he does on this pedestal. The only explanation of this tameness is that the statement of a German authority, "the garrison and inhabitants of Belgrade fell under the sword of the conqueror," is literally true, and that the Elector is supposed to be quietly cutting them down.

The statue of Schelling in the Maximilian's Strasse is by the same sculptor as the Max Emmanuel, and the merit of the two works is nearly equal. The figure of the philosopher is highly awkward; his forehead is well developed, but the lower part of the face is coarse and unmeaning. And yet he shows better here than he does in his monument at Ragatz in Switzerland, where he is buried. His face there is priggish in the extreme, without the intellectual frontal development that half redeems him here. It is remarkable that the king who, in Munich, has placed the inscription, "Schelling, the Great Philosopher: erected by his thankful scholar, Maximilian II.," has called Schelling the greatest thinker of Germany at Ragatz. Are the Swiss supposed to be so ignorant of German philosophy as to leave this title unquestioned? What would Heine have said to it? It would hardly be safe to give Schelling such rank in the land of Leibnitz and Kant, even though it be considered that to instruct a king is the greatest effort of thought.

It may seem strange that I do not mention Schwanthaler, who, to some people, is the chief representative of Munich, and whose works have a museum of their own. The sculptor of the splendid Goethe at Frankfort ought not to be passed over in silence, but the works of Schwanthaler in Munich are very inferior. His friezes and pediments are generally poor, as might be expected from the fatality that attends revivals. Thorwaldsen's John the Baptist preaching in the Wilderness is the only work of the kind that I can appreciate; and the height at which these works are placed necessarily removes them from our judgment. I greatly regret that no such street statue as the Goethe was entrusted to Schwanthaler's hand for the city of Munich; the grandeur of the figure as well as the ability shown in the bas-reliefs on the pedestal would justify the employment of such a sculptor.

The statue of King Ludwig, erected by the town of Munich in August, 1862, is said to have been taken from an idea of Schwanthaler's, but there is nothing of Schwanthaler in the statue. When the town resolved to record its gratitude to King Ludwig, the architect, Von Klenze, discovered a striking resemblance to the king in a sketch made by Schwanthaler for Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, and the king, flattered by the comparison, requested that his statue might be modelled from the sketch. Historians must determine how far the character of King Ludwig accords with that of Matthias Corvinus: the incidents of their reigns do not possess the slightest resemblance. Perhaps too much freedom and familiarity would be required to pourtray

King Ludwig during his lifetime with that truth to nature that is the only use of a statue. Some attempt might doubtless have been made to ensure a likeness without absolute disloyalty. Of course one does not expect so literal a portrait as the one I have attempted to give in my chapter on Concerts, although that would be better than the excess of idealism and the utter absence of truth with which we have been presented. The sculptor never seemed to imagine it his duty to hint at the character of the King; one might look for ever without knowing that the statue represented a patron of art and the embellisher of Munich. King Ludwig is on horseback, holding up a sceptre with his right hand, a crown on his head, and a mantle falling from his shoulders. On each side of the horse walks a page; one bears a tablet inscribed "Gerecht," the other a tablet inscribed "Beharrlich," which two words form the King's motto, and are identical with our old friends, *Justum et tenacem* of Horace. The attitude would become an emperor entering Rome or Frankfort after his election, granting new privileges to his expectant subjects, and assuring them of fidelity to his promise. But King Ludwig, who inherited a constitution and had to observe it by resigning his crown, whose kingly actions are those which least bear examination, and who has never been seen on horseback within the memory of this generation, is the last man in the world who should thus be depicted. The uplifted sceptre, the costume, the attendant pages, imply some special grant to the people. If nothing is meant by these attributes, why are they given? It cannot be said that King Ludwig

is so destitute of character that this unmeaning vagueness is necessary.*

In one point alone does the monument hint at the characteristics of King Ludwig's embellishments—in its wonderful mixture of costume. An artist-critic informs us that no less than eight different periods have been chosen to clothe the royal figure. His crown is of the eleventh century, his sceptre of the thirteenth, the pages that attend him of the sixteenth; his mantle dates from the Thirty Years' War, and his tunic from the time of Charlemagne; his short breeches and stockings belong to the eighteenth century, the trappings of his horse are modern Napoleonic, and his sandal-shoes Roman Imperial. If the artist intended to convey the mixture of styles in King Ludwig's buildings by this singular medley, he must be pronounced a satirist of decided originality.

I am not sure if the porcelain, and painted glass, and similar productions of Munich, should be classed under the head of art or industry. As they might enter into either classification, they run the risk of being omitted from both; and yet they are sufficiently creditable in both respects to need a detailed examination. Fortu-

* The life of Rietschel has appeared since this was in type, and I am much gratified to find my judgment confirmed by one of the first of modern German sculptors, the pupil of Rauch, the author of the Luther monument and the group of Goethe and Schiller at Weimar. Rietschel's words, after seeing the sketch, are, "It is a mistake to erect a mounted statue of King Ludwig, for the simplicity of his life outwardly, by which he saved thalers in order to spend millions on works of art, is not characterised by a pathetic and poetic presentation on horseback with pages at the sides. This may make an interesting work of art, but it will lose all meaning both for the present and posterity."

nately both glass and porcelain were amply represented in the industrial department of the Exhibition. The porcelain paintings strike you by the fidelity with which familiar pictures are reproduced in a more durable form. The intense labour of the artist who has to paint his copy three times over, once after each burning; the care as well as labour necessary to superintend the burning, when one deviation from the established temperature would be fatal, can hardly be rated too highly. The larger the picture is, the more danger of the plate being cracked, and the porcelain pictures produced in Munich are larger than those of any other manufactory. I have touched upon the practical aspects of the Munich glass in my industrial chapter. I believe my readers are too familiar with the exquisite colours and carving of Bavarian glass to need a description.

CHAPTER XI.

PRACTICAL MUNICH.

An eminent statesman, who discharged for a time the duties of minister at Munich, and received a considerable salary for the services he rendered to his country in that responsible post, was in the habit of asking new arrivals if they meant to stay, adding that he wouldn't if he wasn't paid to do it. It is just because they are not paid to do it that most of the English residents take up their abode in Munich. The artistic attractions of the place, its mountain neighbourhood, are often dwelt on, but its cheapness is certainly the great inducement. Prices are much lower than in the other towns of Germany; which is as much as to say that they are a great deal lower than in France or England. Meat costs fourpence or fivepence a pound, beer twopence halfpenny a quart, servants from eight shillings a month upwards, while rates and taxes are almost unknown. No wonder that life seems easier to many families when the weekly bills are thus restricted, and as education is cheap, society not exclusive, climate about as good as anywhere else, it would be unreasonable to expect payment in addition.

But there is a meanness attached to this cheapness which does not appear on the surface. You pay little because you get little. You live cheaply because you have to go without many things which would seem indispensable in England; and though many of these are not necessaries, and one justly complains at being forced to make use of them, one gets at least the worth of one's money out of them. In Munich you are not compelled to do certain things by the pressure of public opinion, and the usages of society. You are free to regulate your life according to your means, and need not be in constant fear of Mrs. Grundy. Surrounded by people of limited means, you are not tempted into constant extravagance by their example. You are not lectured by your servants about the rules of living adopted by the first houses, in which they have always been accustomed to serve. These are no doubt great recommendations. The social tyranny that reigns in some parts of our beloved country is such, that many Englishmen take shelter in foreign residence. It is far pleasanter, as well as cheaper, to cut your coat according to your cloth, than to have your neighbours sitting in judgment on the shape of one, and the quality of the other. But social liberty is not every thing. Even though one protests against doing every thing as the neighbours would have it, one may prefer the custom that is forced upon one, to those from which one is free to choose. And though it is unpleasant to find that life is a luxury one cannot afford in England, it is scarcely better to be reduced to the bare necessaries that prove sufficient for other nations.

In Munich, the prices of all things seem absolutely moderate when they are relatively dear. When you are told that you can live for so many hundreds a-year, you forget to ask on what scale, and with how much enjoyment. You do not consider that there are two kinds of value to every thing, its price and its worth. The fact is forced upon you by daily experience in many of the cheap towns on the Continent. I have met with people who thought England was cheaper than Munich, and who could certainly live more cheaply in England than in Munich. For unless you conform to the manners of a people, you gain little advantage by living among them. You have to pay dearly if you import English customs, as you pay a high duty on English goods. By grafting an English shoot on a German tree, you only get a hybrid kind of fruit, which neither repays the cost, nor the trouble of rearing. I might give many instances of the mistakes into which English people fall in their attempt to have their native comfort at Munich prices. But I will confine myself to more general matters. One of the chief expenses of life is house-rent, and house-rent in Munich is not only relatively but absolutely dearer than in England. Remember that in London you get a house to yourself, and in Munich only a floor, and you will see the enormous disparity of paying as much for the one as the other. It is scarcely possible to get a floor of six or eight rooms under sixty pounds a year, a price for which many houses of the same size are to be had in London. It is true that the floor may be situated in the better quarters of Munich, and the house in one of the suburbs

of London. It is true that certain additions in the shape of rates and taxes appear in the London budget, and do not in the Munich. But even the rates and taxes represent something definite. If you pay a water rate, you have water to the top of your house; if gas is an expensive item, at least you enjoy the light it gives you. Has any house in Munich gas laid on, or any house, except some of the newest, water? Even the streets are not lighted on nights when the moon is promised in the almanack; so that the gas company may be represented in the character of Bottom, crying, "A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine." I have devoted a chapter to the dwelling-houses of Munich, and need not add that there are no such things as closets in them, or anything more than is absolutely necessary. In the majority of them you get the bare walls; in many the walls are bare even of paper. As for shutters, bells in the rooms, and all minor comforts, the less said the better.

In other points, however, Munich prices observe a better proportion. Meat is evidently cheap, and as an article of daily recurrence is important in its effects on general expenditure. It were to be wished that the butchers would study anatomy, and that the gardeners would grow mint; the want of the first makes the joints uncertain masses, and the second banishes lamb from your table. Meat is killed much too young in Munich, especially lamb. The partiality of Germans for veal is well known, and in Munich the consumption of calves is out of all proportion to that of sheep and oxen. A

report of the victual market shows that in one year more than a hundred and ten thousand calves were slaughtered, while oxen, cows, and young bulls together amounted only to twenty-five thousand, sheep to twelve thousand, and pigs to twenty-six thousand. The numbers given in this report throw a singular light on the national palate. Perhaps it is not strange that mutton is in small repute, seeing the quality of it is so much inferior to the English. But one would expect to see beef in the first rank of consumption, remembering that the daily food of so many families consists of the *Rind-fleish* which has been boiled to make soup, and that the roast is a Sunday luxury. In the same year, says the report, twenty-five thousand fowls were sold in the victual market, bringing in between twelve and thirteen thousand florins, that is about 10*d.* each; seventy-two thousand chickens, at about 8*d.* each; two thousand seven hundred and sixty-three turkeys, at about 3*s.* 6*d.* each; five thousand seven hundred and three capons, 1*s.* 9*d.* each; seventy-nine thousand two hundred and eight geese, at 2*s.* each, and the same number of young geese at 8*d.* each; forty thousand ducks at 10*d.*, and twenty-seven thousand ducklings at 3*d.*; twenty-three thousand pigeons at 3*d.*, and fourteen thousand sucking pigs at 5*s.* But the prices quoted in the report are very much lower than the prices you have to pay.

I have written this paragraph with the same feelings as those that stir the breast of the sub-editor of a London paper, taking stock of the number of turkeys and geese which are being fattened in Norfolk for the coming Christmas. I can only ask my readers to accept it

in the same spirit. Grave writers may scoff at the introduction of such materialism, but I believe mankind is always glad to read about eating. I am.

Little, however, remains to be said upon the practical aspect of eating in Munich. The cosmopolite will find no restaurant worthy of the name, but one or two table d'hôtes. In the winter there is a good supply of game, as the produce of all the royal chases goes into the market. Confectionary is much cultivated, and with good results. Beyond this more blame than praise. Milk and butter are in a state of barbarism. The blind economy of some dairies causes their butter to come rancid out of the churn, and even in the better kinds the milk has not been pressed out for fear of diminishing the weight. By this excess of prudence half a pound does the work of three-quarters, and the producer pockets the difference of weight. But as the butter does not taste good, and will not keep, the consumer indemnifies himself by using as little as he can, so that the over-cleverness of the producer only succeeds in limiting his sale. It is hard at first sight to tell the difference between cream and milk, and on what principle those names are employed in Munich. But a long experience has shown me that cream is milk with water put in it, while milk is water with milk put in it.

I pass on to a question which has given rise to many caricatures and much discussion in England, as it is worthy of both in all quarters of the globe. The question of servants. After Swift's "Directions," this point cannot be dismissed contemptuously as beneath the dignity of history. There has been a slight pro-

gress in manners since the time of Swift, but many of his rules are still carefully observed. One would think that a Servants' Edition of his works had been published in Munich, or that the native sagacity of the Bavarians enabled them to follow his advice without having read it. We see in the conduct of the servants how deeply the zeal for inappropriate ornament has taken root in the people, and how entirely the thought of use is exploded. A Munich servant scarcely ever places anything where it is handy, but where it seems to look well. In setting the dinner-table a symmetrical arrangement is selected, which is really worthy of King Ludwig's buildings. You may see a dish put before the master of the house, and the plates before the mistress. The soup is invariably put in the middle of the table so as to give the lady of the house the trouble of pulling it to her. I presume there is some meaning attached to this custom; it is probably handed down from old times, and commemorates the fathers of the nation. But it is so useless and inconvenient that I cannot understand its continuance. That the Munich servants should do it, I allow well; I have seen them place the soup-tureen in the centre of a clean table-cloth when mats were spread in every other part to preserve its whiteness. The wonderful ideas of the *salon* that prevail with German servants are only paralleled in that story of Alexandre Dumas showing some guests into his writing-room, "Messieurs, voici le sanctuaire! Otez vos chapeaux!" I have known people brought into utter darkness, and left there while the servant went to tell the people of the house,

who were sitting in another room, that there was a "*Besuch im Salon.*" These things are quoted as national peculiarities. In no countries are servants perfect; but it is strange to find them acting as social reformers, and expending their strength on artistic combinations which have to be disarranged and put in working order by the master and mistress.

The same fault strikes you at every turn, in every branch of trade. Simplicity seems perfectly unknown in practical matters, and the flimsiest ornament is more valued than utility. Munichers never understand that if a thing is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well; that a practical manufacture should be practical before anything in the way of ornament is added, and that the most beautiful object is of no use when something merely practical is required. That hunter in the Fables, who carved his bow till it broke, must have been a native of Munich. Nothing is more common than to find ornamental articles of great merit side by side with the coarsest and most careless objects of use. The carved and coloured glass produced in Munich is well known to all travellers; a large stand of it was shown in the International Exhibition, and the shop under the Arcades, in which it is for sale, attracts every one to its windows. Yet the common table-glass supplied in Munich is as awkward and common as can be conceived. Or take the case of china. Munich boasts that its porcelain pictures are larger than those manufactured at Dresden, or in any of the French establishments. Dresden, Vienna, and Berlin sent large shows of porcelain to the International, and there is a royal

manufactory at Nymphenburg, about three miles from Munich. But if you want a handsome dinner-set or a tea-service you must get either French or English china. The Nymphenburg articles are strong and solid, but their shapes are so inconvenient, as well as inartistic, that they neither serve for ornament nor use. The plates are made with enormous rims, sloping at such an angle that neither salt nor mustard will stay on them. The dishes are so deep, and so much space is taken up by the size of their rims that carving meets with the most serious difficulties. The recommendation of Montanus in the fourth satire of Juvenal,

"Testa alta paretur
"Quæ tenui muro spatiosum colligat orbem,"

is greatly wanted in Munich, where an exactly opposite plan of construction has been followed. One would think, however, that with Berlin and Dresden about fifteen hours distant by rail, and Vienna only twelve, it would not be necessary to employ Sèvres or Minton if you wanted a set of china in Munich.

One can hardly fail to remark the jealousy with which the German states keep up their home produce, and supply themselves only from the other states with which they are politically allied. The number of Viennese articles that are sold in Munich form an additional reason for the Bavarian advocacy of the admission of Austria into the Zollverein. Wurtemberg is closer at hand, and is separated by no custom-houses, but many more Viennese than Wurtemburg articles are to be found in Munich. It strikes one still more when one

compares the exports from Germany with its home consumption. In the Zollverein department of the International one admired the beautiful things that came from Germany with a secret wonder that they could not be found in the shops of their native land. The Germans lecture themselves every day on the necessity of supplying their own wants, and of making themselves independent of France, yet they export their best articles, and people living in Germany are driven to use French goods from the vileness of those the Germans would substitute. You can buy better German toys in England than you can in Germany, and you pay less for the good ones in England than for the bad ones in Germany. The Wurtemberg toys in the International were perfect, yet if you want a first-rate toy in Munich, you must get one that comes from Paris. Nor is this impotence of the Germans confined to such luxuries as toys; it is seen in all the productions of Munich. Everything that is really elegant comes from Vienna, if it comes from any part of Germany. And the removal of duties between Bavaria and Austria would be a measure of the utmost benefit to Munich, while the imposition of duties between Bavaria and the states of north Germany would not inflict a corresponding damage.

The advocates of the admission of Austria into the Zollverein have generally confined themselves to principles, but the details are the real secret of their advocacy. Take the question of wines. The Austrian and Hungarian wines would no doubt supplant the Rhine wines in Munich, not being much inferior in flavour, and probably better suited to the climate. Or take furniture.

I read with surprise that the Bavarian Commissioner at the International was made President of the Jury for furniture on the ground that Germany stood pre-eminent among all nations in that branch of industry, and Bavaria had sent several masterpieces of the kind to the Exhibition. I know that furniture in Munich is both bad and dear; awkward shapes are almost invariably selected for easy chairs and sofas, and if you see a graceful *fauteuil*, ten to one it has come from Vienna. If the awkwardness was purchased by increased solidity one could hardly repine, but this is not the case. Much of the Munich furniture is made of unseasoned wood, which cracks at every change of temperature. Glue does not seem possessed of due powers of sticking, and constant mending is needed with almost every species of article. I never met with a piece of furniture that stood straight, although the unevenness of the floors may be a slight justification for the upholsterers. Vienna, on the other hand, exports the most beautiful furniture; easy chairs that are models of luxury and grace, without the over-refinement and consequent want of durability of Parisian work. In a humbler way the light cane chairs of Austria are much to be recommended, being produced at a cheap rate, and combining elegance with solidity. The chairs of the same class made in Munich are either dear or brittle, besides being clumsy and ungraceful. I might touch upon other classes, but I believe these are samples enough. There are many faults to be found in Munich manufacturers which might be bettered by free importation from Austria. The example of Vienna work,

as well as the stimulus that the home trade of Munich would probably receive from competition, would no doubt have effects on masters and workmen, and I cannot but hope that these effects would be good. There is certainly a great need of them. In spite of the impulse just given by a partial relaxation of the guild laws, the trade of Munich is still in a state of barbarism. It would almost be tedious to specify the inconveniences that arise from careless workmanship, stupidity carried to its farthest extent, and all the consequences of these two motive powers acting on the most promising material. Suffice it that the difficulty of getting shoes in Munich is so great that many persons have theirs made either in Tegernsee or Ratisbon, the first place being forty miles, the second almost eighty miles distant.

The matter of shoes is closely connected with that of pavements, and paving-stones were sent from within four miles of Munich to the Exhibition. I suggested at the time that the specimens ought to be arrested in transit, and applied to the wants of the town. Munich is, I believe, the worst paved, and the least paved, city on the continent. The old parts of the town are paved with little pointed stones which are the destruction of leather, and on which penitents might walk without needing peas in their shoes to carry out their sentence. But the more fashionable part of the town, including the *trottoir* in front of King Ludwig's palace, is a swamp. Mud is the normal state of these side walks the greater part of the year, and the ground partakes to such a degree of the nature of a quicksand that a

cartload of gravel is swallowed up in the course of a winter. It seems that the municipal law of Munich leaves the proprietors free to pave, or not to pave, in front of their houses, and the majority of proprietors accept the less onerous liberty in its fullest signification.

Great importance is attached to the "water-laws" of Bavaria, and a volume in explanation of them has been published by an eminent jurist. The Isar is particularly arranged for the transmission of rafts; slides are contrived in certain places, and the water is dammed in so as to be under control. And yet in the very midst of this subtle organisation you may see workmen driving piles into the bed of the river by hand, with a fall of water actually washing the piles as they are driven down. It never seems to have occurred to them that the water could have done their work with a tenth part of the trouble, and the great body of the stream is let off without any employment, though its swiftness and strength are enough to flood the town. The fire brigade is in like manner neglected, and the arrangements for putting out fires are highly inefficient. I was present one night at a fire, and it took three quarters of an hour to get an uninterrupted stream of water. At first casks and barrels were brought up and pumped dry without the slightest effect. Just as the hose poured forth a good shoot of water, and the fire began to settle down with an uneasy motion, the cask was dry; the firemen shouted "Wasser auf" in vain, and the flames, relieved from their enemy, sprang up more vigorously than before, putting out their tongues,

as it were, in contempt at the paltry opposition. That no blame attached to the fire brigade, or to any of the people employed, was shown by the result of an inquiry which was instituted to satisfy the numerous complainants. The magistrates of Munich declared that the accusations of delay and disorder brought against the fire brigade were unfounded, a decision equivalent to an admission that there was no irregularity, nothing unusual in the proceedings. It takes, therefore, three quarters of an hour for the fire brigade of Munich to extinguish a fire in a shed, and the Government is contented with the result, as it refused to sanction the formation of a volunteer brigade, the method which, of all others, has proved the most effective.

The custom house in Munich occupies the site of an old church, and if you look up from the examination of your goods you see the arches and the vaulted roof of the nave over your head. Ecclesiastical authorities might consider the present use of the building a desecration, but the custom house officials have provided against the charge by exceeding deference to the *genius loci*. The mediæval spirit in which they transact their business is fully worthy of that ancient monastery in which the friars said *mumpsimus* instead of *sumpsimus*. My own experience of the place has fortunately been small. It is tedious to unpack a small box, see the contents of it weighed, one after another, stand at a table while paper after paper is filled with minute declarations, and then find that the duty only amounts to a penny farthing. Sheridan was indignant when his servant threw down a plate-warmer without break-

ing anything; "You d—d fool, do you mean to say you have made all that noise for nothing?"—and in like manner one feels wroth at waiting half-an-hour in order to pay a penny farthing with formality enough for ten pounds. But this is nothing to a case that came to my ears. The inventor of a gun brought it to Munich, and submitted it to the Ministry of War. The custom house delivered up the gun to the Ministry on application, but demanded 130 florins duty from the inventor. He did not think it worth his while to pay the money, as the gun was in the hands of the Ministry of War, and paid no attention to the demand. As soon as trial had been made of the gun it was returned to the custom house, but the officials sent to the owner to say that he must come and pay them the money demanded at first, and take a receipt for it; must then receive the money again and give a receipt for it.

With these facts before me I think myself justified in passing an unfavourable judgment on the practical side of Munich. It is not as an Englishman that I take this view, for I have endeavoured in all these chapters to emancipate myself as far as possible from national prejudices. But I note these characteristics as the great obstacles to improvement, as blots on the artistic glory which Munich arrogates to itself, and as faults that the boasted merits of the town are far from compensating. If it be urged that these things are matters of local and limited interest, I can only reply that we take interest in the local questions of barbarous countries; and it can hardly be said that the islands of the Pacific are more attractive and more liable to be visited than Munich.

CHAPTER XII.

BAVARIAN RAILWAYS.

If you examine a railway map of Europe, you can hardly fail to observe that there is an elementary stage which has to be gone through by almost all countries before their communications can be completed. In the infancy of travel one railway is expected to suffice for enormous tracts of country, and as towns have a way of lying in nooks and corners, instead of making a direct chain between two given points, the railway has to wander off in search of them. By degrees, as traffic increases, the enormous curves and windings are found inconvenient, and gradually a straight line grows up, fed like a large river by constant tributaries, and taking in at points of junction the contributions of the outlying towns. The clever arrangement of so many years back is found a great impediment; the expense of time and fuel required to wander round the country is double what the straight line demands, and with many grumbles at the wisdom of their ancestors, the people begin to rebuild on a better foundation. Now spring up all those tangles of loop lines which make poets compare the map of England to a spider's web, and

which can only be matched by Belgium on the Continent. Now the only objection to travel is the difficulty of choosing among so many competitors, and the increasing study of Bradshaw renders a mathematical education desirable. If only English railway companies could agree, like birds in their little nests, nor always make blind attempts to feather them at the expense of their rivals; and if the English railway carriages were only as convenient as the German, travelling in England would have no impediment.

The railways in Bavaria are still in the elementary stage. In the last few years some progress has been made with them, great progress for Germans; but so much remains to be done that very many years must elapse before they can at all approach completion. The Government does not care to speculate on the traffic that would no doubt be called into existence in Bavaria, as it has been in all other countries, by supplying it with means of locomotion, and the people are so sluggish and indifferent that they wait the good pleasure of the Government. Private railway companies are not native on the Continent; in Bavaria there is only one of them. Till the year 1856 every strip of railway in Bavaria was in the hands of the State, but in that year a company was allowed to build a railway from Munich to Ratisbon, Linz, and Nuremberg, with a promise from the State that no one should make another railway connecting the same termini for 99 years. The promise implies a very long elementary stage, and one need only trace on the map the line so protected to predict the results of this monopoly. Still the endeavours of a

few years have been crowned with much success, and have not been without good effects. In 1859 the quickest way from Munich to Vienna was by Dresden, a railway journey of thirty-six hours; it can now be done direct in thirteen. Any body acquainted with Bavarian *Eilwagen* will admit that the worst of all railroads is an improvement on them. In 1859 I wanted to go from Munich to Vienna, and tried to catch the steamer from Ratisbon. Seeing that the *Eilwagen* was advertised to arrive in Ratisbon at the hour the steamer left, I supposed that they corresponded, and calculating the distance, I found that going four miles an hour we should have time to do it. And yet we managed to miss the steamer. I do not think even the Bavarian *Eilwagen* could have done so if it had been left to itself; but in order to lose time they changed the horses from one carriage to another, which probably just occupied the twenty minutes by which we were too late. To this day I cannot fathom the motives which impelled them to take two horses out of one diligence and put them in another. The horses were just the same, the carriages were just the same, and they were going the same way. I presume it was innate stupidity, very highly developed by constantly driving a Bavarian *Eilwagen*. Let us be glad we are rid of them at last.

Besides the direct communication with Vienna, railways have been opened between Munich and Ratisbon, from Ratisbon up to Nuremberg and down the Danube, and from Ratisbon across to Prague. The importance of these eastern railways is very great, especially the

line last mentioned. It is but a year ago Prague was only accessible by Vienna, or by Dresden, and the Bohemian Baths could only be reached after a long and tedious journey. Of course when the choice lies between going an immense way round by rail, and going straight by road, one would choose the former, for in Bavaria all travelling goes on the principle of great circle sailing, the longest way round the shortest way there.

Other lines of equal importance have already been decreed, but the slowness of German work will probably cause it to be some time before they are in operation. The trunk line between Munich and Frankfort is to be shortened by two additions, one from Ansbach to Wurzburg, the other from Nuremberg to Wurzburg. The first of these lines makes a difference of 70 miles between Augsburg and Wurzburg, the second makes one of thirty-six miles between Nuremberg and Wurzburg. At present, though Frankfort is close on the borders of Bavaria, and the main Bavarian line runs from Munich to Frankfort, the traffic generally goes through Wurtemberg and Baden. For going through Wurtemberg and Baden you take ten or eleven hours getting from Munich to Frankfort; going by the Bavarian line you take thirteen or fourteen. The Wurtemberg line is not as straight as it might be, but the Bavarian might, for any frontier question, be almost direct. The proposed abbreviation will make it the shorter of the two. At present it makes a digression to visit the interesting town of Nuremberg, and, being so far out of its course, there is no reason why it should not go a little further

and see Bamberg. Thus it describes an exact semicircle before it gets to Wurzburg, a proceeding worthy of a Vacation Tourist, but savouring of contemptible weakness in a railroad. The frontiers of Wurtemberg and Austria come down so menacingly to the Lake of Constance, shutting Lindau into so small a space that some people explain the snake-like twistings of the railroad between Augsburg and Lindau by political necessity. But compare the actual frontier marks with the windings of the rail, and you see that there was room enough between the two countries if the Bavarian engineers had not preferred a tortuous course. The line from Munich to Salzburg instead of crossing the Isar at Munich, where the banks are lower, makes an enormous curve in order to cross it three miles above. The bridge, which is taken across at this point, is highly vaunted as a marvel of engineering, and it is really said, with perfect gravity, that the engineer chose this most difficult place the more gloriously to overcome the difficulties. After this beginning the line goes down till it almost touches the mountains, makes a curve upon itself, and winds out and in of a most picturesque ravine, now leaning on one side, now on the other, to the terror of nervous passengers. Bridge, curve, ravine, all might have been avoided. But with that respect for tradition and for their classical authors that all Germans possess, I presume they feel bound to make their railroads on the principle laid down by Schiller. Duty and inclination are not more opposed than straight lines and German, and this passage can be applied to railroads as aptly as to conflicting motives.

"Grad'aus geht des Blitzes,
Geht des Kanonballs fürchterlicher Pfad—
Schnell, auf dem nächsten Wege, langt er an,
Macht sich zermalmend Platz, um zu zermalmen.
Mein Sohn! die Strasse, die der Mensch befährt,
Worauf der Segen wandelt, diese folgt
Der Flüsse Lauf, der Thäler freien Krümmen,
Umgeht das Weizenfeld, den Rebenhügel,
Des Eigenthums gemess'ne Gränzen ehrend—
So führt sie später, sicher doch zum Ziel."

PICCOLOMINI, Act i., Scene 4.

"Straightforward goes
The lightning's path, and straight the fearful path
Of the cannon-ball. Direct it flies and rapid,
Shatt'ring that it *may* reach, and shatt'ring what it reaches.
My son! the road the human being travels,
That, on which blessing comes and goes, doth follow
The river's course, the valley's playful windings,
Curves round the corn-field and the hill of vines,
Honouring the holy bounds of property!
And thus secure, tho' late, leads to its end."

COLERIDGE'S Translation.

The aptness of the description can hardly be disputed; it would seem as if Schiller had possessed the prophetic eye that once was the poet's attribute. Every detail is faithful and apposite from the windings of the railroad down to its late arrival. It is to be wished that the correctness of the phrase "secure" did not apply to German trains alone, or that an Englishman could touch on that point without admitting that his country has something to learn.

But, in spite of our natural impatience, we must own that progress has been made, and though while

things are doing they always seem to go slow, when one looks back one can judge more favourably. The activity of the present reign as compared with the former is shown to some extent in the railway. When King Maximilian ascended the throne in 1848 there were scarcely more than 230 miles of railroad existing, and these, says the writer from whom I take the information, were scattered fragments without any connection. In 1861, on the other hand, there are almost 1,150 miles open. It is interesting to compare these facts with the panegyrics passed on King Ludwig as creator of the Bavarian railways. You might as well call the Pope the creator of the Italian railways. No doubt Bavaria had her first lines opened under King Ludwig, just as the line from Civita Vecchia to Rome has been opened by Pope Pius the Ninth. But the creator of anything is not the possessor of authority which cannot resist its introduction, and unless it can be shown that King Ludwig took any active part in calling the Bavarian railways into existence, the name cannot with any justice be applied to him.

One cannot but regret that under a government which seems really desirous of introducing practical measures, some means are not taken to make the railways more available. The system still pursued is radically defective, and while all the faults of neighbouring countries are preserved, their merits are seldom adopted. For instance, in Wurtemberg the long American cars are in use, and their convenience is evident to all who have travelled in them. In Bavaria the carriages are

generally narrow and stuffy, evils which are aggravated by the custom invariably adopted of cramming each separate carriage before opening another. On these lines the guards are officials, and their blue and white uniform is as much respected as if they were generals on parade. In England the guard is content to be the servant of the train; in Germany he is in command of the passengers. "When is the train going on," asked an Englishman once of a foreign guard. "Whenever I choose," was the answer. To judge from the delays the trains make at some stations, one would suppose that the guard had uncontrolled power of causing stoppages. You see him chatting with the station-master for several minutes after all the carriages have been shut up, and at last, when the topics of conversation are exhausted, he gives a condescending whistle to the engine-driver. Time seems never to be considered by either guards or passengers. Bavarians always go to the station half an hour before the train is due, and their indifference to delay is so well known that the directors can put on their time-book, "As the time of departure from small stations cannot be guaranteed, the travellers must be there twenty-five minutes beforehand."

As an Englishman who respects the liberty of the subject, and endeavours not to sin against time, I consider this rule one of the most flagrant offences to both that can be devised. But I cannot help owning its necessity. It alludes to goods trains carrying passengers, and it is quite impossible to fix the time at which a goods train will arrive at any station. You

may easily allow a few minutes for passengers getting in and out; and even if there is an unusual number, the time will hardly be over-passed. But no calculation can be made of the delay to which a goods train may be subjected. A man may want to send up bars of iron from a small station, where there is no possibility of loading it before the train arrives, and only one porter to load it then. There is a great deal of goods traffic on the Bavarian lines, and therefore full time must be allowed. Of course I object as strongly to the principle of combining goods trains and passenger trains; a principle which is mischievous as well as mistaken. But with a great amount of goods traffic, and with passengers whom you can use at your own good pleasure, with single lines moreover, and great curves and climbings, which render fast travelling impossible, it can hardly be avoided. If it were not for the meekness of Germans, however, some steps would have to be taken to remedy it. On what English line would the passengers allow themselves to be ordered about in such a way, to be put in goods trains, and desired to come five and twenty minutes before the time stated on the train bills? And what English line exists which does not put on more passenger trains than the most important lines in Bavaria? I have lived long enough on bye-lines to know how Englishmen are treated when they do not travel, and have seen trains almost empty performing their journeys with the same zeal as if they had been full. But in Bavaria, where people do travel, and an empty carriage is an exception, you have at the most two passenger trains a day, and four or five goods

trains with passengers. How comes it that there is so much goods traffic that the passenger traffic is sacrificed to it? Or is it that the meekness of the passengers entitles them to be classed with goods, being quite as unresisting, and even more easily managed, because they have not to be lifted?

One of the causes of this paucity of trains is the predominance of single lines, though there is no reason why five or six goods trains should do the work of passenger trains on this account alone. Single lines of course interfere with, in fact destroy the possibility of, quick travel and activity. But they exist almost through the whole of Bavaria; it was only the other day a double line was laid between Munich and Augsburg. With single lines you have not only to arrange the times of trains running in the same direction, but also of the trains meeting each other. All trains must meet at a station, as only there is a possibility of passing. A complete regulation of the whole traffic is thus necessary, and no alteration can be made without altering the whole, and if one train is at all behind its time, the whole line suffers for it. The train that has to meet at one station must be kept back, for fear of a collision; this train is also thrown out of its time, and the delay is felt again further down the line. This acts and reacts throughout the day; so that the old proverb is verified, that if you lose half an hour in the morning, you will never catch it up again, if you run after it till the evening; and Bavarian trains do not run after the time they have lost.

I need hardly say that the rate of travelling is ex-

ceedingly slow. Express trains sometimes attain twenty-seven miles an hour, excluding stoppages; but ordinary passenger trains do not seem to get beyond fifteen to eighteen, and goods trains, I should judge, about ten. I counted more than thirty waggons in a goods train by which I travelled, and on the long curves I saw the engine at least a quarter of a mile a-head, and had some difficulty in believing it had any connection with my carriage. Formerly, the express train from Paris used to arrive in Augsburg five minutes after the express for Munich had left, and the passengers had to go on by goods train. This, however, was remedied a few years ago, and the intimate acquaintance with the manners and customs of the people which is gained by travelling in their most national train, was no longer imposed on express passengers. One or two similar reforms have also been introduced within my recollection. The fast trains now leave Munich at six, formerly they left at five. Formerly, too, the train at this hour was the only fast train; so that you had only a choice between getting up at three, and Bavarian travelling. Now there is a train at night.

But these reforms are brought in with all possible deliberation. How long was it before the bridge was built over the Rhine at Strasbourg, and that tedious omnibus journey supplanted by the rail? Of course the bridge could not be built without forts being planted at each end, to blow it up at an instant's notice; in fact, to many, the forts are more essential parts of the work than the bridge. And even when the bridge was built, effecting a saving of two hours time, it was a

year and a-half before any acceleration of the trains took place to correspond. So far from this, the time between Munich and Paris was longer the year after the bridge was built than the year before. We have to go to Austria to find a parallel for this, in the stoppage of the express train between Vienna and Trieste, because it wore out the rails, and did not pay.

The political economy of railroads seems not to be understood by Germans. They do not see that by cultivating passengers you make them increase; that by throwing facilities in their way you entice them to travel. An express train between such places as the capital of Austria and its sea-port town, is not a matter of speculation; it is a duty to civilisation. Do the night mails in England pay? I have been the only through passenger in one. If the letters make them pay, and not the passengers, the same would apply to the mail between Vienna and Trieste, especially as the postal system adopted in Germany is not the uniform rate, but the rate by distance. It is not in this point alone that Germans seem ignorant of railway economy. The chief thing to be saved by railway travel is time, and that we have seen to be squandered, and how much money is thrown away on the stations, instead of being employed on the trains.

Mr. Ruskin inveighs eloquently against ornamenting railway stations; he need only come to Bavaria to find the most grievous offences against his law. The railway station in Munich is as elegant as any of the other public buildings; only the other day frescoes were painted in

the large hall whence the trains take their exit, and into which they have their entrance.

Moreover, royal travellers are strangely considered in the building of railway stations. In the Munich station there is a *König's-salon,* king's saloon, in which royal passengers take their meals, and, at the door of which a *Suisse* is posted, as if it was a palace chamber. The furniture of the saloon, as I saw once when passing, is luxurious and elegant, and the porter of the station—not porter in the English sense, but in the *Suisse* —was standing outside with cocked hat, long fur-bordered coat, and mace, to receive the guests of distinction. Is it too much to ask whose money pays for all this finery; whose money keeps a *Suisse* at a railway station in grand livery, and a saloon fitted up like one in king's houses? Surely not the public money, nor that of the passengers. I cannot believe that either taxes or fares would be squandered so uselessly, that a royal person may pass through a furnished saloon to his carriage, or may take his meals in a public building, instead of going to a palace or an hotel.

Royal personages need not wait for trains because trains wait for royal personages. And those who are actually royal, not half-royal, or ex-royal, have trains to themselves. But the public does need some accommodation in Bavarian stations. Mr. Ruskin's reason for objecting to every kind of ornament in railway stations is, that we don't want to stay in them longer than we can help. But the Bavarians, who come an hour before the time, must be catered for differently. Some

diversion must be found for people who pass their life preparing for their journeys, and to these Mr. Ruskin's premisses do not apply. But I agree with his conclusion on entirely different grounds. The money that is earned by traffic should not be invested in such fripperies. Double lines, and sufficient trains, ought to precede frescoes and architectural designs, and it will be time to think of the latter, if a surplus remains after the completion of all practical arrangements. The sight of a well-appointed train steaming at speed, with well-subordinated guards and free passengers, is infinitely more gratifying to the eye than frescoes symbolising a progress that is not yet attained.

That same mistaken principle, which appears in almost every public work in Munich, is conspicuous in these frescoes. The ornaments superimposed on useful buildings are more considered than the use for which the buildings are designed. Perhaps this is more apparent in the railway station than elsewhere. Compare the Munich station with that of the Great Western in London, the fittings of which are so splendid, and which we boast with justice to be the finest work of the kind in England. The arrangements of the Munich station are defective from a practical point of view, while those at Paddington are in every way suited to the convenience of travellers. From the outside the Paddington station does not present the artistic appearance of the Munich station, and absence of striking effects and harmonious colours on the inside is sufficiently shown in Mr. Frith's great picture. Mr. Frith would have done better to select the inside of the

Munich station to form a background to his very dramatic train; no grey monotony there, but a banquet of colour, and profusion of elaborate workmanship. Above the white-curtained windows of the restaurant at the end of the hall are the new frescoes, painted by a pupil of Kaulbach named Echter, to whose hands are due the immense frescoes on the staircase of the Museum in Berlin. Nor are these two unworthy of the student of such a master. They represent allegorically the two motive powers of modern traffic, steam and electricity. The telegraph is symbolised by a female form rising from the earth, her hair flying wildly from her head in threads like the far-stretching lines of wire. On one side of her is another nymph whispering a message into the ear of a pendulous child, and the message darts through a chain of floating children to a nymph on the opposite side, who writes it down. In the picture of Steam we have a female figure who has yoked the spirit of steam to her car, and is borne along by his mighty efforts. He is a strong, muscular man, puffing out full breaths of steam, and labouring onwards with gigantic power and energetic display of anatomy. Before him the barriers of different countries crack and tumble right and left, crushing the old pigtailed figure of restriction in their fall. Passports, wanderbuchs, permis de depart are sent flying "a thousand leagues into the devious air," like the manifold objects sent by Milton's scorn to people the Paradise of Fools. Graceful and good design must be allowed to these frescoes, with the great merit of presenting allegory successfully. They are placed too high, and are quite out of place,

but the painter's share in them is only worthy of praise.

"The beautiful thought," says an ultra-philosophical critic in one of the German papers, "that a town like Munich ought to show its character as art-town to the stranger at the first moment, on the threshold of his entry, is so evident that one can but wonder that it has only now come to be accomplished. We greet this accomplishment the more gladly that we have had to wait so long for it. Under the present system of travel the railway station is, in some measure, the threshold of a town. The railway station is the place where the character of the town is first displayed," and so on. If this be true, the character of Munich is certainly well shown in its railway station. When the passenger who arrives has to get out in the rain and walk in it a hundred yards before reaching the covered hall, which is filled up with the goods-waggons, he may cast a hasty glimpse up to the frescoes, and ask why they are not turned into a covering against the rain. And the parting guest who has learned the character of Munich, will hardly need the further instruction afforded by a station in which the frescoes are placed in the hall, but the passengers for whose gratification they were painted are kept out of their sight in the waiting-room.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE ROYAL LIBRARY.

Why is it called Royal? The Royal Court and State Library. Is it so exclusively used, first by Royalty, then by the Court, and lastly by the State? Far from it; it is more public in its nature than the British Museum which pretends to no such exalted titles. And yet the British Museum has more right to such names than the library in Munich, for George the Fourth's private collection was to some extent the nucleus of, at all events a great addition to, the present library, and without some introduction no reader is admitted. In Munich any one may read in the library without being introduced. I believe the books have been collected chiefly from old monasteries; the sums required by the library are voted by the Chamber, and the costs of building do not appear in the list of King Ludwig's disbursements. By what right, therefore, is the library royal? But call it public, and see how Bavarian loyalty will be offended; and yet, to my mind, public is a more honourable title than royal. A library freely open to all, as the Munich library is, seems to me public in the largest sense. And I readily admit the merits of the

Munich library; it is generous and hospitable to strangers as to natives; it grudges nothing that is in its power, nor could it well be expected to give more than it gives. One is apt to forget that Munich is only the capital of Bavaria, and seeing it do so much, one thinks that it might easily do more; and one's English notions of the practical are too susceptible. Let me not be deemed ungrateful to a library whence I have received so much assistance, and where I have been treated with so much consideration, if I seem to dwell more on its defects than on its merits, more on what it wants than on what it possesses.

As I have mentioned the British Museum in connection with the Munich Library, and as many readers are probably familiar with the former, I can best make the Munich system clear by contrasting the two. There can be no greater contrast. The English and the German are as fully shown in their libraries as in any other subject of comparison. The ideas of the two nations, their manner of life, appear in every detail. In the British Museum everything is done that can promote the comfort of the readers. There is a large class of attendants constantly running backwards and forwards with piles of books and MSS.; original documents to aid the researches of a historian, heraldic tomes for some gentleman deep in families, a three volume novel for a young student who prefers the lighter side of national life; there is an elaborate catalogue ready to hand, and sufficient to suggest subjects of study to those in want of literary employment; not to mention the minor comforts of a pleasant room, lofty and well

ventilated, those comfortable chairs, the desk for each reader with his book supporter and blotting pad, the countless books of reference within every one's reach, the map of the room, that guides you to every subject represented on its walls. There is nothing of this in the Munich library. The reading-room is low and dark, vaulted like a crypt, with heavy pillars; the fittings consist in two long bare tables, at which every one reads, without a desk to support books, or any convenience for transcribing. Neither catalogue nor books of reference are in the room, nor are they to be had without special permission. But the chief inconvenience is that you may have only one book at a time, and you must bespeak that the day before. The result is that the reading-room is very scantily tenanted, and the power of taking books away leads all who can to read at home. There is no lack of civility or willingness on the part of the *employés*, but they are very few, are probably overworked, and underpaid.

The chief difference between the Munich system and the London system lies in the permission granted to all properly authenticated readers to take books home. This is of itself sufficient to alter the whole manner of study. But there are some minor differences which I will treat first in order. The number of feast-days and their rigid observance is very obnoxious to regular students. One never knows exactly when the library is going to be open. One day it is shut because it is the King's nameday, another because it is the Queen's; one day because there is a procession down the Ludwig's Strasse, another because there is a procession

down the Maximilian's Strasse. Then there are three days during the October feast, and odd days about Christmas tide. I do not complain of the holidays granted to the attendants, but of their uncertainty and their irregularity. Again, in London, while great efforts were made to adorn the inside of the reading-room with fitting splendour, the outside and the approach are by no means magnificent. In Munich the outside is gorgeous, and the inside is mean. The building, designed by Gärtner, is a noble work in the Byzantine style, by far the finest in the Ludwig's Strasse. On entering you ascend a superb staircase, the wonder of all visitors, and the subject of praise to all *valets-de-place*. The steps are of marble, broad and easy, the walls adorned with medallions, and the head flanked by two statues of princes of the Bavarian house. There can be but one opinion of the splendour of this staircase, and but one opinion of its unfitness. In a palace built entirely for show and for luxury, it would be graceful and becoming. But when it leads you to the dingy reading-room without one fitting either for comfort or for show, when you notice the poverty of the internal arrangements and the want of attendants, and are told that the library is too poor to afford anything better, you ask why was not the staircase turned into something useful. But this is the plan King Ludwig has followed in every one of his buildings. In every one purpose is sacrificed to outward show, and comfort is bought off by splendour. It is indeed reported—I know not with what truth—that the grand staircase was originally intended for the King alone, and that the

readers were to find their way through winding passages, across an open court and up a narrow flight of steps. Of course none but ultra-loyals would put up with such treatment, and scarcely even ultra-loyals after 1848. Still it is merely the logical consequence of the rest of the system.

I believe that a register is kept of all books applied for in the British Museum in order that those which are most in demand may be placed in the reading-room. In Munich a register is also kept, but in a different way. The books that each person has had from the Library are entered under his name. I do not know with what object this register is kept, unless it is that a *surveillance* may be exercised over each one's studies. There is a story told to show the completeness of the Austrian system of police which seems to have suggested this scheme to the Munich officials. An Austrian mother, whose son had run away from home, came to the police to ask for information about him, and was told every single thing he had done since he left her roof. Not one of his least actions was omitted from their register, no journey, no word, no thought even was permitted to escape them. Or perhaps that book of Edgar Quinet's, "Histoire de mes Idées," in which he traces the rise and progress of his thoughts, may have helped to suggest it. The Bavarian Government is evidently desirous of following the thought of each of its citizens, that if any one enters on a dangerous course of study he may be checked before he goes too far; that if any one writes a dangerous book the Government may know the sources whence he gained

his inspiration. I do not know if this register is kept of all books read in the Library, or only of those taken away from it.

I need not say that the permission granted to take books home from the Library is a great convenience, but it has some ills attending it. In London, of course, such a system would be impossible, for London is the literary capital of England, besides being the largest city in the world; and though regular readers are few in comparison to the population, the occasional readers would exhaust the Library. But in Munich it can hardly be avoided, and it must be owned that the permission is granted on a most liberal scale. The few people who go to Oxford with a view to opening books are aware that the Bodleian is rendered almost useless by adhering to the system of the British Museum, and Munich bears a very close resemblance to Oxford. Even if a luxurious reading-room existed in Munich, it could hardly be used. Professors who have occupations beyond reading, lectures to deliver, disputations and official meetings to attend, could hardly spend their days in the Library as is done by so many readers in the British Museum. I can hardly form an idea of the result of confining all students in Munich to one reading-room. It would become the dwelling of all the learned population of the town, it would have to accommodate a quarter of the inhabitants, and would soon become a bookish version of the Baths of Caracalla. As all Paris is concentrated in the Bourse, so all Munich would dwell in the reading-room, and it

would be necessary to provide a kitchen below, turn on beer, and allow smoking.

Still, when books are allowed to be taken from the Library, certain regulations ought to be made and observed strictly. Otherwise it becomes a race for precedence, and the few are apt to be served at the expense of the many. It is plain what these regulations should be. There ought to be a certain time fixed, at the expiration of which books must be returned. No one should be permitted to keep books beyond this time, be he Professor, be he even King. Books of reference ought never to be taken away from the Library. An extension of the time might readily be allowed if no one else had applied for the book, but no high person should be favoured by getting a book called in before the time for which it was granted to another had expired. Even if these rules were strictly kept, there might be some inconvenience, for it frequently happens that two men are reading books on the same subject, and it may not suit one to wait till the other has had them the full time. A month is allowed—nominally—in Munich as the time that books may be kept, and a month is not too much for most books, hardly enough for some. With the British Museum system you have only those books in use that you are actually using, and if a book that is kept for you is wanted by another, he can have it for a time, till you want it again. But in Munich, if a man is reading a dozen different subjects he may have all the books on them at home, and till he returns them finally they

are out of your reach. It is of course convenient to him to write with his books around him, but it may be questioned how far it is fair to others. As it is, each Professor has a small private library of reference at the expense of the National Library. And what makes it worse is, that the rules which I have mentioned, and which I venture to believe indispensable for the general utility are never observed. The time allowed is only nominal, books of reference are lent out, and great favour is shown to privileged people.

At the top of the receipt you sign for a book; it is stated that it must be returned at the end of four weeks, and at the end of four weeks if you do not bring the book back, and if any one else has applied for it, the Librarian is supposed to send for it. But in fact, if you are a Professor you may keep a book almost any time, and any number of persons may ask for it without your being troubled by an application. I have heard men say that they have kept books a year, and I once heard the Librarian observe, on returning a receipt to a man, that it had been there three years. Month after month I have written down the name of a book without ever being able to get it, and as it was a book on a special subject in a foreign language it was evidently kept by the same person. But if you are not privileged, and a privileged being wants the book you have got, it will instantly be called in. An Englishman was reading one of Prescott's works on Spain, and had only kept it a fortnight when it was sent for. The King was meditating a journey to Spain, and wanted to get up the history beforehand. Perhaps it is in

this sense the Library is called Royal; that the King is favoured at the expense of humble readers. But on this principle everything, not in Bavaria alone, but even in other lands, would bear the same title. And so far from grudging the King an early perusal of Prescott, an Englishman ought to be gratified by the reception English literature has met with in high places. For the same reason, when the Edinburgh Review does not appear in the periodical-room till a month after its arrival in Munich, every one knows that the King is keeping it, and no one envies him the careful study he bestows on it. Dr. Johnson's explanation of the superior attractions of a Countess may well be applied to the case of Royal study, for with any other mortal one is apt to complain bitterly. But the imagination is excited at the thought of a King reading the Edinburgh Review!

And really the King is not so much given to keeping books as some of his subjects. One is always tempted to visit the slightest neglect on the part of royalty with much greater severity than grave offences on the part of the Commons, because it is far pleasanter to shy one's stone at a prominent object, and the chance of hitting is far greater. When Theodore Hook uttered the pious wish, "To-day is George the Fourth's birthday; God save my detaining creditor!" he did not reflect how many debtors were locked up by their tailors or butchers, who did not vent their feelings with the like acrimony on their creditors' birthdays. The books in the Munich Library certainly find many worse detaining creditors than the King. There are professors

who have their supply not by volumes, but by shelves; who, instead of taking out books, take out libraries. One of my friends has a room full of books, I should judge about five hundred volumes. Some one remarked that a furniture waggon would be needed to take them all back to the library, as it probably would if they ever went back there. A story is current, which I ought to be the last to believe, as I invented it myself, of one of those large waggons in which families move their heavy articles from one house to another, being seen at a professor's door. The professor asked what it came for, was told that it came to take back his books to the library, and replied, "But I never send my books back to the library." The story is of course exaggerated; but it is a genuine subject of wonder how so many books can go back without horse power.

The books which are kept so long are just the books that ought to stay at the library, for the only books you would keep so long would be books of reference. You do not take out five hundred volumes to read; that would overtax the powers of Francis Horner, who was remarkable for devising extensive plans of study, and then doing nothing towards realising them. If there was a convenient room, fitted with all the usual books of reference, there would be little excuse for taking them away, but there is no such room. Books of reference generally are kept in the catalogue room, where there are no conveniences for consulting them, and where you are constantly in the way. There is no security for finding the book you want. Thus, the man who wants to verify a fact or a date, takes the book

home with him, and finds that keeping it on his shelves, with a mark in the place, is less trouble than copying out the passage. While in the catalogue room, it may be expedient to mention the catalogue, that cause of such universal annoyance to those who prepare it, and those who use it. In Munich, as in many other continental libraries, the catalogue is not at every one's disposal. In Paris, when I asked for it, I was told, "on ne la communique pas," and being fresh from the luxury of the British Museum, I could not remember the name of a book without its assistance. Here you need a special permission from the chief librarian; but as a compensation you are saved the necessity of observing press-marks with that nicety that is so often fatal to inconsiderate readers in London. The catalogue is written on loose sheets, which are kept in pasteboard cases.

The labour of the attendants is greatly increased by the reservation of the catalogue. In London, when you have written down your book on the ticket, the attendant has only to follow the directions of the press-mark. But in Munich you can, of course, give no more than the name of the author, and the name of the book; the attendant has to find out its situation from the catalogue. And even those persons who are allowed to use the catalogue themselves, are in the habit of leaving the attendants to find out the press-marks; partly because there are no slips of paper or pens in the catalogue room. This tax on the attendants to some extent justifies the inconvenient regulations about bespeaking books, and the inconvenient hours of closing,

The library is only open from eight till one, but the attendants are engaged the whole afternoon in looking out the books for the next day. There are frequently two hundred books to be searched out in the catalogue, and got down from their places. And, in spite of the boasted convenience of the arrangements of the library, this cannot but take a long time with the small existing staff of attendants. The morning is pretty well occupied with getting an occasional volume for a privileged person, and in showing the curiosities to strangers. The readers at the British Museum made complaints enough when any of their hours of study were taken for showing the reading room, and students generally gnash their teeth at curiosities. However, they are the only parts of the Munich Library deemed worthy of mention in Murray, so they ought to be treated with respect. I have seen them once without very distinct recollection. But the other day one of the librarians of St. Petersburgh gave his opinion on the curiosities of the Munich Library, and the officials in Munich were not very well pleased, to judge from their ferocious underscoring of the review of his book in the *Athenæum*.

Eight to one, it will be remarked, are thoroughly German hours; but even if you rise as early as the Germans do, you can hardly find the hours convenient. The morning is so naturally adapted to working at home, that one grudges any trespass on it, and a visit to the library is sure to trespass heavily. Moreover, the necessity of bespeaking a book the day before you can get it breaks into two mornings for each book, and

if on coming the second day you find, as is too often the case, that the book is lent out, you have given up two mornings for nothing. I suppose, however, unless considerably more was spent on the library, these defects could not be remedied. And it is a question if the Chambers would grant more than the 39,000 florins (£3,300), they grant at present. Great were the disputes about the money spent on Quatremère's books, almost £10,000, which was merely an extraordinary expense to buy a renowned library. All Paris cried out against the emigration of Quatremère's books to Germany; yet Germany did not seem to welcome them with corresponding enthusiasm. I am not aware how much is spent on the British Museum; but I saw in a report that one hundred and two officials were employed in the department of printed books, and in the reading room, and I doubt if more than twenty are employed in Munich. Of the 39,000 florins granted to the library, I believe 16,000 are spent on buying books. But these details are not always easily ascertained. All that statistical books tell you of the Munich Library is, that it is the second in Europe, exceeding the British Museum in the number of its volumes, and only yielding to the library in Paris.

To literary men in Munich it is, of course, more important that the money should be spent in buying books than that it should be spent on the arrangements. A student prefers to get a useful book after two days than to have speedy attendance and a scarcity of books. And I cannot but think that Quatremère's library was a great addition, so far as my own expe-

rience serves. The weak point of the Munich library lay in the English poets. Those of the present day were probably ignored; till Tennyson's works came out in the Tauchnitz edition, his name was not in the catalogue, and Browning is not there yet. But there was also a want of the classical English poets in good editions. Neither Scott's "Dryden" nor Scott's "Swift" are in the library, and till Quatremère brought the Tonson of 1760, the only edition of Dryden was the version of his works contained in the Edinburgh collection of British Poets. I presume this *hiatus* occurred from the way in which the library was formed. At present a very fair assortment of recent English works is added to the library; a natural preference is shown to standard books, and a little too much prominence given to theology. The new books lie for some time on the Librarian's table, but they often take an inordinate time in finding their way into the catalogue. It is an obvious abuse to allow professors to take these new books home, and keep them by the week or the month. I have known books to take three months to appear in the catalogue, owing to their detention by some interested reader.

A special room is devoted to periodicals, and to this room an introduction is needed. The piles of German magazines lying on the table are enough to impress one with a vivid sense of the literary activity of the nation, especially if you open one of them by chance and find the length to which historical or philosophical disquisitions reach, and the solid manner in which they are written. We frivolous English think our Quarterlies

models of gravity and weight; but the Germans send out monthly, or even fortnightly, piles of laborious matter which would hardly find acceptance even in our most ponderous pages. Most of the English Quarterlies are taken in, though, strangely enough, the National Review is not among the number. The Saturday Review and Athenæum represent weekly literature, and keep the Librarian *au courant* with new publications; the Cornhill, and some scientific works, the monthly. The weekly papers are the only ones that come regularly, the rest generally take two months to arrive. The Times appears on the table exactly a month after date, being provided by one of the town reading-rooms when its own demand is appeased.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE THEATRE IN MUNICH.

If I am generally liable to the accusation of judging things in Munich by an English standard, I must be acquitted as regards the present chapter. A man need only frequent the London theatres very sparingly to know their deficiencies, and if he is acquainted with the stages of France, Germany, and Italy, he will have little temptation to make comparisons in favour of those at home. Of course any comparison with France or Italy would at once lead to the remark that their impressionable nations are nations of actors, that with them every gesture is dramatic, and that consequently the stage has an easy task in reflecting the life that goes on around it, and the authors in transferring that life to their dialogues. But with Germany no such answer can be made. The Germans are far less dramatic than the English, they have an almost entire absence of good writers for the stage, and a very small number of naturally-gifted actors; their gestures, though plentiful, are rude and undignified, and their organs of wit, if they exist at all, unguided and ill-developed. And yet you can go to a theatre in Germany for other reasons than

to see one actor adapt all existing parts to the character he prefers to assume, and to the play of muscles for which his face is most peculiarly suited. You may see Shakspeare's dramas acted as if they had been written to be acted, and not to serve as a kind of showman's commentary on a scenic diorama. If you can overcome your natural laziness, you may hear the unacted drama, and even see a poet bow his acknowledgments. When we remember that Schiller was able to support himself by his plays, and consider what would have been the fate of them in England, we can form some conception of the different state of the drama in the two countries.

The great objection Englishmen make to the German stage is very natural and well founded; it is not amusing. When we go to see Robson or Buckstone we go to laugh, and it must be owned that we are fully gratified. Moreover we have more serious dramas—taken from the French, it is true—for which we do not lack actors, and which do not bore us. How far the amusement we find is only national I cannot determine. I do not know what would be a Frenchman's or an Italian's verdict on our plays, and Germans are too easily amused by their own to be severe on ours. They are certainly amused by their own, if that is a sufficient answer to the English objection. They sit through plays which have not even the poetic merits of Schiller and Goethe with unexampled patience, and laugh at comedies which have neither dialogue nor incident. To an Englishman Goethe and Schiller seem more suited to the closet than the stage, for the poetry which

raises their dramas above those of their successors is not a thing to be appreciated in declamation. Charles Lamb attempts to prove that Shakspeare would be more appreciated if he never was acted, although the dramatic power of Shakspeare is as wonderful as any of his secondary attributes. But Goethe is not dramatic at all, and Schiller has a decided leaning to the melo-dramatic. The idea of Faust being acted would never occur to any but Germans, unless the essential parts of Faust were taken away and the hero simplified by being made merely a seducer. Wallenstein, with all its merits, is so long that it has to be spread over three nights, and the amount of action in it is out of all proportion to its length. These, however, are general considerations, which are out of place in treating of the Munich theatre.

It would of course be unfair to compare any German theatre with those of France, and perhaps it would be equally so to compare Munich with Vienna or Berlin. One of the causes of the excellence of the theatres in those two cities must be the amount of competition existing, the absence of which is a great cause of the poverty of Munich. The theatre is the only resort of a large class of people, the seats are convenient, and even luxurious, and there is no second house to divide the crowd. If there were a decent peoples' theatre instead of two miserable booths, the Court theatre would no doubt be driven to cater for the general amusement. But at present it is sure of being filled to suffocation, even in the heats of summer, whether anything decent is given or not. People who subscribe for their seats

by the quarter find that they can knit in the parterre as comfortably as they could at home. Even the dramatic critics in the Munich newspapers complain that the public is too easily pleased, and unfortunately the public has the sole power of putting any pressure on the management. Neither public nor management have paid any attention to statements of the faults of the system; the management is indifferent to the claims of art, is content to make the theatre a mere speculation, and the public goes all the same.

Making the theatre a mere speculation sounds well enough to English ears, because by that we understand a very different kind of speculation from the one practised in Munich. All our managers conduct their theatres as speculations, and their success may generally be taken as some criterion of their merits. It is certain that they must have pleased the public in some way when they have attracted it to their performances, and we do not ask them to give high art and ideal poetry to empty benches. But in Munich the phrase means that the management trades on the indifference of the public. A theatre, which is supported to some extent by the State, and bears the sounding title of the Royal Court and National Theatre with an *état* of £25,000, has a very different aim before it than one of the English theatres, and must be judged by a much higher standard. If the public is quite indifferent to the merit of the performances, and goes whether they are good or bad, the more reason for making them good. In Dresden, the smaller capital of a smaller kingdom, there is no such carelessness and stinginess. And if

Dresden is called the Northern Florence, does not Munich claim to be the Modern Athens?

Modern Athens, however, is content that its theatre should be the largest in Germany, should have statues and ornaments, marble staircases that can be described in guide-books, and frescoes over the portico that excite the admiration of art critics from the Far West. I am pleased to find that the interior is not neglected for the sake of this outward show, and that the seats are really comfortable. The greater part of the floor is occupied with what the Germans call *Sperr-sitz*, and we call orchestra stalls. The boxes are all open, without any divisions, save in the case of those allotted to royalty, and of one or two others in the middle. But all the boxes are held by subscription, and the only places to be had by casual theatre-goers are the stalls below, and a balcony running round the first tier, called the *Galerie noble*. The front seats in this balcony are, perhaps, the best in the house; each one has a large fauteuil, and a ledge in front for resting the play-bill, arms, or opera-glass. The back seats are uncomfortable, yet with the usual absurdity of Munich arrangements the price is the same for both. A gentleman naturally goes to the stalls, and a lady would do the same if any decent garde-robe were attached to them. But while there is a special attendant upstairs to take charge of cloaks, downstairs you must go unprotected through the passages and across the large draughty hall to the general garde-robe, crowded with all the out-come of pit and galleries—gentlemen who very often do not stand on ceremony. I once saw a ruffian

in this room, finding his progress checked by a number of ladies, draw back two steps and rush through them. Knowing that Munich enjoys a considerable police force, and is entirely under the control of that estimable power, one naturally asks why some steps are not taken to ensure order, or at least decency, in such crowded places? The same want of it is observable at the morning distribution of tickets. Every one fights for the first place, and if a woman happens to be before a man the man does not scruple to tear off her shawl or her bonnet in order to deprive her of precedence. I do not imagine the lower order in Munich are naturally polite. I have certainly seen examples of the most extreme boorishness among them individually, and in a crowd the roughness and brutality come out in their strongest colours. Till lately it was impossible to get a good seat, save by being a friend of the *Cassier*, or by shoving. The *Cassier* kept the best places for some friends who applied a few days beforehand, and gave all others to the leaders of the crush. But he always denied that any places were reserved, and when I, after coming first in the morning, and finding all the front places taken, ascertained from some acquaintances that they had reserved their seats some days before, and taxed the *Cassier* with his partiality, he told me that I lied. A short time ago, however, a stop was put to this system of favouritism, much to the disgust of the Munich public. It is now possible for any one, whether known to the *Cassier* or not, to retain his place by paying a small extra sum, a measure which at once precludes fighting at the door, and unfairness within. To strangers this regulation

cannot fail to prove highly acceptable. But the Munich people view it in the light of a concession to strangers at the expense of the children, and as one half of them is known to the *Cassier*, and the other half is fond of fighting and shoving, it is evident that their view is correct.

The stage, however, is the most important part of the theatre, great as the rush may be for the best places. And it is on the stage that the stinginess and indifferentism I have recorded have the most effect. Not enough pains are taken to superintend the production of pieces, the actors are allowed too much scope, and do not seem to be checked or guided by any competent authority. Either want of taste or parsimony at first provided a bad set of actors, who are neither got rid of now that their faults are patent, nor taught to do better. New actors and new singers are very rarely added to the company, and while great talents are allowed to find their way to other theatres, those who are utterly destitute of talent are engaged. One of the most popular actresses on the German stage, the daughter of a Munich er, was coldly treated, and suffered to make her fortune in Vienna. It is true, that while the majority of actors are so inferior, one or two good ones would only make the general poverty more apparent. But this is unfortunately the prevailing custom in other countries, when actors of some repute are managers, and want a monopoly of applause. They said that Ristori was so jealous of all competitors, that she invariably dismissed any one of her company who was above mediocrity; and it is certain she travelled with such in-

efficient helpers, that some in London likened her to a viper in a bundle of sticks. And yet you go to see Ristori alone, but you stay away when there is a dead level, without one striking talent to redeem it,

As it is, enough variety exists on the Munich stage to show how much below mediocrity is the place of some of the actors. It would cost money, no doubt, to get rid of these, and replace them; but with support from the state, and a fair certainty of support from the public, I do not see why it should not be done. Every now and then comes a star from Berlin or Vienna on his usual summer round, and the few who have taste, ask despairingly why he cannot be engaged for Munich. Bad as the starring system may be, it is the only means afforded to some towns of comparing their actors with the general standard. I confess that I never knew how bad some of the Munich actors were till I saw them with a star from Vienna, in a piece which had once delighted me in Vienna. It was a play called the Journalists, by Gustav Freytag, author of "Debit and Credit," and in Vienna it really seemed an exception to the tame run of German comedies. But in Munich it was as heavy as ever. The same was the case with a French piece I saw translated in Vienna, after seeing it acted by French actors — Octave Feuillet's "Roman d'un jeune homme pauvre." The faults of the Viennese were the more unpardonable here, because as a rule they are able and intelligent men, and because a slight glance at the novel would have given them every shade of the characters. We should not then have seen the little dry notary, the essence of whose being consists in the short calm man-

ner in which he utters all his sentiments, transformed into a stage honest lawyer, delivering his points as if he was a rhetorician, and mouthing out sounding words like an elocutionist. We should not have had the rival lover, a man of the world, and an easy-going gentleman, putting on the villain of the old melo-drama. For example, where the hero springs on a horse which won't stand, the rival in the French play says carelessly, "Oh, then, he's a clown; play him an air, and he'll dance." The Viennese representative delivered this little bit of harmless sarcasm as if he had at last discovered the other's character, and the secret of his success. Again, when the French notary gives the hero an account of the persons among whom he is to live, he says of mother and daughter "caractère noble," in his little dry way, without moving a muscle. The Vienna notary rang the changes on the word noble like a teacher of declamation reading a passage from some play or speech to his pupils. In a word, he ranted.

Rant is the most natural resource of poor actors, or of actors who do not understand their parts. In Munich one has plenty of it. German pieces give great temptation to ranting, and Schiller's admirers must admit that in most of his plays—Tell always excepted—the players need not supply the rant themselves. Its introduction serves as a means of evading the old rule about moving others, which is laid down by Horace. If you would make me feel you must feel yourself; but none says that to over-awe others you must be over-awed yourself, and those who find feeling out of their power take refuge in magniloquence. In comedy pure

there is not much chance of ranting: but there are not many comedies on the German stage. Translations from the French of course occur, but not in the same proportion as in London. Happily the playbills are honest enough to confess the origin of pieces whose paternity it is not hard to discover, and no one enjoys a French play the less for not having to guess the changes and interpolations of the adapter. The most national German play is the Show-play, a name which embraces an enormous number of varieties. The historical play, which is not exactly tragic is, perhaps, the highest order of show-play, and the lowest is probably the domestic play, which is not exactly comic. The tragic poet is allowed to give a picture of a period without bringing in any denouement to disturb his reflective audience; the comic dramatist is allowed to depict family life as it may really exist without violating the propriety of nature by any incidents or any dialogue. Of course there are many pieces of the name which do not take advantage of these privileges, but such privileges should be granted to none. When a country is fortunate enough to have writers for the stage, she should insist on their obeying the requirements of the stage. You buy dramatic authors at too high a price, when you permit them to write without reference to the laws of the drama.

A report of one year's doings in the Munich theatre informs us that twenty new pieces were produced, three of which attained to seven representations. I do not find, however, any statement of a point which rather affects this new production, if these twenty pieces were

only new to Munich, or were brought out for the first time on the Munich stage. Many of these, I am aware, were written expressly for Munich; but I doubt if all of them were. The number of performances attained by various authors are, fifteen by Frau Birch Pfeiffer, eleven each by Schiller and Scribe, ten each by Benedix and Oscar von Redwitz, nine by Shakspeare, and five each by Goethe, Lessing, and Heinrich Laube. In opera, Meyerbeer had sixteen representations (chiefly owing to Dinorah, which was given for the first time that year); Weber fifteen, Mozart thirteen, Rossini and Halévy seven each; Donizetti's name appears once, and Bellini's not at all. Gluck's operas were revived, says the report rather pompously, meaning that one of Gluck's Iphigenias was given twice.

From the dramatic report it appears that Frau Birch Pfeiffer is the most popular playwright in Germany, as she appears to be the most prolific. I must own myself unacquainted with her plays. In opera the predominance of Meyerbeer is partly to be explained by his present popularity, partly by the Munich custom of having a grand opera every Sunday night. Mozart and Rossini, as humble composers, are good enough for one evening in the week which has an opera, but for Sunday evening the grand operas of Meyerbeer and Halévy are essential. The predominance of French and German music over Italian may seem strange at the opera, however fitting in the concert-room and at gatherings of instrumentalists. That Rossini with his string of matchless operas should take rank with Halévy is not so remarkable as that both should be represented by one

work alone. I do not remember to have seen Halévy's name on the Munich bills, save as composer of the Juive, or Rossini's, save as composer of the Barbiere. Has Verdi appeared in Munich? Hardly after 1859. For Munich carries prejudices, which are foolish in themselves, into matters where they are doubly out of place. Auber's Muette was forbidden about the time of the taking of Gaëta; and during the Italian campaign Schiller's William Tell and Maid of Orleans were withdrawn from the stage. It was but a pitiful deed on the part of high authorities to have the great work of so great a living composer silenced in order to express their sympathy with an infamous cause, and to show their admiration of heroism that was ridiculous. But it was natural that Munich, which was heart and soul with Austria, should forbid the Maid of Orleans, which glorified that very French valour which was then triumphing at Magenta; and Tell, which recorded the first great popular uprising against Austrian tyranny—the prototype of Italy's rise.

The name of Wagner does not occur in this list of performances, though his operas are given in Munich. There was a slight attempt to get up a national movement in favour of Wagner when his Parisian experiment failed. A small popular paper in Munich called on all German managers to give the Tannhäuser, as it had been hissed off by Parisian ignorance and insolence. But the managers did not respond to the call. It is dreary work organising music into a political demonstration when no one sympathises either with the politics or with the music.

On Shrove Tuesday there is always a morning performance at the theatre, attended by all the grandees of Munich, and at this performance a new play is generally given. One year a very amusing piece was produced, which is interesting to critics as being a nearer approach to national comedy than is generally seen even in original pieces, and to students of Munich customs as based on the much-agitated trade question. M. Esquiros has remarked of our English pieces that their duels, their profusion of doors communicating with adjoining apartments sufficiently show their Gallic origin. Indeed it is rare to find houses on the stage which can be matched by existing buildings. The same neglect of nature is observable in a crowd of minor details, showing that dramatic authors do not think it necessary to avoid inconsistencies which would be severely censured in novelists. This Munich play was a striking exception. You might have matched the scenes in many houses in the town, just as you could have found the characters. Indeed, they say that many of the characters were studied from life by the actors, and that the King recognised some of his own tradesmen on the stage. The piece took its name from one of the technical terms most frequently recurring in all writings on the trade question, "Ansässig," meaning established. An important word it is, for it implies marrying and settling, and the permission to use it is obtained with great difficulty. On the characters depended the interest of the piece, for situation and dialogue were not abundant. But the characters were new, and drawn from the life, and were skilfully woven into the old

comic positions. Instead of the hard-hearted uncle there is the master-tailor, possessed of a concession which ensures him a monopoly, rude and overbearing, insulting his customers, turning away the journeyman who has been with him eighteen years because he applies for a concession, and abusing the "radical-national-social-liberal" party in terms borrowed from one of the speakers against free trade in the Chambers. The dashing young lover is of course the head journeyman, who has been engaged an immense time to the *demoiselle du comptoir*, and who can only marry by obtaining a concession. The intriguing lady of a certain age, who is to entice the lover from his allegiance and the uncle from his respectability, is a tailor's widow, who has already buried two husbands, and can command any further number by virtue of the Real Right she has inherited. Given the system of trade (and it is given in another chapter) and such characters are predicable. Nor are they at all exaggerated; every one acquainted with Munich tradesmen can tell you of similar instances. The master-tailor in the play tells his customer that his coat will be ready whenever he (the tailor) chooses, that he makes for the King, and does not care for commoners' money. A man brings back a coat to be mended. "I won't mend your coat for you," growls the tailor. "But you made it," urges the servant. "That's an honour for the man who wears it," the tailor replies. Do you think this is overdrawn? What do you say to this? An Englishman ordered a coat, was measured, and asked when it would be ready to be tried on. "Tried on! I make for Count This

and Prince That, and they never have their coats tried on. If you want to have your coat tried on, you must go to some other tailor." The coat comes home, and is large enough to accommodate another gentleman at the same time as the one for whom it was made. It is sent to the tailor to be altered, but he makes for Count This and Prince That, and they never want their coats altered.

Sticklers for the dignity of the Court and National Theatre might object to this piece as wanting in reserve and decorum. It seemed to take generally with the public, though probably a great many of the spectators were engaged in trade, and several were on the side of monopoly. But the blindness of satirized persons to the *mutato nomine* is proverbial, and Julius Cæsar, when held up to execration under another name, remains as unmoved as other Cæsars threatened obliquely with his fate.

CHAPTER XV.

CONCERTS IN MUNICH.

A STRANGER who should arrive in Munich about half-past five in the afternoon, would be astonished at the sight of parties of ladies, their evening dress partially hidden under cloaks, and their elaborate coiffures under mufflers, walking down all the streets towards one central point. If he inquired the meaning of it, the only answer would be, that one of the concerts of the Musical Academy was to be held that evening; and a little more information would make him thoroughly au fait with the oddity of the sight. All these ladies, not one of them attended by a gentleman, some in parties, some with a servant, some quite alone, are going an hour before the concert begins. Presently you meet troops of servants coming away from the building with the cloaks and mufflers their mistresses have worn, and from the entire absence of men you begin to think that Munich is peopled on the same principle as the female town in Tennyson's Princess.

It isa lmost worth while going early, and taking a place in order to watch the process of filling. The concerts of the Musical Academy are held in the Odeon of

Munich, a large building, the chief hall of which holds a thousand people without squeezing. There are rows of chairs all down the body; but they are none of them numbered, and no seats are reserved, save the first row, by courtesy, for the high society. The real reason for not numbering the chairs is, of course, that there may be no limit to the number of tickets issued; and the reason why the people do not remonstrate against the inconvenience is, that the tradespeople, by going early, can get the best seats without extra charge. And the people of Munich never seem to object to waiting. The room is always full half an hour before the concert begins. At three quarters of an hour before, it begins to fill rapidly; and at the half hour there is not another seat to be had. But the reason assigned for leaving the places to be scrambled for is, that the concerts are private; that every one present is the guest of the Musical Academy; and that if the seats were numbered, the privacy would cease. Certainly scrambling is the strangest sort of privacy; and one would think that by securing each one a seat, and only issuing as many tickets as there were places, you would be treating your hearers more as guests than by the present method. But logic is not the strong point of the Bavarian mind.

Let us suppose, however, that you have overcome the natural repugnance of an Englishman to go an hour before the time of beginning, and have taken a good place near the door, so as to get out among the first. At the three quarters the people pour in; and if you are a lady, the examination of their toilettes will sufficiently occupy your time. Full dress is considered

requisite for these concerts, though at the Opera no such custom prevails. Nothing but ladies; generally family parties of nine or ten at a time; certainly ten ladies to every gentleman. For gentlemen are not supposed to sit down; so they mostly come later, and stand down the sides of the room. All the ladies who come first take seats down the middle, on either side of the passage, instead of getting near the door, with a view of being spoken to by the king. Here comes a blind school, tied together by ropes, and led to their places, each one feeling the direction taken by the one before, and the procession headed by a man who sees.

At about six, when the body of the hall is full, and no more seats to be had, save by dexterity and quickness of sight, the orchestra begins to arrive, and the fashionable people. These take their places in front, immediately behind the chairs reserved for the Royal Family. If *you* want a seat now, your only hope is to detect some lady sitting on two or three chairs, for the better exercise of her prerogative, as wearer of crinoline. Many ladies begin by assuming two chairs, at the least; a family party of three will sometimes take six between them, and be gradually reduced to their own number. The manœuvres of mothers who have come late with their daughters, or middle-aged ladies who have consented to chaperon young tribes, are quite interesting. The quick scent they have for empty chairs under masses of crinoline would make the fortune of foxhounds, and they ferret out seats in the most crowded rows as trained dogs smell out truffles. I once noticed a lady whose soul, eyes, and ears, were

all devoted to advantageous places. Before the concert began, she had placed her young charge in different rows, and every minute she was up on tiptoes, examining, and peering all round her. Now she suddenly left her chair, and darted off after one that was vacant, beckoned one of her girls from a distant row, and transplanted her. The faintest movement of a chair during the symphony struck her practised ear, and her head was instantly round in that direction.

It is now half-past six, and we only wait for the king. But we could not think of beginning without him. Not a sign of impatience is shown by people who have been sitting an hour, though time is fully up, and every thing is ready. The king, like ourselves, is a guest of the Musical Academy, and they cannot but wait for their most distinguished guest. At last he comes; everybody stands up; he sits down; everybody sits down; and the concert begins. First comes a symphony, which is generally well chosen, and always well played. The Munich orchestra is justly celebrated for its united powers, and it produces solo players on occasion who are worthy of equal praise. The poor part of the concert is generally the vocal part; the pieces are not well chosen, the singers are poor, and the general execution is faulty. But to the people who frequent the concerts, the music seems only a secondary consideration. I do not dispute their taste; they seem to enjoy music when it is good, though they do not abominate it when it is bad. But the crowd at every concert is a matter of fashion and of custom. Most people go because the rest go; a great many because they hope

to be spoken to by the king; a great many more because their husbands have gone to their clubs, and they have nothing to do at home. Even if the taste of the people is good as regards their own music, it has no idea of Italian music. Chapel-master Lachner, a composer of some eminence in Germany, and admirably adapted for his bâton of conductor, is supposed to have called Rossini a fiddler; and the general distaste of Munich for Italian music is only too notorious. Even in Vienna there is a want of spirit in giving Italian music; the time drags, and the *brio* is suffered to evaporate. Yet in Vienna there has been an Italian opera time out of mind. Cimarosa composed his greatest work for Vienna; Rossini was fêted and idolised there.

Besides their natural want of taste for Italian music, the people of Munich object to it on political grounds. Politics influence these things in the most remarkable way throughout Germany. At present the universal hostility felt for the French is obtruded on all questions of art, and the antipathy of retrograde Munich to Italy shows itself with equal strength. During the war of 1859, a French company of actors, which was accustomed to make the tour of Germany, was not allowed to perform; and a German poet, who translated some poems of Giusti, was accused of treason to his country. When Gounod's Faust was given in Munich, a musical critic began his account of it by remarking that it might safely be applauded, as it had no affinity with the existing dynasty. The mode of judging was strange, but the reason assigned was yet stranger. One of the librettists of Faust had written a volume of severe poems

against the Napoleonic dynasty, called Iambes. It turned out, after all, that these poems were written by a namesake of the librettist.

But in spite of all these unfavourable symptoms, I believe that many persons frequent the concerts for the sake of the music. There is a perceptible difference in the number of people according as a symphony of Beethoven is given, or a symphony of Schumann. And therefore a list of the production of the concerts will give not quite an exact, but certainly some idea of the musical taste of Munich.

In 1860, the Musical Academy celebrated its golden wedding, the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation. On this occasion a little book was published, giving a list of all the pieces that had been performed during this fifty years existence. In symphonies Beethoven bears away the palm, his symphony in A having been given twenty-three times; Mozart is second: in overtures Beethoven is again the first, with sixty-eight performances; Weber is second, with forty-nine; Cherubini third, with forty-five; then Vogler thirty, Spontini twenty-one, Méhul twenty, Rossini sixteen, and Mozart twelve. In oratorios, Haydn's Creation, seventeen times; Beethoven's Mount of Olives, eleven times; Mozart's Requiem, three; Handel's Messiah and Judas Maccabeus, two, and his Alexander's Feast, four. I need not go into the enumeration of cantatas and arias, save to mention that in arias Rossini has that undisputed pre-eminence which should have been given him in overtures also; but in the few kinds I have selected, English judgments will find much food for remark. We should probably not

care to hear Beethoven's symphonies quite so often to the exclusion of his competitors, and we should certainly find the arrangement of the oratorios both strange and reprehensible. The Creation is not ranked in England so high as it seems to be ranked in Munich, and our favourite Messiah is unduly neglected. Where is Mendelssohn too, and that Elijah, which must inaugurate every musical festival in England? There is not one mention of it in the book. Paulus has been given once it seems, and in other branches Mendelssohn is not absent from the scene. But that monopoly of musical genius that many English minds would accord him, that constant repetition and constant imitation of our concert-leaders, is not his in Germany. I do not think it is any disrespect to his name to prefer the works in which he succeeded to those in which he fell very far short of his models, to praise his really admirable works, and abstain from hearing those which were beyond him.

To me the injustice shown by the Musical Academy to Italian music, far outweighs any injustice to German. It is possible that singers may be wanted to do justice to the oratorios of Handel, as the vocal part of the concerts is always the weakest. And we English are become by constant hearing as great idolators of Handel as Germans are of Beethoven. I own that I have a thorough English appreciation of Handel; but it is entirely owing to my English opportunities of hearing him. No other nation, however musical it may be, has the same love for him as the English. North Germans of musical education have very little acquaintance with

him, while in Italy you would find his name positively unknown. But I cannot by any such arguments excuse the neglect and the ill favour shown by Munich to the music of Italy. A nation so cultivated as the Germans ought to have greater tolerance towards the styles of other nations, and Munich, which prefers Strauss to Mendelssohn, ought not to sacrifice Rossini to Beethoven. The deaf Polyphemus of Vienna might growl in his cavern against the Ulysses who was sailing prosperously away, but there is no need for Beethoven's admirers to echo his injustice. We shrug our shoulders when reminded that Beethoven called Rossini a scene painter, who might have been a good musician if his master had flogged him more, but we can but sneer when Capellmeister Lachner calls Rossini a fiddler.

Nor is this injustice merely confined to the more modern Italian school. I once went to the opera in Munich to hear Cimarosa's "Matrimonio Segreto," a work of such fame and eminence, that to this day the story is told how the Emperor of Austria had it given twice over the same evening. It contains, too, an air for the tenor (the celebrated *Pria che spunti*), which is considered by good authorities the first tenor air in the world, superior even to Mozart's *Il mio tesoro*. The air would be remarkable enough from its origin; for it is said that Cimarosa was walking about the hills that surround Prague, when it suddenly came into his mind. One would think that in giving such an opera, the Musical Academy could supply a tenor fit to sing more than concerted pieces, and would feel bound to devote some care and energy to the study and production. So

far from this, the gem of all opera buffas was turned into a low German *Posse*; one of those farces given in suburban booths or beer gardens. Some of the best duets were left out, many other airs were turned into recitations, and the gem of the whole, the air which I went to the opera to hear, not so much as hinted at. In a capital which had the slightest pretension to musical taste, such an outrage could not pass unnoticed; but not one of the audience seemed to be aware that anything was wanting. Herr Lachner did not think it necessary to direct the performance himself, sufficiently showing his estimation of Cimarosa. After this, who would say that the play of Hamlet, with the part of Hamlet left out, is a phrase that has been too often repeated?

These thoughts are supposed to pass through our minds during the symphony. After the symphony there is a pause, generally of half an hour; and this pause is the most characteristic part of the concert. The king now goes round the hall, speaking to the people. You now see why all they that came first took seats down the middle, and by watching attentively you enjoy a most original and most exciting spectacle. The reigning king, Maximilian, seldom appears at these concerts, and his journeys round the room are far less complete than those of his father. It is the ex-king, Ludwig, who generally comes to the concerts, and whose proceedings are so well worth watching. I confess I do not go merely for the purpose of seeing him, as many of the audience seem to do; but in writing of the concerts he is certainly the chief figure. He first goes

round the court circle at the top, with a word to the chief nobles, and a few smirks for each of the ladies. Then he suddenly darts off down the room, and is seen "bobbing around," like the refrain of that American song which has been naturalised in England.

It must be premised that in figure and character the old king is decidedly strange. Look, voice, gestures, are all funny. He is given to saying rude things, which of course cannot be resented. He is quite deaf, though he believes that he was cured of deafness by Prince Hohenlohe's miracles, and that he can hear as well as the rest of mankind. For in Prince Hohenlohe's miracles faith was the essential, and generally faith was all that came of them. If you submitted yourself to the prince, and were not cured, he answered that your faith failed; and he warned you beforehand that, unless you had faith, no cure could be worked on you. King Ludwig's faith certainly did not fail, nor has it failed yet; but unfortunately his deafness has kept pace with it. He won't allow people to speak loud to him, nor to speak close to his ear, telling them that he hears perfectly. As a rule, he does not hear a word, and generally abuses people for not speaking loud enough, and then abuses them again if they shout. At the concerts, however, the replies are given more in pantomime than in speech; and you can often tell from the other end of the room what is being said, as well as the king who is close. You can always tell where he is, by seeing a respectful circle of faces and a head bobbing violently in the midst. There is a large bump on his forehead, which is supposed to have arisen

from one of these bobs; for he is also in the habit of pulling people towards him and speaking close in their ears.

There are some anecdotes recorded of him in connexion with these concerts.

It is said he once went up to a young lady, to whom he was a stranger, and began to question her. "Married?" he asked, in a loud tone.

"No, your majesty."

"Children?" he went on, not having heard the first answer.

"No," exclaimed the young lady; this time loud enough for the word to catch the royal ear.

But in German, and especially in South German, the word *no* and the number *nine* are pronounced exactly alike; and the king interpreted the young lady's answer as being numeral instead of negative.

"Nine children!" he said; "too many, too many!"

I was myself present when the following one occurred.

A young Jewess, who kept a shop, and was very vain of her personal appearance, went very early to the concert, and took a seat in the middle. Being short of stature, she had added several inches in her coiffure; and, it is needless to add, had dressed herself up to her coiffure. When she saw the king coming, she stepped forward, so that he could not fail to see her; and no doubt she expected a compliment. But he was not as much captivated as the admirers who daily frequented her shop; and he burst forth, "Not pretty, not pretty at all! more likely hideous. Too high; too high!" putting his hand about a foot over his head, in allusion

to her coiffure. And then he turned back to a lady near, and said, "That's true; isn't it? Not at all pretty?"

Generally, however, to judge from the pleased faces of the audience, the king is more easily suited. The proud, happy smiles and the minute curtseys of the elder ladies, with whom he holds long familiar chats, while the orchestra is waiting, speak to their honest contentment. The myth of the sunflower, always turning to the sun, is here a reality. The whole room basks in the smiles of royalty. Meanwhile strangers are indignant at the enormous pause between the parts, and wonder at the excess of loyalty which permits no stamping or shuffling. But as every French soldier was said to carry a marshal's *bâton* in his knapsack, so every one in the hall thinks the king may come round that way and speak to him. Expectation sits in the air, and scarcely misses the more prosaic seat that has been purchased by so long an attendance.

The excellence of the orchestra, and the presence of the court, make these concerts the principal ones in Munich. But they are by no means the only ones. Every now and then an organist of one of the churches, or a quartet of the young musicians, or a travelling virtuoso, hires a room and performs; though generally with results very different from those I have described. A winter or two back came a brace of English violinists, brothers, who trusted too far to the artistic reputation of Munich, and did not clear their expenses. A Prussian gentleman, however, who has been settled a little time at Munich, and who gives chronological perform-

ances on the piano, is more fortunate. It must be owned that his play is perfect, and to some extent free of the coxcombry which pianists are so much given to affecting. Perhaps he has "taken out" enough coxcombry in his general appearance, and in the French name he has manufactured by a literal translation of his original German name, to be able to spare the piano all the airs and affectations of ordinary players.

But we breathe a very different atmosphere from that of these gas-lit rooms, brilliant though the company, and brilliant the play, when we get out into the open air, to one of the many gardens about Munich. How pleasant it is to sit on a bench and listen to the music of some military brass band or society of instrumentalists! It is May; but this year everything is early, and the leaves already form a dense canopy around and above. The air is thick with the smell of lilac, which in its different shades of hue is massed on the bushes. The sounds of merry laughter and voices singing glees come, with the splash of oars, from the near lake. The benches are thronged with quiet family parties, drinking their coffee or beer; the ladies knitting as hard as ever, and the gentlemen smoking. In one corner, the children of several families have got together, into a large swing-boat, and are being swung by an energetic boy in his shirt-sleeves. And so perfect is the picture of enjoyment and content, that even professors of theology pause as they pass by, and look with friendly eyes on the paradise of their humbler countrymen.

CHAPTER XVI.

BEER.

For what is Munich most celebrated? For Art, would be the reply of passing visitors, learned in guide-books. But the inhabitants pay very little regard to this distinction; art has had no civilising or ennobling effect on them; their knowledge of it is small, and their appreciation small; and the chief names in Munich art are of men from other countries. Liebig, would be the reply of men of science. But Liebig is more known in England than in Munich, and certainly more justly valued. The only feeling a true Bavarian has for Liebig is jealousy; is he not a North German and a Protestant? In his eyes social progress is of more account than fervent faith, and he believes that a knowledge of the laws of our being does more to promote the welfare of a nation than blind trust in a continual overruling of those laws. He must be put out of the question, and Art being also excluded, only one answer remains. Munich is most celebrated for its beer.

Listen to the conversation of Bavarians, it turns on beer. See to what the thoughts of the exile recur, to the beer of his country. Sit down in a coffee-house or

eating-house and the waiter brings you beer unordered, and when you have emptied your glass, replenishes it without a summons. Tell a doctor the climate of Munich does not agree with you, and he will ask you if you drink enough beer. Arrive at a place before the steamer or train is due, and you are told you have so long to drink beer. Go to balls, and you find that it replaces champagne with the rich and dancing with the poor. (I once went to a servants' ball and stayed there some time; but when I came away dancing had not begun, and all the society was sitting as still as ever drinking beer.) Moreover Bavarian beer goes to all other towns in Germany, and is drunk in each with more rapture than its native beverage. You get it in Stockholm, and it is even imitated in Norway, though the strong flavour of turpentine that hovers through the Norwegian "Bayerskt Öl" is an addition, and not an improvement. Aye, Paris with all its most exquisite wines is not too proud to put placards of Bière de Bavière in its windows, to vie with the porter-bier (stout) on the cartes of the most fashionable restaurants.

I am sure that many a traveller after spending his morning in the galleries and churches, after being marched through the palace and round the large empty frescoes during weary hours, has felt real pleasure in sitting calmly down behind a stone-mug of cool beer, and has called it the genuine art of Munich. Here for the first time he finds life and soul, nature and expression. He sees the people enjoying themselves, and knows more of their habits and their way of thinking than any number of the sights can teach him. And as

he stretches his weary limbs and rests his burning eyes, and his head begins to feel less giddy, and his brain expands again to its natural size, he asks why this national life was not encouraged and developed; why nothing was left to grow out of this popular taste instead of the crude unmeaning art that has been forced on a nation without feeling for it? How much more genuine it would have been, in Mr. Ruskin's sense of the word, if King Ludwig had built a large beer-hall and let all his artists adorn it with frescoes that could speak to the people, instead of all his temples and Italian copies and histories of saints and mediæval Germans! And when the traveller looks back gratefully on his summers abroad, Munich is associated solely with his stone-mug of beer, a pleasant picture of perennial coolness amidst "the dust and din of London life."

It is, indeed, much to be regretted that the goddess of Munich joy and coolness, should not have chosen a fitter dwelling. Art, both ancient and modern, is splendidly housed; the old pictures have their Italian palace, and the statues their Ionic temple, while the new pictures have a large and convenient building which typifies modern art as aptly as palace and temple typifies the ancient. Learning has its noble Byzantine library, war its colonnade, and victory its triumphal arch. Royalty is enclosed by a street front in imitation of the Pitti and a Palladian garden front; everything has its splendid halls and its copious ornaments;—only beer, the darling of the people, the genius that presides over all their festivities, has no worthy abode. The

Court brew-house, the chief resort of all beer-drinkers, and the producer of the best beer, is disgracefully neglected. You find your way through narrow streets, old remnants of mediævalism that still exist close to the centre of modern civilisation, to a bare place with low doorways and a mean aspect. This small square is called the Platzl, and one house in it is celebrated as having been the residence of the composer Orlando di Lasso, who died in 1599; the house still bears his name, and sells beer under it. Under one of the low archways in this square you pass, and come to a yard full of people. Some stand in groups in the middle, holding glasses of beer in their hands; if a cask happens to stand there it is used alternately as a chair and a table. The yard is long and narrow, and on one side a number of tables stand out from the wall, looking more like stalls in a stable with their high wooden partitions and the narrow roof over them to keep off the rain. On the other side of the yard is a small doorway which leads to the kitchen and bar. Men pass in and out bringing back plates of meat or cheese, or often a sausage and bread from the kitchen, and stop to buy radishes from an itinerant vendor just outside the door. The bar, if the name be at all applicable, has a fountain of running water, and two stands of stone mugs, one on each side of the fountain. You take a mug and wash it at the spout, then walk to the table and have it filled from a cask. With this you go in quest of a table, and if you can find one empty, and a bit of newspaper to wipe off the cheese parings and turnip parings accumulated upon it, you may consider yourself settled. An

old man hovers about the tables, and when your first quart is drunk you may be able to dispense with the trouble of getting yourself a second. After each quart such trouble becomes greater, and the old man's assistance will be the more willingly remunerated the more often you feel bound to call for it.

If the old man were not called too often, and had time enough left him to write his autobiography, a most instructive volume might be produced. A place which is the rendezvous of all the nationalism in Munich, and which has its old habitués, must have witnessed many singular scenes, and must have curious anecdotes to relate. Those old men who sit day after day in the Court brew-house, surely they might be as interesting characters as the old club frequenters in London. But it is not worth one's while to spend one's time drinking beer in this miserable yard on the chance of picking up some good characters among them; one might risk the loss of one's powers of observation and one's memory if one drank enough beer to occupy the time of one's stay, and without drinking beer, how could one stay in such a place? Attempting to get characters of old topers in the plural, one might only succeed in getting the character of one in the singular, and though at first the danger seems small, there is no knowing what might not be done by the force of habit. How else explain the daily presence of professors and men of learning; how else account for the first authorities on abstruse subjects of study passing every evening of their lives in the company of beer? Yet one would like to know with certainty if all the stories one hears is true. One

would gaze, not exactly with admiration but with the feelings of a scientific explorer, on people who drink thirty quarts of beer a-day; and one cannot accept from mere hearsay that story of beer drunk for a wager, when the victor drank eighty quarts at a sitting. Why does not some Munich artist give us a picture of the Hofbräuhaus or the Bockkeller, as a companion to Hogarth's Beer Street? Faithfully rendered, such a picture would serve to fill up the want of the old man's autobiography, and would enable us to judge better of the truth of the anecdotes in circulation. Nor, if rumour is to be believed, are the painters of Munich ignorant of these places. They would hardly feel any unwillingness in making studies of Præ-Raphaelite truthfulness for such a picture.

The scene I have described is the normal state of the Hofbräuhaus. Summer and winter the same drinking goes on, and it is reported that in the olden days, before the discovery of the Bavarian Highlands, the cool beer cellar was the summer retreat of the Munich world. But there are other places of resort, which are only open at certain times of year. Two sorts of Munich beer are only allowed limited times for brewing; the celebrated Bock which is brewed and drunk only in May, and the Salvator beer only in March. Old privileges and old restrictions are the causes both of the permission to brew these stronger kinds, and of the short period in which they may be dispensed. A controversy took place in the Munich newspapers touching the origin of Bock, one party declaring that it owed its strength and excellence to its being brewed

on the English principle; the other that it came originally from Eimbeck in Hanover, adding, that the word Bock is only a corruption of Eimbeck. One would gladly believe the first story if the arguments against it were not strong, for the excellence of Bock is such that English brewers should be proud to recognise it as their offspring. It is said that Maximilian the First of Bavaria, the Elector or Kurfürst, whose name occurs so often in the History of the Thirty Years' War, and who alone of all the principal actors in that drama survived to the end, consulted an English doctor, whose acquaintance he had made in some of his campaigns, about the health of the Electress. The doctor recommended her porter, and ordered several casks of it. The Kurfürstin thrived under the treatment; but as it cost very much to have the casks brought from England, and as the length of the journey caused much of the drink to be spoiled, the Kurfürst sent his head brewer to England to study the English system of brewing. In a year the brewer returned, and the first porter-beer concocted on the English principle was brewed in 1623, and the first glass of it put on the table on the 12th of October, the name-day of the Kurfürst. At first it was only used medicinally, but after a time it was generally adopted as a drink, and brewed fourteen days before and fourteen days after Corpus Christi, from the middle of May to the middle of June. In answer to this story it is urged that in a paper, existing in the archives of Munich, an Erfurt burgher is authorised to transport Eimbeck beer to Munich in 1553; that in one of the accounts of the Munich Court,

dated 1574, Eimbeck beer is also mentioned; and that in a police decree of 1616 the name Bock is found as the name of a beer to be brewed only for the sick. I fear these facts are sufficiently conclusive to deprive England of the glory of originating Bock. But we are not altogether deprived of it, even if our brewers did not supply the model; for the statement which annuls the claim of England gives us the more reason to rejoice in the joy of Hanover.

Even if we are still inclined to doubt of the origin of Bock, unwilling to surrender our national monopoly of all good beer, and saying with the hero of Maud, "I know not whether it came in the Hanover ship," we must at least admit its excellence, a point on which there can be no dispute. I could linger long on the subject were it not that a friend has already exhausted it in the columns of the Parthenon. And as I can add nothing to his description I must be silent, merely quoting the words in which Heine has preserved the memory of Bock, in the exquisitely satirical poem he addressed to Dingelstedt on taking the direction of the Munich Theatre :—

"That's a lovely situation!
Glorious Bock, too, sparkles here,
Phantasy, imagination
Stirring up, the best of beer."

I cannot call to mind the tradition relating to the origin of Salvator beer. Of course there is some tradition to account for the privilege of brewing it being granted, and for the especial time chosen for brewing it. The weeks before Easter are the time, and a brewer

living beyond the Au suburb is the privileged person. The right bank of the Isar rises in a hill looking down on the flat ground on the left bank where the town of Munich is built, and this high bank is mounted during the month of March by many weary pilgrims to the refreshing shrine. Before you reach the shade of trees varied by fluttering flags and attracting with the sound of music, you pass the brewery with a little fountain sparkling in the sun, and a neat airy look of well-being. A few paces further is the scene of action. You enter grounds which want dusting and keeping, and find tables set out among the trees, and seats occupied by men and women of all classes. At the end is a large shed with flags over the doorway, and within are crowds of people waiting for their stone mug of beer. Radishes wander about as in the Hofbräuhaus, and plates of meat and bread come out of the shed as well as beer. It was a bright sunny day when I came to the Salvator Cellar with a comrade, and we chose seats in the shade while we drank. All the tables were full, and half Munich was either there already, or coming there. The band played at intervals, and every tongue was loosed by the strong beer. For Salvator is the strongest of all that is brewed in Munich, and is eschewed by many prudent topers. Men who drink beer all day, and then take a glass of Bock every morning in May as a cure for drinking too much all the year round, avoid Salvator, or take it in extreme moderation. People are supposed to get drunk in March, and every one who does not walk with the firmness of a sentry is said to be suffering under the influence of the season. As we

came back from our moderate indulgence, my comrade was taxed with an unsteady gait by friends who met us, though he was a north German and averse to deep potations. The tongue, however, is apt to be loosed after Salvator beer, and if the Père Bouhours was to meet Germans returning from that draught, he might answer his famous question in the affirmative. *Est-ce qu'un Allemand peut avoir de l'esprit?* would not again be uttered, unless French wine-drinkers should allege that the German wit was only *esprit de bière*. But a German has such a hearty contagious way of making jokes that you cannot resist chiming in with his laughter. I remember as we walked back through the Au suburb, which is so singular a contrast to the regularity of Munich, its low village cottages piled together in face of some grand building, and its out-of-the-way streets seeming a poor threshold to the great new church with the Gothic pinnacles and painted glass, that we stopped before a little hovel on which was written "Real beer tavern." Next door to it was a similar cottage labelled Upholsterer's, and a small piece of a bedstead was propped up outside to certify the fact. Nothing larger than a chair could have got in at the door of the upholsterer's, nor could a stout drinker have found his way out of the door of the beer-house. "But observe the importance of the adjective," said my companion. "Real, you see, emphatically real—not ideal." Just after this he was accused of unsteadiness in his gait.

The Bavarians attribute the excellence of their beer to the strictness of the regulations on brewing. Twice a year the Government fixes the price at which beer is

to be sold, one price for summer beer, another for winter. If a brewer, or beerhouse-keeper, sells any below the Government price, he is fined, just as he would be if his tankards were not of the right measure. By such stringent rules it is supposed that a monopoly of beer by the great houses is prevented, and the natural results of a monopoly, carelessness and badness. Yet if there is such a desire to banish monopoly in this point, why is it left to flourish in all others? Why does restriction, which produces such bad effects in the general trade of Munich, produce good ones in the matter of beer? The trade laws are in all other matters promoters of monopoly, and encourage bad workmanship. It is also worthy of remark that the Court brewery is about the only institution of the kind that flourishes. The Royal Porcelain Manufactory is so celebrated for the bad quality of its ware that attempts are at last being made to have it transferred to private hands. The Bronze Foundry never paid its expenses, nor turned out good workmanship till it passed out of the hands of royalty. But the Hofbräu beer is universally admitted to be the best in Munich, and about mid-day the crush of servants bringing their jugs, or masspots, for their masters' dinner is very great. For in Munich it is not the custom to have beer in casks or in bottle. Everybody sends out just before dinner, generally to the nearest beer-house, for the quantity required. In London the experiment perhaps would hardly answer, for public-house beer has not quite the reputation of Bass. But there are very many good beer-houses in Munich in proportion to the extent

of the town, and if one does not suit, it is easy for the servant to go to another. About the dinner hour you meet servants of every rank going in quest of beer. Not only those families who cannot afford to buy it by casks, or to drink it in bottles, but all families, from the least to the greatest. I have never seen the royal flunkeys walking across the street to bring the Queen that beer she is so fond of drinking, but I have seen a very grand footman in livery strolling leisurely home with a great glass jug of beer in his hand. The beer glasses of Germany are well known, and I think Munich produces as good specimens as Bohemia or Hungary. You may give as much as £12 for a very refined pint glass with exquisite carving, and a top of oxidised silver on the shield of which your crest is engraved.

Little more need be said of the beer-gardens of Munich after the Salvator Cellar. With slight variations, a description of the wine-gardens of the Rhine and of the out-of-door places of resort in Berlin and Dresden would apply to them, and so much has been written on the subject that nothing new remains to be told. Who has not read of the music playing in one part, and the tables set out all round, the happy family groups knitting or sewing while sipping their coffee, or drinking their beer? Gardens such as these abound in the neighbourhood of Munich, in the English garden and up the Isar, besides those in the more open part of the town. There is an establishment on an island at the end of the new Maximilian Strasse, called the Prater, where are fireworks in summer and masked balls in the Carnival. In another part are great halls which are

used for balls and assemblies, dropping for a time their exclusive connection with beer. The sarcasms that Byron showered on the romantic names of dismal streets in London suburbs might not be inapplicable to the names of some of these places. "The Meadow" seems almost too idyllic a title for the scene of masked balls frequented by the lower orders; the Elysium is only the Elysium of people without refinement of taste, and the Westend hall would not be accepted as having any connexion with the west end of London. There is a Schiller garden and a beer-house called after the composer Orlando di Lasso, but a man who wanted to call his beer-house after the philosopher Schelling was prevented. The magistrate, with whom the decision rested, said it was not meet that the name of Schelling should be coupled with a beer-shop, and thus the philosopher of Munich was refused the modern title to eminence, the fame accorded to Gibbon. "Gibbon," says Mr. Bagehot, in his Essays, "still retains a fame unaccorded to any other historian: they speak of the *Hôtel* Gibbon; there never was even an *Estaminet* Tacitus, or a *Café* Thucydides." It is amusing to conjecture the reasons which prevailed on the magistrate to refuse the permission. Is Schelling so much more reverend than Schiller; is philosophy less addicted to beer than poetry? Or was it that the sagacious magistrate feared the introduction of anything ideal into the real world of beer-houses, and knowing the doubt and distraction that have been caused by German philosophy, would have no such cobwebs floating in the minds of the votaries of beer?

CHAPTER XVII.

HOUSES.

For some time past the demand for houses in Munich has greatly exceeded the supply, and the usual consequences of an understocked market have arisen. Rents have increased out of all proportion to other prices; house-owners have grown insolent and tyrannical; speculators have run up bad buildings, and made ill-gotten gains, which have prospered; and families have been at the mercy of all three. Moreover, the law in Munich is on the side of the owner, and the tenant has no possible redress. Now, at last, steps have been taken to create a much greater supply of lodgings, and to alter the iniquitous law against lodgers. But in the meantime let me sketch the state of dwelling-houses in Munich, and put down my sad experiences.

As in continental towns generally, we inhabit floors. Much has been said for and against this system, to which Englishmen submit willingly enough in Paris and Rome, but which they consider unsuited to English notions in London. The houses in Victoria Street are pointed to as proofs of this assertion; though the enormous rents demanded, the gloomy and low situation,

are probably better reasons for their failure than anything in the English character. Few, even, of the richer classes in Munich, have a house to themselves, save in the case of people living in small houses beyond the limits of the actual town, and the majority of houses, both old and new, were built on the principle of separate floors. One inconvenience this system certainly possesses, you cannot buy your own house. If you buy it, that is, you must buy other people's at the same time; from a tenant you must become a landlord. In the present defenceless state of tenants they would be glad enough if each could buy his own floor; but few would care to rise suddenly into the onerous and detested position of landlord of a four-storied house, even if they could afford the outlay.

But, even with this disadvantage, the flat system has many points superior to the ordinary English manner of building. Being all on the same floor, the rooms are almost invariably *en suite*, convenient, as giving you a greater command over your space, a power of marshalling your rooms when you wish to receive company, and as enabling you to avoid cold passages. The multiplication of doors is perhaps an evil, especially when the primitive notions of Munich architects have led them to put the doors in the most inconvenient places. Moreover, as Alfred de Musset has proved in one of his exquisite *Proverbes*, *Il faut qu'une porte soit ouverte ou fermée*, both of which alternatives are apt to be inconvenient. Again, the *porte cochère* is an immense convenience, which ladies going out to balls or parties in the snow or rain can perfectly appreciate. It has always

been a wonder to me how a lady can come down those three steps that lead from the door of a London house to the street, through those open pillars that do not give the slightest protection, and then cross the side pavement to get to her carriage, without being drenched, her satin shoes ruined, and her dress destroyed. Yet, unless a lady is carried in a sedan chair from the hall into her carriage, as a shell is put in the mouth of a gun, I cannot conceive her escaping. With the *porte cochère* there is no fear of the least damage to ball dress or ball shoes. Yet there is a disadvantage attending on the *porte cochère*, which is most sensibly felt in the crowded part of a town. It implies a court in the centre of the house, and rooms looking on that court; of course, in the centre of the town there cannot be much room allotted to this court, and the rooms that look on it are necessarily dark and dreary, each one moreover commanded by the windows of all the others. The ghastliness of many of the rooms looking into these courts in the older parts of Munich can hardly be imagined, save by those who have seen the gloomy side of German life. In the freer quarters the objection has been overcome by making the entrance at the back under cover, so that the front of the lower floor is not broken, and there is a free circulation round the house. But of course this can only be done where you have sufficient space at your disposal. And there is, after all, no great choice between back rooms, and rooms on a court.

The disadvantages attendant on Munich houses do not spring from this or that system of building, but

from bad laws, bad landlords, and bad building, all three to some extent the growth of the Bavarian character. To begin with the landlords; the power that excess of demand has given them has made them in the highest degree despotic and overbearing. I find that this class of beings is generally unpopular; in Paris they are made the constant butt of caricaturists and comic writers, and philosophers have seriously discussed the advisability of hanging one-half of them. The remedy would probably have some good effects in Munich. Here the house-owners exact the most absurd conditions from their tenants. You see advertisements of apartments to be let only to childless families, as if a family could dispose of its children at a moment's notice, to please the landlord's fancy. In furnished apartments, where there are rich carpets and elegant fittings, you can understand some such clauses as these being inserted; but in Munich houses this exaggerated delicacy is peculiarly out of place. Again, I heard of a landlord who gave his tenant notice to quit because the tenant's wife did not bow to the landlord's wife. And not only are these men thus exacting and uncivil, but they will not take care of their own houses. Whatever repairs have to be made it is useless to expect the landlord to make them. Their first word is, when you go to look at a house, "I do nothing;" and if the floors are broken, the paint rubbed off, the paper torn, you need expect no remedy from them. If you are incautious enough to do anything yourself towards making the house more comfortable, beware! So far from feeling gratitude to you for repairing his property and doing

his duty, the landlord instantly raises your rent. Houses in Munich are taken from six months to six months, and fourteen days are allowed after each term day for landlord and tenant to make up their minds. If, therefore, you come in at Michaelmas, and begin to paper your room before the fourteen days are expired, the landlord is sure to wait on you at the end of the fourteen days, with the announcement, that after next term you must pay so much more rent. To such a pitch is the despotism of landlords carried, that a story was spread about Munich to the effect, that the editor of a paper, whose politics were obnoxious to genuine Bavarians, could not find a house to hold him; and though this was not true, yet it was very difficult for the newspaper in question to find an office. One editor had to buy a house, and become proprietor in Munich, owing to a league that was formed against him, and many other tenants would be happy if they had the same command of money, and could also be independent of the race of owners.

An Englishman will naturally ask,—Why not make the man give you a lease? And many Germans ask the same question. The lease would get rid of all the difficulties, draw the teeth of the landlords, give rest to the tenants, and after a time even the landlords would discover that it was more their interest to behave honestly and uprightly than to turn a few knavish pennies, and perhaps be ruined in the end. But here the law steps in with its admirable provisions. There is a little clause in Munich law which says, "Kauf bricht Miethe," that is, sale breaks hire. A more admirable

device for worrying the tenant can hardly be conceived. If a man buys the house in which you live he can instantly raise your rent, and, if you refuse to pay any more, can turn you out at a fortnight's notice. You may have a lease for any number of years, but it is null and void. And the especial disadvantage that meets you is this, that if you are turned out at a fortnight's notice in the middle of term you can find no other house to take you in. The evil has become so palpable, and has grown to so unbearable a pitch, that a petition was presented to the last Chamber by many inhabitants of Munich, begging that the clause might be rescinded. It can easily be imagined what a field was here presented to knavish speculators. One man runs up a house when there is a great demand for houses, and lets all the apartments at a certain rate. As soon as all are let, for the rent asked in a new house is not generally large, he sells it to another. The second man comes round to all the tenants, and with profuse apologies raises the rents all round. He talks of the great outlay he had made, the high price of the house, &c., and the tenants, sooner than be turned into the street when no other place can be had, calculating the expense of moving their furniture, and the damage that every move entails, consent to pay the addition. The man instantly goes off and sells it to a third, pocketing of course a higher price than he had paid, because the house has risen in value, owing to his raising the rents. And so on till the patience of the tenants is exhausted.

These are the landlords and the laws under which they flourish. But we have by no means got to the

end of grievances when we have settled these two matters. The unpractical nature of the people, as shown in their building and fittings, is even more annoying than their boorishness, as shown in their landlords, and their helplessness, as shown in their laws. The chief point of distinction between the houses in Munich is their age, for the general run of houses seem to be built with much the same characteristics. Descending to details, of course you may find a well-built house side by side with a badly-built one; but the probability is, that their rents will be the same, according to the situation and the number of rooms. In Munich, badness or goodness does not seem to influence rents, in fact good houses are often cheaper than bad ones. In the course of my rounds, before finding a lodging to suit me, I went into two houses not far from each other, and found one which was built with unusual conveniences, was rented for £5 a year less than the other, which had one room less and an utter want of every comfort, even to bareness. These were houses built within six months of each other, but one was run up by a speculator to satisfy the demand. I trust there are not many such houses in Munich, and as my fate compelled me to live in one during the first six months of my stay, I can only pity those who find nothing else at their disposal.

But, as I have just observed, the age of houses in Munich is their distinguishing mark, and the only means of classifying them. I take it that there are three periods of houses; old houses dating from any time till King Ludwig's improvements; houses built

under King Ludwig, and houses built under the present King. Certainly these are divided into three distinct styles. The old houses are those picturesque old German buildings which give their character to such towns as Nuremberg and Augsburg, and which appear in the water-colours of Prout, and of the many artists who spend their summers in sketching over the Continent. We know those high roofs pierced with tiers upon tiers of gable windows, that fantastic ornamentation of scrolls meandering round the projecting windows of the lower stories, the quaint, graceful irregularity of design that relieves the eye after modern uniformity. But no Englishman would care to live in one of these houses, however much he may be charmed by their outsides, or by their interiors on the walls of the Water Colour Society. The Germans have not yet achieved any great triumphs in the art of building, and in earlier ages they could hardly be expected to supply the wants which they neglect even now. I have seen houses of great age in which the front rooms were really grand in their proportions, furnished with mirrors set in the walls, *console* tables below them, and marble mantelpieces; but the practical arrangements at the back of the house were quite disproportioned to this splendour. Besides this, the old houses generally have a smell belonging to them which dwells in all the passages, broods over the staircases, and even issues in solid columns out of the front door. Every house which has long been inhabited by Germans of the middle classes seems to gain this smell, which is partly the result of *sauer kraut*, but is still more owing to that neglect of Liebig's

teaching, which was fully stated in one of the Registrar-General's reports. The mania for niching little rooms into impossible little corners, which is not yet extinct in German builders, naturally prevails in these old houses in the crowded part of the town. Where an English architect would gladly leave a little open space, a German thrusts in a closet without light or air, which is called a *magd-kammer*, and is considered enough for a servant to sleep in. I cannot conceive how a bed can be got in at all in many of the *magd-kammers* I have seen: I am sure the servant must stand on the bed to dress herself. And yet from the invariable custom of advertising an apartment of so many rooms with *magd-kammer* it is evident that these closets are used for servants. The offices are sadly neglected in old Munich, and the general result of an inquiry into certain parts of household arrangements is by no means satisfactory to English families.

The houses dating from the time of King Ludwig are mostly very uniform, filling the streets which he laid out, and planned according to his taste. They are more or less Italian-looking outside, and are in general fairly comfortable within. I am speaking of the best houses, those in the Ludwig's Strasse, and the better streets that run off from it. The houses built under King Max are almost invariably of the modern French style, and while some are well built, and are perhaps the best residences in Munich, after the private houses of the nobility, others are hastily, carelessly, and cheaply run up. However, in all the houses in Munich, as in all branches of life, there is a want of the commonest

precautions to insure comfort, an amount of oversight which is really inexcusable. I doubt if in all Munich there is a piece of furniture that stands, or a floor that is level. The state of the walls generally is infamous, wherever a nail is driven in there is a run of sand or a shock against a stone, and wooden pegs have to be struck in before anything will hold. The annoyance caused by blinds and curtains is enough to wear out any master of a house, for servants never attempt to remedy the evil, and it is of almost daily recurrence. Some of the houses are destitute of the minor comforts that are supposed to form the chief merit of German dwellings; draughts make their way through double windows unimpeded, and revel around the ill-closing doors.

But the most serious evil, which dates from King Ludwig, is the outward uniformity of the streets, and the necessity of submitting your comfort to the caprices of high place. I do not know what grudge the authorities of Munich have against *jalousies*. Any one who has lived in a hot climate knows that they are indispensable to life, and every one who has seen their artistic effect in French and Italian towns will own that they are a most graceful ornament. But in Munich, though for four months the sun is as powerful as in the south, though the new streets have been built excessively wide, so that they may have the full benefit of the sun during winter, you may count the houses with outside shutters on your fingers. Even the new ones which are built in open imitation of Paris, do not possess the great convenience of Parisian houses. Nor is the intense glare of

the sun the only evil which would be avoided by shutters; there is a greater scourge yet which alone should have suggested their adoption. Its exposed situation and the neighbourhood of the mountains lay Munich open to storms that are only known in mountain regions. The size of the hailstones which fall, and the violence with which they sweep the houses, are scarcely conceivable to those who have not witnessed such tempests. It was only the other day that a storm passed over Augsburg, levelling trees, destroying all the fruit and the harvest, and breaking every window on the exposed side of the chief street of the town. It is by no means uncommon for every window to be broken on one side of the Ludwig's Strasse when such storms pass over Munich, and such storms are no rare visitors. I have seen people throw their windows wide open and let the rain beat in, putting cloths to sop it up, sooner than have to pay a glazier's bill for every pane in their windows.

The cost of putting up shutters would probably be less than that of having your windows broken every summer, and many people would long ago have put them up if the law did not interpose. But the law forbids you to alter the outside of your house without permission, and if you live in certain streets without the most especial permission. Here is a gentle reminder on the part of the authorities, which I cut out of a paper in April, 1862.

"WITH REGARD TO THE PAINTING OF HOUSES.

"1. When the first coating has been laid on a house,

or the old one has been freshened up, pure white is not to be employed, but a mild, so-called stone colour which does not hurt the eyes.

"2. It cannot, however, be permitted that two or more houses which form an architectonic whole should be painted differently. Nor is the colouring of the woodwork, of the window frames and shutters, of the house doors, &c., to have a different tint from the façade.

"3. If, therefore, the owner of such a house wishes to alter or to renew the painting of his façade, he must agree with the owners of the other houses as to the colour to be employed, and the time at which it shall take place.

"4. If they cannot agree, any one may make an application, producing a pattern of the colour he wishes to employ, whereupon further steps will be taken.

"5. For those houses near the old Schwabinger Gate, that is on the Odeon's Platz, in the Wittelsbacher Platz, the first and last houses in the Brienner Strasse, and those in the Ludwig's Strasse, the painting is submitted to HIGHER APPROVAL.

"6. The painting of the houses along the English Garden has to be submitted to the Intendant of the Hof Garten.

"7. A weekly report is to be made by the Master of the Works of all alterations in the painting of the houses.

"8. Whoever breaks these rules is liable to have a stop put to his proceedings, and to be punished by fine or arrest."

Uniformity is, therefore, the order of the day in Munich as well as in Paris, reminding us of the soldier's plan for laying out a city which M. About has given in Fougas. In Paris there is some excuse for monotony, for everything springs up at the will of one man and at fabulous speed. But in a town like Munich, where the filling up of streets has to be entrusted to private builders, there is neither the same excuse nor the same necessity. The present King might have been warned by the spectacle of the Ludwig's Strasse not to lay out his Maximilian's Strasse with the same uniformity. And yet we have the same design:

> "Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
> And half the platform just reflects the other."

In truth, the new street is more faulty than the old. It is very prettily laid out with gardens and trees in front, and the houses standing back; but the result is, that the pavement is of no use to the houses, and you have to wade through mud, or dismount in mud, if you would get to them. The houses are generally built without any carriage entrance, but they have excessively high sham double doors, about one-third of which is actually door, the rest being the wall of a room on the first storey. Besides which, having been run up by speculators, not often the most honest or the most enlightened of men, some of these houses have not one convenience, nothing but the bare walls. Some of them had no bells at the front door, and families inhabiting them were compelled to wait for half-an-hour in the snow till they could attract the attention of some one

inside. In most other countries the last builder naturally adopts the existing conveniences, and endeavours to add more, that his house may be an improvement on earlier ones. But in Munich builders abandon the good that existed before, without substituting aught of their own.

Perhaps the most remarkable point in Munich building is, that house architects seem to have studied Ruskin in order to avoid his suggestions and to adopt what he condemns. Thus, all the railway stations in Bavaria are pretty, and the Munich station was embellished the other day with frescoes. I do not myself agree with Ruskin, in condemning pretty railway stations, and it must be remembered that his premises do not apply in Bavaria. But every one will agree in his judgment against placing ornaments too high to be seen, as they have done in Munich with the bas-reliefs in the new National Museum. And all readers of the Edinburgh Lectures must join in the condemnation of the staring, goggle-eyed lion's heads which adorned some building, and with which Millais' spirited drawing of a tiger's head is so admirably contrasted. It was only the other day that I saw the newest house that is being built in Munich, and on its outside, at an enormous height from the ground—it contains seven storeys—were several lion's heads, which, so far as I could make them out, seemed literal copies of the samples in the Edinburgh Lectures.

It is generally asserted that German houses have a great advantage over English and French houses in cold weather, because the custom of putting up double win-

dows prevails throughout Germany. A political philosopher observed that the only reason why Austria had so great an influence over Italy was, that Germany had a mission to teach the Italians the use of stoves and double windows, and that the war of 1859 was a just punishment to Austria for having been false to her mission. One need only pass a winter day in Venice to see the necessity of German appliances, and to feel the want of them; but there is no need to compassionate the English as not possessing double windows. An English window is generally made to close tightly, and the glass is so much thicker and better fitted, that it serves the double purpose of keeping out draughts, and keeping the warmth in. The glass in Munich is so thin that it needs reinforcing in winter, and the windows close so badly, that but for the double windows and the moss between, the cold air would drive in by volumes. I was once witness in London to a scene of amateur burglary, a gentleman breaking into his own house. In Munich a slight tap would send almost any window in; but in London the man had to kick with all his might against the sheet of glass for full two minutes, and the glass broke, and fell with a crash, like thick ice flung heavily on the pavement.

But if the Munich glass is thin and light, compared with the glass of London windows, it must be admitted that in another point Munich studies to provide heaviness and solidity, where London aims at lightness and elegance. I need hardly say that I allude to door-keys. "Latch-key" would be inappropriate to describe the German article, and the possession of one ceases to be

a privilege, coveted and obtained by exemplary conduct, but becomes a duty, a heavy duty. If you could take the aspiring youth who looks forward to the attainment of a latch-key, with the trembling hope, "a tip-toe for the blessing of embrace," with which poets invest young lovers, and show him German middle age groaning under the weight of its key, you would achieve a warning worthy to be ranked with that famous one against finery uttered by the Turk. "My son, if ever you forget God and the Prophet, you may come to look like that!" pointing to a dapper French dandy. It is no exaggeration to say that the German door-key as a weapon of defence, would be effectual against garotters, and that, armed with it, the worst districts of London might safely be traversed. But in peaceful Munich you cannot carry such a murderous implement in your hand without fear of being arrested, or without the danger of terrifying the whole population. And no pockets that can be made are capacious enough to contain the key, or hardy enough to endure under its weight. A series of amusing pictures appeared in the *Fliegende Blätter*, the comic paper of Munich, illustrating this topic. A man was represented going off with his key sticking a yard out of the flap pocket of his coat; he shuts the door hastily, and key and coat-tail are shut in, the key standing out immense and cumbrous within the door, as large as the man on the other side. But even this one great key is not the only burden imposed on the householders of Munich. Each house has an outer door, which also boasts a key, and, as by police regulation the outer door must be shut

every night at nine, if you stay out beyond that hour, you must carry two keys in your pocket. Fancy the horror of a stranger at some convivial meeting, hearing at each movement of his neighbours an ominous clanking of iron on iron! Would he not fancy that he was in an assembly of escaped convicts, dragging about the remnants of their chains; or of ticket-of-leave men, whom a sensible government had rendered harmless, as their nature was thus publicly *affiché?*

CHAPTER XVIII.

VILLAGE LIFE IN BAVARIA.

ENTERING on foreign travel, the first thing that strikes you as a pleasant contrast to England, is the gaiety and brightness of continental towns. Returning to England, the first thing that strikes you is the beauty of the country. It is not pleasant to enter London at the east, passing over countless roofs of houses, all grimy and bleak, under the fog that serves them for climate, looking down on gloomy streets of drear uniformity, with only the gold letters of public-house boards to relieve it, when you have just left the sunny Boulevards, and the avenues of the Bois de Boulogne. But how cheering it is to be whirled through the rich meadows of Kent, with their neat hedges and green stretches of sward, the lazy kine pausing as you fly past them, and honouring you with a philosophic look, after the wide plains of the Continent, the puzzling strips and patches of culture, and ever-recurring sameness of trees. An Englishman, too apt to be vain of his nationality, would claim a greater merit for the pre-eminence of England by quoting Cowper: "God made the country, and man made the town," as he is given to quoting a line of

Garrick's, to justify a preference of good English meat to good French cookery. But the cosmopolitan makes no invidious distinctions, and while justly proud of his native country, has always his meed of praise to bestow on the bright cities of other lands.

The root of this difference between the aspect of England and of the Continent lies in their very different modes of life, and in the singular contrast presented by the English custom to that of almost all other nations. The country with us is the home of so many families of good means and refined habits that there is no very sensible gulf between it and the town. Abroad, the country is little more than the summer residence of all who can afford the luxury, and the town is the winter residence of the whole civilised community. A town is looked on as a sort of association for cheating the inclement season, and the country a place for refreshment in the heat of summer. In England, on the other hand, the dwellers in London do not get down to the country till the fine weather is half over, and they stay in it till winter is hesitating before it goes. The consequence is, that the country in England is dotted with good houses, and the roads between them have to be kept up for winter use as well as for summer. The inhabitants of the villages see more of what may be called manners, and strike a sort of balance between their pristine roughness and the over-refinements of the city. Moreover, the clerical profession in England, being taken almost exclusively from the gentry, has an effect on the villagers and on village life which is wanting on the Continent.

Civilised communities seem every now and then to get tired of civilisation, and discover all sorts of merit in villages, and among peasantry. Much has been written of late years from this point of view, and some novelists think that a sentiment has only to be expressed in a provincial dialect to be deep and philosophical. In Germany this idea does not prevail as widely as in England, but it is supposed to prevail even more widely, and the stories of Auerbach are quoted to support the supposition. Any one who should read the story which is ranked as Auerbach's best, Barfüssele, would not form a very pleasant idea of the peasantry whom he is taken to glorify. The hero and heroine are of course idealised, but the other characters are generally more true to nature. The heroine's guardian does nothing to help her, but is indignant when she herds geese, because he is accused of having driven her to it; his son turns her out of the house at night because his sister's sweetheart has diverted his affections to her; the sister knocks her down and hits her in the face; the whole village is vexed with her and her brother because they don't go to America. This miserly spirit and brutality are not exactly the same feelings as those imagination assigns to the idyllic life of German villages. But so far as my experience serves, they are much more appropriate. The peasants in Upper Bavaria, between Munich and the mountains, as I have seen them, are not figures to be placed in a picture of Arcadia. Even if their stinginess be excused under the name of frugality, their greed cannot be softened away. They are almost invariably overbearing

and disobliging, and being mostly in easy circumstances, can afford to follow their instincts. A village carpenter will tell you that because you gave a piece of work to another man you may have everything else you want done by him. An inn-keeper will tell you that unless you buy all your meat from him you need not ask him to sell you any. Peasants will ask you town prices for the products of the country, and reply to your complaints with a defiance of logic that almost amounts to depravity. And as you are in all things at their mercy, as the inn-keeper has a monopoly of almost everything you want, there is no chance of rebelling. One would almost be tempted to paint the whole tribe of peasants in the blackest colours, when one thinks of the many cases of insolence and arrogance one has seen or heard of; but this would be to sacrifice truth to clearness, and to forget the rule of mixed motives, which must be observed by every faithful delineator of character. I fancy the hearts of most of these people are in the right places, although the avenues leading to them are choked up by obnoxious weeds. One trait I have noticed which is exceedingly singular. Some of the peasants will go a great deal out of their way to oblige you when nothing is to be gained by it, while others will not even stir a step for you when it is a question of money. In other words, some will do a kindness for nothing, while others will not do their duty for money. An inn-keeper who had let a room to a stranger would not get up at night to let him in; but a woman who had walked nine miles that day went all about the house till she found out the waitress, and got

the door opened. And this was pure civility, without hope of reward, or connexion with the inn. Another time two women gave up half-an-hour to assist an English lady in finding her way home after a storm, wading up to their knees in search of a dry path for her, and refused to take any reward. I do not know if these are merely exceptional cases, or if the women generally are better than the men. In driving bargains the women are certainly not more generous than the men. In many countries a peasant will bring out something of his store and make a present of it, thinking himself amply requited by the honour you have done him in entering his house. But in a Bavarian village a rich farmer's wife brings out a dozen dried up pears and asks if you would like to buy them. A party of children stop at a farm and ask for a glass of milk. The woman grunts out question after question, "if they will not take a quart?" and only serves them on their taking a quart, for which she charges them the town price. These were not poor people; the one owned wardrobes full of linen, and the other had ten or twelve cows in her stable.

An English girl fresh from the country thought the strangest thing on the Continent was that she never saw any cows in the fields. In Bavaria they are kept up the whole summer, and only turned out in October. Then they are herded, as all things, even geese, are herded on the Continent, and the continual cracking of whips kept up by the boys who watch them, is enough to distract them from eating their fill. Milk and butter suffer for the want of fresh air and unceasing mastica-

tion. In the stable the cows are fed only twice a day on grass, with an addition of swill as a midday meal. Some people keep their stables clean, and give a little more food; but I have seen stables in which the cows seemed to be littered on filth, and the whole floor was floating with it. The stables almost invariably form the hinder end of the house, and above the stable is the hay loft. This explains the great length of all Bavarian peasants' houses and their division in two, the fore part being of stone and plastered, the hinder part of wood with jalousies. Where the stable is left as dirty as that I have described, the house is impregnated with the smell, for only a door separates the house from the stable. But when the stable is clean, with the fragrance of the hay acting as a purifier, no ill effects are found, and you might live less agreeably in the neighbourhood of men than you do with the cows so close to you. The great houses of landed proprietors have also farm-houses attached to them as a rule, and, unless the farm is let out, it adds greatly to the trouble of an estate.

The chief produce of these small farms is a kind of lard called *schmalz*, which is made by boiling down butter, and which enters largely into all country cooking. In winter the peasants will not sell either milk or butter, as they use up all their produce in making *schmalz*, and even in summer, when the town people are living in the country, the peasants revolt against supplying them. I am not myself versed in farm economy, but I fancy this mode of applying butter is not the most profitable. The quantity of *schmalz* used by the peasants is inordinate, especially on feast-days;

and it seems to be valued as the breath of their nostrils. Their food consists chiefly of things cooked in it, for they eat little meat, alleging that they could not work on meat as well as on balls of flour cooked in lard. These balls of flour are the national food of Bavaria, and are susceptible of many varieties. The generic name of them is *nudel,* but six or eight qualifying adjectives are applied to them. The *nudel* pure is made of flour and yeast with eggs and milk, and is fried in *schmalz;* another kind is made with curds, and is called *curd nudel;* a still richer kind is made at the great village festival which takes place every year, and is called *kirchweih nudel,* from the name of the festival; while a fourth kind, better still, is made in Munich, and, under the name of *steam nudel,* attains to the dignity of a pudding. Of course the plainest kind is most eaten by the peasants, the better kinds being reserved for Sundays and great feast days.

The only feast-day that is kept in most of these villages is the annually recurring *kirchweih,* the anniversary of the dedication of the village church. This day is almost invariably in summer, when the light lasts long enough for plenty of dancing and feasting, and when all relations can come from far and near to be present at the family rejoicing. Inclement weather and bad roads interfere with any such meetings at Christmas and the New Year; moreover, the shortness of the days would entail an expense of candles that cannot be contemplated. Kirchweih has thus to replace all other festivals, and the peasants take care that it replaces them amply. All the houses in the village entertain,

and eating goes on from morning till night. Not only are piles of *kirchweih nudels* cooked, and pans of *schmalz* kept bubbling continually, but even meat is bought and put before the guests, and beer is generally got down from Munich, or from some reliable tap. When it is fine, the open space before the door of each house is used for sitting out and dancing; a patch of grass is mowed close and smooth, or gravel and stones are swept off the ground. Some sit on the bench under the balcony looking on while the couples dance to rude music; close by the fountain keeps up its trickling from the wooden spout into the oblong trough, the invariable accompaniments of all village houses. All the neighbours round pay visits at this season, and the same hospitality is shown to all. Of course everybody wears best clothes, so that the time is favourable for observing costumes. After church time you see the roads and fields dotted with men and women in gay colours and quaint dresses. All the men wear long coats going down to the ground, and adorned with white metal buttons. These coats are never left off even in the heat of summer, though they are cumbrous enough; you see peasants very often with long cloth cloaks when you are perspiring in brown holland. The white metal buttons are sometimes silver coins stitched on, so that a man may carry his wealth about him. The married women wear black hats made of otter's fur, in shape like a muff sewed up at one end; the body of their dress is mostly black silk, with a handkerchief over their shoulders, and an apron. Apron and handkerchief relieve the black silk with their gaudy colours; at one feast I saw two

women, one with a bright crimson, the other a bright light-blue apron, like living pieces of colour under a brilliant flood of sunlight. Unmarried women have Vandyke hats with twisted gold cords, more picturesque, though not so quaint as the fur caps with which the elders emulate the military bear-skin.

Besides these private festivities, the inn is largely frequented. A band is kept there during Kirchweih, and dancing goes on most of the day. The Bavarian national dances are highly eccentric, and often attract strangers to witness them. The waltz is the foundation on which they are built; but ornaments and variations are superadded, like *fioriture* on airs, till the original dance succumbs under the weight of accessories. The men revolve in the centre of a ring, the outside edge of which is composed of the women dancing round alone, and keep time with slapping of their thighs, frequently hopping at the same time; not to mention whooping and whistling, pardonable eccentricities under so much excitement. Each dance is ended with a stamp that makes the floor shake; a proceeding that is sometimes adopted in more polished circles. Weddings are celebrated by similar scenes, and are held in the village inn from morning till evening, with a slight interval for the religious ceremony. But the wedding guests are not entertained at the expense of the bride's father; they are expected to pay their share of the entertainment, and the chief costs of the music and food are defrayed by their contributions. Many peasants absent themselves from marriages on this account: and at a marriage which took place during my stay in the country,

some made the excuse that neither bride nor bridegroom had been long natives of the village. But the ceremony in the church was generally attended, even by those who held aloof from the feasting. Before the bridal procession came, the church was being prepared with unusual importance. Two violins and a chorus climbed up into the organ-loft. The sacristan went about getting things in order, and spectators took their places in the gallery, or waited outside for the procession. When the bridal train had entered, the best man brought in a basket with two bottles of wine, and gave it to the sacristan. First came the marriage service, the priest binding together the hands of the man and woman with two lappets that hung from his shoulders. After this came the mass, with full orchestral accompaniment. The parish priest seemed scarcely accustomed to so grand a service, and decidedly puzzled by the requirements of Gregorian intonation. But he was resolved to shirk no part of his duty. Having to sing certain words to certain notes, he fulfilled the double task by pronouncing the words first, with an amount of quavering that was really unique, and then huddling in all the notes by themselves. The orchestral effect was creditable, so long as instruments and singers kept together; but every now and then an ambitious voice would break forth into a solo, and the solo would generally end in a squeak, which had to be drowned by vigorous *ensemble*. When the mass was over, the sacristan brought out the two bottles of wine, and the priest stood at one side of the altar, with a glass in his hand. A plate was put on each side of the altar, and another

at the beginning of the chancel. Then the wedding party passed round behind the altar in rotation, each putting a piece of money in every one of the plates, and drinking some of the wine, the priest holding the glass to their lips. The bridegroom drank first, then the bride, then the men, and then the women. Having to make offerings in so many plates, each one took out change from the first, and afterwards bride and bridegroom gave away copper pieces to the girls and boys of the village.

The inn where all these rejoicings are held, is a large straggling building, with bare blank walls, and many small windows outside, and low ceilings, which have a gloomy and heavy effect within. The innkeeper has a monopoly of all the food of the neighbourhood; he is butcher and baker himself, besides owning a flour mill, and is at once independent of the peasants, and lord of the village. If he does not choose to bake, you must go without bread; if he will not kill, you must put up with any bits of meat you can find, and when he does kill, you must take what he gives you. This necessity of subordination matters little to the peasants, who bake their own bread when they have got their wheat in, and only eat meat on Sundays. But towns-people, who are passing the summer in the domain of a despotic innkeeper, are much dissatisfied with his rule. One cannot understand the principle on which innkeepers and farmers in the country refuse to earn money. Whenever you want anything done, you are told that it will pay them better not to do it, and they always find that they can earn more florins by their own

little peddling jobs, than by pocketing a good round sum for your service. But the natural result of their conduct is that strangers avoid this part of the country, or pay more to other people to have their commissions executed. Any way the money they would not earn goes away from them, and the time must come when they will feel their error. An innkeeper who locks out his guests, and will not get up at ten at night (eight being his hour of going to bed) to let them in, can hardly count on their coming back to him; and yet it must be important to an innkeeper at some period of his career to be able to count on it. Now that the inn has only one guest-chamber it may seem immaterial; but is it to be always as it is now? If one man does not suit travellers, another may be found to build an opposition house, which might prove the ruin of the original monopolist. Herr Steub, a Munich writer on the Bavarian highlands, reports that he advised the mistress of a small inn to build another with twenty-five rooms, to accommodate the crowd of strangers visiting the place. Her answer contained the pith of the Bavarian hotel system. She shrugged her shoulders, and expressed the most complete indifference to people who came in the evening, called at once for a bath and a barber, and wanted roast fowl at three in the morning. It requires a vivid imagination to draw this picture of guests calling for a bath or a roast fowl in a Bavarian village inn, even if they asked for them at three in the afternoon. They would, no doubt, be told, that all the hens were wanted for laying eggs, and for a bath would be sent to wash at the pump, as the village washes itself.

The guest-chamber in the inn that I am describing was a large long low room, with four beds, and a heavy old-fashioned wardrobe, full of the *Wirthin's* best clothes. It has a counterpart in all the better houses in the village. In all these houses the smallness of the windows strikes you uncomfortably from without, and within the lowness of the ceilings adds to the effect of the small windows. One would suppose there was a heavy window-tax levied according to size, or that the ceiling served to keep the young men below the military standard of height. In front of the house the inseparable fountain is running, and on the door is some such inscription as this in rude rhymes:—

> "The love of God rest on this house!
> Bring me no tattle in, and take none out,—
> So may the love of God rest on this house."

On a tree-top, close to the side of the house, a scythe is stuck up, and glitters in the sunlight, to attract the hawks by its sheen as they soar by, and entice them to swoop down and transfix themselves on it. The kitchen is generally primitive; a flat open space of brick serves for hearth, and pots are suspended over a fire of sticks in the gipsy fashion. The best room is seldom or never used by the family. It is generally a repository for the household stores of linen and flax; the trousseau is put away in great wardrobes, and never touched. In some houses are piles of linen which were given at marriage, and will be kept sacred till death. The wedding clothes are also cherished up in these wardrobes, and in glass

cases round the room are the little wax nicknacks, of which the peasants are so fond, with perhaps a pair of fancy garters which it would be a profanation to wear. The hesitation of Isaac of York, before putting the last gold piece in the bag, was once equalled by an old woman in the village wavering between two of her wax treasures. A present had been given her, and she felt that she ought to make some return; but she could not make up her mind which she should give of two little nicknacks, and at last she put them both back in their places.

A singular feature in Bavarian village life is the absence of family names, the substitution either of nicknames or of professional names, which may be noticed in Auerbach's Barfüssele. In Auerbach's village not one surname occurs; the farmers have the nearest approach to a surname when they are not called from any of their belongings; some people have nicknames, and some only adjectives attached to their Christian names. The same is the case in Bavarian villages. A farmer sometimes has his name given him so far as this, that he is called the Stoffelbauer if his name be Stoffel, as if a farmer named Smith were called the Smith-farmer. But generally the occupation gives the name. There is the Forester, the Groove-cutter, the Blue Miller, the Innkeeper's Miller, the Saw Miller, the Miller by the Stream. Not one of these seems to have a surname belonging to him; they are all known through the country by their professions. In some cases the name goes with the house; as a man and wife are called the saddler and saddleress, because the house they live in

was formerly occupied by a saddler. Another peasant is called Neuhäuser, "of the new house," because the house he inhabits was once new, though now it is old.

An event which very much stirred the village during my stay was the death of the innkeeper's wife. Every one said it was a pity she died, as she had brought sixteen thousand florins into the house; every one condoled with the innkeeper, as she had done all the work; and every one said it was very hard that she should die on the day of *kirchweih*, so that there could be no dancing or music at the inn on the only day in the year on which they were wanted. Like George the Second, the innkeeper announced before his wife's death that he would not marry again, but would retire from the business and invest the sum realized by selling it for the benefit of the children. But a short time after her death he was looking out for a working wife, and refused the daughter of another innkeeper with forty thousand florins, because she would be too much of a lady. The burial of the wife was attended by about two hundred people from all the country round, and mass said for her a week after by a hundred, who were fed by the inkeeper as at a wedding, or *kirchweih*, save that he had to bear the expense. He had to bake quantities of bread and distribute it in the church to all who were present. There is an old story of a frugal couple of aged people who took it into their heads that they were going to die, and were alarmed at the costs of the funeral. After they had reckoned up everything, and were in despair at the expense attendant on paying the debt of nature, the old man suddenly found a gleam

of hope. "After all, my dear," he said, "perhaps we may not die this time." "I hope not," replied the wife, "for I am sure we can't afford it." The story is exceedingly applicable to the *Wirthin's* burial. Not only were these multitudes fed, but the dead was laid out with the most wanton extravagance. They sent up to Munich and had a new dress of black satin made for her, and a collar and cap of blonde lace, in which she was to be buried. During her life she would never have dreamt of wearing such things as these that she was to take into the grave. The dying thoughts of Pope's Narcissa are more excusable than the idea of decking a plain working woman with such finery in order to lay her in the earth, like the miser who intended to take his money with him. But in justice to the village it must be said, that the custom which prevails in Munich is far more reprehensible.

CHAPTER XIX.

LAWS OF TRADE.

I HAVE abused the tradesmen of Munich, but their faults are not entirely their own. If I have dwelt too much upon the inconvenience arising from those faults, it is not without full willingness to admit that there is one palliation of them. With the regulations that still exist, the guilds and corporations, the restrictions on every side, a more intelligent body of tradesmen could hardly have existed. Such a premium is placed on dulness that ability is driven out of the market. Indeed it is singular to trace the effect of the paternal system adopted by German Governments on the national prosperity. Why is it that Germans in America thrive to an extent unknown in their native country? Why is it that Paris and London take the most intelligent workers away from Germany, and that the labour of Germans in those two capitals is so different from any that you can command in their own cities? Because the German Governments put every impediment in the way of their people. Because there is neither proper instruction, nor proper energy; no encouragement of the best workmen, no reward for

merit. And of all places in Germany, Munich is probably the head-quarters of this backwardness, the city where work is most inefficient, and restriction the most galling, where the least is done to aid activity, and the most is done to retard it.

The ancient system of guilds, which seems to have prevailed generally in the beginnings of commercial life, has subsisted, with very slight modifications, in Germany down to the present time. Absolute freedom of trade, the right of every man to earn his bread according to his capacity, has only lately been introduced. Before 1859 it existed only in Prussia and in the Rhine provinces of Bavaria, besides some smaller places, while even in Prussia its workings were somewhat impeded. Austria adopted it at the end of 1859, and her example was speedily followed by many of the smaller states, Nassau, Saxony, Baden, and Wurtemberg. The only states which resist it still are Hanover, the two Hesses, and Bavaria. In 1861 an attempt was made in the Bavarian Chambers to have freedom of trade introduced, but the only result was a certain relaxation of the existing laws. These laws had come in course of time to form a compromise between the wants of the people and the antiquated system on which the existence of trade was based. The guilds arose originally, says a pamphleteer in his historical sketch of the Bavarian system, by the union of tradesmen in the towns, and, as in the middle ages all towns were exclusive, the trade guilds became exclusive as a necessary consequence. In 1616 the strictness of the guilds was somewhat relaxed, and in 1731 an Imperial decree

formed the law of handicraft. At the beginning of the present century the influence of the French Revolution and of Adam Smith had some operation. Formerly no one might exercise more than one trade, or sell anything he had not made himself; each permission was purely personal, and could not be inherited, being, moreover, often attached to the house in which it was exercised, and expiring if the house was pulled down. In 1804 the power of inheriting real rights was granted, and in 1807 several relaxations were made, although instantly withdrawn owing to the rush of competitors that ensued. In 1825 a great reform was introduced with a view to bring about total freedom in the course of time. But the reform was so much attacked in the next years that a reaction took place, a measure was brought into the Chambers to restrict the workings of the former law. The Chambers, however, modified the reactionary measure laid before them, the King refused to pass it with their amendments, and, on their dissolution, issued an instruction to his ministers to protect the interests of trade and of the trades-unions which had now succeeded to the guilds. A similar order was issued in 1853, and the effect of both was to throw back the development of trade. The relaxation effected in 1861 only amounted to a return to the law of 1825 from the two instructions of 1834 and 1853, that is, to an acknowledgement that the right path had been chosen thirty-six years before, had been blocked up by subsequent efforts, and must now be sought out again.

The mass of notes, pamphlets, newspaper cuttings, proceedings in the chambers, debates, committees,

through which I have waded before writing this chapter, may probably have a puzzling effect upon me, and may deter the reader from entering into the subject. It is difficult for an Englishman to appreciate the mass of orders and instructions which are necessary in Germany to excuse or explain any step of the Government, and the quantity of details that overload state papers is positively repugnant to us. Where can be the good of defining, with legal precision, what are the different steps on the ladder of trade; which members of the body may carry on their business without special leave, which may be exempted from examination? Why must the State take care that none enters into trade who is not fit for it, that all the business houses in its dominion have sufficient capital, and run no risk of bankruptcy? Surely things can go on in their own course without all this supervision. Surely it is not necessary for Government to poke its nose into all private concerns, to have magistrates, and police, and common councils, and commercial councils, and overseers of the poor, to control the affairs of the citizens, and to protect what is in no need of protection. If Germans are really such babies that they cannot rely on themselves for such matters, how comes it that their colonies flourish? And if there is a want of employment, and so many idle hands that tasks must be found for them by the State, would it not be more profitable to advance the general interest than to obstruct it? Some work might be found which would be useful to the community. Or if not, better pay people to do nothing than to impede others. This is so obvious to English minds,

that I must ask pardon for dwelling on it. But it seems only known to the higher thinkers in Germany, and it finds antagonists even among those who might be credited with practical intelligence. In the debate on freedom of trade in the Bavarian Chambers, the opponents of the measure were not those only who benefited by monopoly, nor is it rare to find the old system of restrictions defended by men of education.

Let me briefly sketch the system of trade as it existed till July, 1862, when the relaxations authorised by the Chambers in the preceding year came into effect. The principle on which the old laws were based was that of complete supervision. No one, so far as I can ascertain, was allowed to carry on any occupation without permission. On the great majority of trades, apprenticeship, journeymanship, travelling, and examinations were imposed; the time of each being regulated, and numerous details added to ensure their efficacy. Having passed through all these grades with a good character, the beginner was at liberty to apply for a concession to carry on his trade. So far there does not seem to be any great hardship. It is a law of nature, that any one who would succeed in anything must learn it first, and the course of study prescribed by a man's own conscience is often far severer than any course prescribed him from without. It is surely well in the abstract, that the learner in trade should have a practical teacher, should serve a short time after he has been taught under a competent and experienced master, should travel to learn the ways and cities of many men of business, and should give some guarantee to the

public by passing an examination. If anything can secure good work, one would think this system would, especially when it is added that a power is provided to punish incompetent workmen. But unfortunately nature resents this encroachment on her province. She replies that she has herself provided rewards and punishments amply sufficient, that if a man will not learn his trade he is punished by want of employment, that an examination far severer than any prescribed by Government must be passed before the public, and that while the protective system is liable to constant evasion her system is infallible in the end. And thus, as the admirable means appointed for making all English gentlemen finished classical scholars is found to fail of its end, so the means for making Bavarian trade the best of all trades, has had an opposite effect. The failure is sufficiently explained when we examine the regulations in detail. In the first place, the teaching and examinations are prescribed only for the simple branches of trade, not for the more difficult. Such trades as the making mathematical, physical, optical, or hydraulic instruments, engraving, preparing cosmetics or perfumes, making artificial flowers, chocolate, mineral or metallic colours, are exempted. A woman may make ladies' dresses without any permission being needed, but a man may not. Artists' brushes may be made freely, but the brushes for house-painters cannot be made without regular education.

The relations of the pupil to his teacher are strictly defined. The pupil must give the teacher that tribe of certificates which Germans consider indispensable, cer-

tificate of his birth, of his vaccination, of the character he bears in his parish, and of his having completed his time of schooling. The teacher is bound to instruct the pupil in his trade, make him attend school on Sundays and feast-days, and accustom him to a moral course of life, employing, if necessary, discipline to him, and has to give a certificate of his conduct every year. The time of pupilage varies from three to five years, and at the end of that time a certificate of moral and religious conduct has to be produced by the pupil; he has to pass an examination, and prepare a sample of his workmanship. After this he becomes a journeyman for five years, part of which must be spent in travel. The rules of *wanderschaft* have become relaxed, says one writer; journeymen are no longer sent from one place to another at the caprice of the police official who visas their passports, nor are they subjected to countless brutalities and vexatious regulations; they may travel like other men, and employ their time in learning their trade, as best becomes them. Still they are not entirely free. They may only visit such states as are entered in their passport, and they are expressly forbidden to go into Switzerland or into Bremen. To become a master, a new certificate of character and attendance at school must be produced, and another examination passed. Such is the course through which the bulk of trades-people must pass. All must pass alike, the clever one must learn as long as the stupid, and a good worker may be deprived of his bread if he does not attend the Sunday school, or cannot accommodate himself to his master's disposition. To keep

up the system of private tuition, youths are forbidden to pass their time of apprenticeship in a manufactory, although perhaps the teacher makes nothing himself, finding it more profitable to retail goods supplied from some manufactory.

Supposing, however, a man to have gained his *meisterrecht*, the freedom of his company. The mere fact of having gained it by no means qualifies him for independent exercise of his business. He must first of all apply for a concession. Concessions are to be given for capacity and good character, by priority of application. So far as capacity can be tested by examinations no doubt it is tested, but the good conduct clause is entirely futile. It merely serves to give the police an entire control over the trading population; the slightest black mark during the years of apprenticeship vitiates the whole time of good character, and as concessions may at any time be withdrawn on account of disobedience to the authorities, a man's life is not safe if he expresses his opinions. One writer tells of a shoemaker who applied for thirty years for a concession, and adds, that ten years is no infrequent period. The question of marriage is so closely mixed up in the trade question that the obstacles are doubled, and the question of marriage I must postpone to a separate chapter. But the process to be gone through generally comprises both applications, and the process is thus sketched by a journalist of unusual clearness and ability:—"A journeyman tailor applies for the right of practising as a master. He procures the whole apparatus of certificates needed,—birth, vaccination, school, examination, &c. &c. With

these he betakes himself to the office, and sets the official on duty at work to register his application. The application is posted up publicly, and invites all the other journeymen tailors in the town to offer themselves as competitors. However helpless their chance may be, they cannot help competing, for in granting concessions a preference is always given to the oldest applicant, which puts a premium on entering the lists early. The applications of these competitors are also registered; on this the whole ranks of the guild are put in motion to state by protocol to the court, and with full convincing proofs, that the trade is overburdened with masters, and that therefore the applications must be dismissed. This protest causes reference to the council of trade; the council of trade meets, deliberates, and delivers its judgment. If, as is generally the case, the application for a concession is made in conjunction with one for settling down and marrying, it must also be referred to two other boards, the common council and the overseers of the poor, who have a report brought in, deliberate on it, and deliver their judgment to the magistrate. On this follows an examination of the papers, the reporter of the court draws up his report, the court deliberates and resolves, the determination is communicated to the parties concerned by protocol, and the expenses are collected. As the great majority of those who apply for concessions are met with a refusal, there is no lack of appeals to the higher powers. In the years 1859-60 one hundred and sixty-five appeals were made against the decision of the Munich magistrates. On this the second part of the machinery is set in motion. An

advocate is employed to examine the deeds, and draw up an appeal, which is forwarded to the upper court, with a statement from the magistrate. An official of the district looks through the papers, and makes a report to the board. The board deliberates and determines, draws up its resolution, and communicates it through the magistrate to the appellant. The fees and legal expenses are collected, and the curtain falls a second time. Complaints on the score of nullity, and appeals to the ministry, are a common afterpiece. And what is the result of this endless, yearly recurring consumption of labour, time, and money? That one hundred men are confirmed by law in the possession of a right with which they were born, and another hundred are by law deprived of that right. Individuals have frequently to suffer inconvenience for the general good, but what good does society gain from these individual sacrifices? Does the general good consist in securing a comfortable existence to some privileged masters by legal restriction and suppression of concurrence, in blunting the strongest incitements to industry, in driving the best workers to freer countries, in causing the consuming public to be served worse, slower, and dearer? Only one branch of production has reached great activity under the prevailing system, that is the production of illegitimate children; and only one branch of industry, the marriage of the widows of masters with young apprentices. A loss to the public is caused by the system; it is not that individuals are sacrificed to the general good, but the general good is sacrificed to some privileged individuals."

There is no exaggeration in this statement. One has only to observe the reports of the magistrate's sittings to find cases which substantiate it. In one report I find twenty-eight applicants for concessions as tailors, the eldest having served 34 years, two others 28 years, one 27, two 24, four 21, and three 20. In almost every session of the magistrates a number of permissions are refused; none have been vacated, or there does not seem a call for any more. So accustomed was every one to the old order of things, that after the new regulation came in force, nine concessions to bakers and six to saddlers were granted on the same day, to the universal astonishment of the town, and of eighty-two shoemakers who applied, twenty were allowed to practise. The numbers may seem great in a small town like Munich, but the testimony they bear to the long existence of the coercive system is still more remarkable.

Nor are the troubles over when the concession is granted. Restrictions are always coming in the way, and any extension of business, or removal from one town to another, must be obtained with as much difficulty as the original permission. All the idle and incompetent masters in every trade, the monopolists, and the busy-bodies are on the watch for any infringement of their privileges, and their time is passed in protesting and complaining instead of improving their business. Any report of the magistrates' sittings may be referred to for instances of vexatious opposition. In one, several master tailors are warned because they have cloth not made up in their shops, while their concession only allows them to have made-up goods. A second-hand

bookseller wishing to remove his business from Bayreuth to Munich meets with protests from the Common Council, the overseers of the poor, the Board of Trade, and the Booksellers' Guild; but on appeal to the Government, his application is granted, because there has been no augmentation of that branch of trade since 1834. The police recommend that a hundred more cabs be brought into the town, the livery stables protest, and the existing number of cabs is increased by forty-eight only. The police authorities also desired to have one-horse cabs with four seats, as there are in all the chief capitals of Europe, but the Society for the Protection of Animals protests, and the project is abandoned. The Guild of Shoemakers complain that the salt-pounders wear shoes made of old patches, and the magistrate forbade the salt-pounders to wear them any more; but the salt-pounders appeal to Government, and gain a victory over the shoemakers. Two men appeal to Government for permission to exercise a clothseller's privilege in common, the magistrate having refused his consent. The Government reverses the magistrate's decision, because all such applications go to Government in the first instance, but refuses the application because wholesale businesses are never carried on by joint partners. These are merely stray cases copied out of the newspaper reports, and it would doubtless be easy to find others more striking. 'For where such regulations exist as those excluding women as a rule from any trading privileges, save as dressmakers (including ornamental work for ladies, sewing, &c.), or as widows of masters; those forbidding a man to keep two places for

the sale of his goods, or to trade in articles not made by himself; a natural desire to circumvent the law is almost certain to be found. Moreover, the arbitrary divisions of all trades, which have been fortunately remedied to some degree by the instruction of 1862, could not fail to cause constant collisions. I have mislaid a note I made of a case in which a poor woman having a permission to bake dumplings, baked a few cakes as well, and was fined for overstepping her privilege, and I need not quote such examples, though they are by no means exceptional, to prove the folly of these strict definitions. I will only observe that this is, perhaps, the most inconvenient part of the system to consumers. Every piece of work has to pass through the hands of so many traders that regularity and punctuality are impossible. But this comes within another division; I am at present dealing with the vexations that attend the producer. One writer points out the advantage given to manufactories over tradesmen. The manufacturer, for instance, merely advances so much money, and is allowed to turn out anything complete. If he opens a carriage manufactory he may produce carriages without doing anything towards them himself; but a carriage maker, who has had to learn his trade, pass examinations, &c., must have the help of six other masters, a locksmith, a blacksmith, a saddler, a glazier, a painter, and a bucklemaker, before he can make a carriage complete. And if he dispensed with the services of any one, the guild would instantly lodge a complaint against him. "In Nuremberg," says the same writer, "joiners are divided into five distinct classes, and if the traders in

Nuremberg were like those in Munich, there would be constant complaints about trespass. But they are too clever and industrious in Nuremberg to waste time and money in complaining of others; they find it is more profitable to do their work well than to have it protected from encroachment. In Munich, on the other hand, there are shoals of masters who can't do their own work, but are always ready to keep others from doing it." The old story of the dog in the manger!

I come now to the results of this system on the trade of Bavaria in general, and its effect on the consumer. The statistics issued sufficiently show that trade has been crippled by these restrictions, and in twelve years the number of persons engaged in trade went down nine per cent. The best workmen emigrated by thousands; in Paris alone, says one writer, there are 60,000 German handicraftsmen. To compare the state of Bavaria on the right bank of the Rhine with the provinces on the left bank which have had freedom of trade since 1791, tells the same tale. No answer to the figures can be made by the defenders of the monopoly, and it is not worth my while to detail the arguments they proffer. But I must dwell a little longer on the effects produced on individuals, especially as grievances are more felt as they become individual, and are more liable to be redressed by individual combination. One cannot but feel interested in any prospect of reform when one has felt the inconveniences of the existing system, and though the opponents of reform threaten us with fearful consequences in the event of change, we know that a change for the worse is almost impossible.

I have spoken of the annoyance of having to employ a separate workman for every separate branch, and I will give some details on the subject. If you have a set of double windows made, you cannot give an order to a tradesman to make them for you; you must have a carpenter to make the frames, a glazier to take them away and put in the glass, a smith to fit them in and put the hooks and eyes in their right places. You can't have your hair cut and be shaved in the same shop; the one must be done by a hairdresser, the other by a barber, and the two trades are never carried on in common. There is a story of a man who wanted a wheelbarrow, and who ordered it of a carpenter. The wheelbarrow came home, but without the wheel; and the man had to carry it to a wheelwright. But the wheelwright, after putting in the wheel, could not put the iron on it, and the man had to carry it to a blacksmith. When the iron was on, the wheelbarrow still wanted painting, and the man had to take it to a painter. The same process was once gone through by an Englishman who wanted a bucket. The man who made the staves could not make the hoops; the man who made the hoops could not make the handle; the man who made the handle could not paint the bucket, so that an independent functionary had to be sought out for each of these offices. Such a chain of events was surely never seen since the time of the old woman with her refractory pig. The same Englishman had an adventure with a barber which deserves to be quoted. He was in the habit of being shaved by an apprentice of a barber in his neighbourhood. One morning the apprentice informed him

that another would have to shave him in future, as he was going to change masters. The Englishman, accustomed to be always shaved by this apprentice, objected to changing, but he was told that the law forbade any apprentice to take any customer away from his former master, and that to prevent a customer being taken away, a month's time was interposed, during which the apprentice must have no dealings with the customer. I need hardly record the Englishman's indignation, his remarks that the law had no monopoly of shaving him, and his determination to break or evade the obnoxious clause. Suffice it that the apprentice continued to shave him, was informed against by his old master, and punished; and that the Englishman was told that he might be shaved by any one he liked except the one he wanted.

The relations between fathers and sons are very strongly affected by the Bavarian laws of trade. In most places the son follows the same trade as his father, assists his father during his life, and succeeds him at his death. If the father is old and infirm, he leaves the business in the hands of his son, and the son has a natural inducement to improve the business, as he will shortly inherit it. But in Munich the father cannot resign his concession to his son, and if the son carries on the trade with greater activity than before, he has no guarantee that he will profit by it. There the singular phenomenon is presented of a son following a different trade from his father. I was greatly suprised to meet with a father carrying on a grocer's business while his son was working as a shoemaker. The idea struck me as thoroughly incongruous. In all working trades one

supposes that a man brings up his sons in his own profession, that they may have the advantage of his experience, of his name, and of his establishment. Even in the higher professions it is a common sight to see the sons following their father's steps, though the higher professions have not often the hereditary advantages of the lower. But in trade the value of inheritance is obvious; it includes the start in life, and often a maintenance for life. The successor receives the old customers as if they were entailed upon him, and without making any decided effort himself has all the fruit of the continued effort of his predecessor. But this does not hold good if he changes his trade. No one employs a shoemaker because he has dealt for years with his father in grocery, nor is the reputation of a tradesman available beyond his sphere of action. One must therefore censure the law of concessions which does not allow a father to ensure his business to his son, as depriving tradesmen of the best incitement to activity. At the same time there is an exaggeration of inheritance in another branch of trade which causes the chief difficulty in settling the question. The real rights, as they are called, which are hereditary, and are valued as real property, are the great obstacles to the introduction of freedom of trade. If these real rights are to be bought up before trade can be liberated, we must wait a great many years, for there are more than seventy thousand such rights in Bavaria, and their value is sometimes reckoned as high as forty million florins. And if they are not bought up, the owners of them would consider themselves robbed. Having been accepted as real

property, loans have been contracted upon the rights, widows and orphans subsist upon them, and it is urged that any violation of the principle would be iniquitous to creditors and pensioners. I am not myself convinced that there would be any injustice in leaving the real rights to find their own level. The owners of them have evidently an advantage over all new competitors, the advantage of an established position, a name, and a custom. Moreover, time presses, freedom is loudly demanded, and no means of satisfying the real rights is discoverable. But without a fuller knowledge of the cause in question than I am able to command, it would be useless to argue it.

A word on the debate which preceded the issue of the instruction of 1862, and another on the changes introduced by the instruction, and my task is completed. The proposal to introduce freedom of trade was made by the representatives of Nuremberg, the most important place of business in Bavaria, and was met by instant protests from the more backward districts, headed by the trade authorities of Munich. It is a notable fact that the towns where business was conducted on a large scale abstained from protests against the change, or signed petitions in favour of it; while those which were notorious for their stagnation and incompetence were the most active opponents of it. An ultramontane paper in Munich moved heaven and earth to avert freedom; another paper called the change a menacing stroke, and praised the measures taken by the trade council to defeat it. The members for the Rhine Provinces where freedom existed, voted for its introduction

throughout Bavaria; the members for those districts where it had never existed, voted against it. All the clerical members, twelve in number, voted against freedom; and the landowners and farmers with the clergy composed the majority of the opponents. Brewers, tavernkeepers, tradesmen, landowners, and priests, spoke against the change as decided antagonists; but the half opponents carried the day. One speaker, a chapel singer and keeper of a café in Altötting, the Loretto of Bavaria, prophesied the most fatal consequences to his native land if free trade were allowed, following the example of kindred speakers in other countries, and remembering that excellent maxim, "If you can't argue, prophesy!" Another clerical speaker announced that in the morning he had passed by the pillar erected to the Virgin in the old market-place of Munich, to commemorate the victory of true religion in the person of Elector Maximilian, and to implore the Virgin's protection against the plague, and seeing thousands praying before it, he could not but utter a hope that the Virgin might ward off this new and terrible plague, liberty of trade. Prayer and prophecy are not entirely unknown in English debates, although they are not carried to such lengths as this. To be sure, in the House of Commons shrines are not represented by their singers, nor is the priestly element introduced without some lay coating, however slight.

By the new instruction, which was issued in accordance with the vote of the Chambers in this debate, some important reforms were effected. A sort of competitive examination was substituted for seniority in

deciding applications, personal capacity being made the sole test, and no regard being paid to the claims of the existing members of any trade for protection and maintenance. Women were allowed to carry on trades; widows allowed to employ head men instead of trade managers; one man might exercise several trades at once, and not only were many others united, but the police were enjoined to facilitate every further junction. Instead of there being six kind of smiths, nailsmiths, locksmiths, knifesmiths, swordscourers, windlass makers, and blacksmiths, one kind includes them all. Formerly, no one man could make a fur coat; the tailor had to make the coat, and the furrier add the fur: now the same may do both. I cannot forget the rapture of a jeweller with whom I dealt, and who till the new law had only been allowed to work in gold and jewels, when he was able to show a silver teapot without fear of being denounced by all the silversmiths in Munich. On all sides one sees the effect of the relaxation. Competition and energy are coming into play; new shops are being opened and old ones beautified in all quarters of the town, and the progress that has been effected within four or five months is a hopeful sign for the future of this city. But much remains to be done. Work must advance very rapidly, and business habits must be taught by competition. The duties on imports must be lowered, and the custom-house reformed from its foundation. I trust that the somewhat tardy wisdom which has made the changes already mentioned may learn its other duties more quickly, and that Munich may not always occupy the rearguard of Europe.

CHAPTER XX.

LAWS OF MARRIAGE.

AMONG the attributes of a perfect wife with which Mr. Tennyson has invested his Isabel, we read,

> 'The laws of marriage character'd in gold
> Upon the blanched tablets of her heart."

Fully appreciating the poet's admirable picture, and intending no thought of irreverence, may I venture to express a hope that these marriage laws were not those of Bavaria?

That the Bavarian marriage laws do harm to morality is generally admitted, but it is supposed that the harm done to morality by a strict regulation of marriage is less important than the burden of pauperism that would otherwise fall on society. It is purely on grounds of political economy that marriage is regulated, and the laws of marriage are so closely connected with the laws of trade that the one chapter leads on to the other. So far as I can gather, it is incorrect to say that marriage is actually forbidden by any law, as the somewhat hasty statements of the antagonists of the present system

would lead one to suppose. But the prohibition is none the less effectual for the indecision of the law, and for the latitude given to those who superintend the execution. The mode of operation is the following. In Bavaria the old system of communities exists in its full force. Each community is bound to support any of its members who are deprived of the power of supporting themselves, and of course it follows from this that each community is very careful not to admit too many to its privileges, and still more careful to see that every one admitted is duly qualified to keep himself off the parish. It is this consideration that operates so effectually in limiting the number of tradesmen, lest too much competition should ruin any of them, and they should fall on the community. And of course it applies more strongly to marriages and the creation of families.

Such is the principle of the old system, and the details dovetail very neatly into each other. Every one who would be a member of a community must obtain its permission to establish himself in it, and there are four conditions of establishment, for all who are not government functionaries. You must either possess landed property, or a real right, or a concession, or any other permanent and assured means of subsistence. If you can prove the possession of any of these you can get permission to establish yourself; but simple as the conditions may seem, it is not always so easy to comply with them. The first two require capital, and such capital as is inherited, for it is rare that in countries where marriage is left free, the rising man waits for a

wife till he has purchased a business or an estate. The last chapter has shown the difficulties attending on concessions, and the fourth condition leaves the applicant entirely in the power of the community. What means of subsistence are permanent and assured? Trade? Your customers may leave you for a competitor. Your own work? But your working powers may fail you. An allowance from your father? And if your father fails, what becomes of your allowance? It is evident that any curmudgeon of a community may raise objections to the certainty of any income, as all human things are subject to uncertainty, and the reluctance of communities to increase their numbers is thus provided with double weapons. The instinct of human nature leads one to look for evasions of the law, as soon as the stringency of its provisions is ascertained. Unfortunately no evasion exists; every possibility of one has been foreseen. Each stranger taking up his quarters in any place has to lodge his passport with the police, and take out a permission to reside, and the owner of the house in which he lives must vouch for the accuracy of his statements. Germans are shut up in such paper walls that something presents itself at every turn. Gretna Green is quite out of the question, because by an article of the Police Code, every man who marries abroad without permission of the mother country is liable to a fine of a hundred florins, or thirty days' imprisonment. In the Palatinate there is perfect freedom in the matter of marriage and establishment, but only for the natives of the place. Immigrants from the other provinces of Bavaria are treated according to their own laws, and

many poor couples who have been denied the right of marrying at home have spent their last savings in journeying across the Rhine, hoping in vain to find liberty there.

All evasion is thus provided against, and the regulations of marriage are quite effectual. The State has deputed to each community the right of protecting its own interests, and the communities have not shrunk from their duty. It remains to be seen if the results are as effectual as the workings, if the harm done to morality is outweighed by the good done to society; if, in short, the public is really benefited at the expense of the domestic happiness of the greater number. But first a word upon the abstract question. I do not attempt to discuss the right of a State to put impediments in the way of marriage; more reading and more thought than I can command would be necessary to influence the decision. Yet I cannot but think that if the measures taken by the Bavarian Government are found to have an evil effect, both on morality and economy, measures adopted, as they are, with the greatest care, and carried out with the greatest working efficiency, the general question must, to some extent, be effected by their failure. It would of course be of no use to forbid marriage if it could be contracted without permission; the blockade must be effectual. The Bavarian government do everything in their power to enforce the rule; the minute surveillance of the police in every town is such that a secret marriage could not by any possibility be made; unmarried couples may not live together. I do not know what

more could be done to make the marriage law binding, except perhaps one thing, to refuse the legitimation of children born out of wedlock, and I question if this would not increase the misery of natural children instead of deterring their parents from cohabitation. Nor would one willingly see any further measures adopted, when one knows the misery caused by the present regulations. Still it may be said that illegitimate births would be much lessened by the removal of the subsequent remedy, and in some degree I must admit the force of the argument. And yet it is evident from the official statistics of births and marriages that the measure would by no means put a stop to illegitimate births, and that it would not seriously diminish their number. For in one year there were seventeen hundred and two illegitimate births (not counting seventy-six still born) in Munich, and only four hundred and seven legitimated by subsequent marriage. I must, therefore, put in these facts as an appeal against the judgment of one of the greatest living authorities, who has ventured to approve of the system of restriction. "The law, which in some countries," says John Stuart Mill in his book on Liberty,* "forbids those to marry who cannot maintain a family, does not exceed the powers of government, and although such a law may have its inconveniences, it cannot be said to be a violation of liberty."

I presume Mr. Mill reasons that those who cannot support a family have no right to marry, that liberty

* I translate the passage from a French work, in which it is quoted, not having the original at hand.

only extends to such things as are of right, and that the State is qualified to interfere to procure the observance of rights. It is perfectly true that those who cannot maintain a family have not the right to marry, and that reasoning men, under such circumstances, would consider themselves forbidden by a higher law than that imposed by any State. No man can wish to entail poverty and misery upon a wife and children, and without some prospect, or some hope, however vague, one can scarcely conceive that any one would be so reckless as to marry. Men are, no doubt, given to be extravagant in hope, to expect a competence without having to labour for it. But experience gradually cures this evil, and the man who looks forward to conquering the world at twenty is apt to be ultra-practical at thirty. In many cases, too, people are prompted to violent exertions by the pressure of want, and an idle man is turned into a willing worker. These are the operations of the laws of Nature, of whose laws it is scarcely possible for any one to be ignorant. She warns beforehand of the consequences, and holds out every inducement to disarm them. Her punishments are effectual, but they are not without their remedy; her sentences may often be diminished by good conduct, and are sure to be aggravated by bad. She holds out comfort and contentment as the reward of diligence and thrift; she imposes care and want upon idleness, but lets repentance help to redeem the penalty. Self-reliance and forethought are inculcated by all her teaching. But when the State interferes, the law of nature is sure to be disregarded. Subjects who are

accustomed to have their affairs managed for them by superior authority are deprived of all power of self-reliance, and are as helpless as children whenever the State fails them. Moreover, the intervention of the government cannot be half as effectual as the prohibitions imposed by nature, because the government can only put obstacles in the way and inflict punishment if these are disregarded. The State cannot say to a man as Nature says to him, "If you do this you shall starve:" the most she can say is, "I will punish you if you do not respect my injunctions." Naturally, too, the punishment that the State can inflict for such disregard of her laws is very limited, because imprudence is not a crime, and the higher penalties must be reserved for crimes. If you punish an imprudent marriage as you punish seduction or robbery, do you not imply that there is as little guilt in seduction or robbery as there is in making an imprudent marriage? And yet the laws of Nature leave crime almost unpunished while they enforce prudence by threats of the most terrible meaning.

What I would argue is, that the interference of the State in these things is ineffectual, both as it fails in its own workings, and impedes the workings of nature's law. The man left to himself, sees that if he marries without means, he reduces himself and his wife to poverty, and that if he has a large family without a corresponding income, he entails poverty on his children. But when the State forbids him to marry, and have children, a certain term of punishment is substituted for poverty in case he is able to elude the vigilance of

the State. With this prospect before him, there are two very simple ways of eluding the Government; he can either get married elsewhere, and accept thirty days imprisonment, or he can get children without going through any form of marriage. In either case the weight is thrown on the State. The State is regarded as the opponent of marriage, and the disgrace of illegitimacy is transferred to the laws which make it necessary. Are not these the necessary results of State interference?

The results in Bavaria are far worse than anything I have stated in discussing the general question, and if I give an account of them, I believe it will be of more effect than any argument upon the principle. Mr. Mill admits that "such a law may have its inconveniences;" and it is a question if the inconveniences are not inseparable from it. Be it understood that in describing the Bavarian system, I do not imply that a better system might not be adopted; that the excess of bureaucracy inherent in the German nature might not be avoided in other countries; that obstacles might not be put in the way of imprudent marriages, without reducing the poor to a worse state of poverty than even imprudent marriages would reduce them. I am only showing the circumstances in which one nation has placed itself by endeavouring to forbid marriage, and I leave more skilful legislators to discover means less open to reproach. In the chapter on Trade Laws, I quoted from a German writer that an application for a concession was generally accompanied by a demand for the right of establishment. Such a demand is referred to

the common council, and the trustees for the poor, to decide if the applicant's means are sufficient. In some cases a concession is granted without the right of marriage; but the difficulty of obtaining concessions is so great, that a man who has not capital to marry, has very little chance of being allowed to practise his trade. But the marriage requirements do not press so much on these classes as on the poorer people. Servants, and all who depend on personal employment, are perhaps the greatest sufferers. Their applications are certain to be rejected, on the ground that their subsistence is not assured. I have known cases in which servants have asked their masters to make an agreement to keep them for ever, because such an agreement would guarantee the certainty of their means of subsistence. And yet it is scarcely to be expected that any master would sign such a document, if there was a chance of his being kept to his word. If you inquire of the servants in Munich, you will find that almost every one is engaged, and almost every female servant above a certain age has one or two children. One cook that I had was engaged eighteen years, and had two children out at nurse. Another was engaged seven years, in the middle of which her lover left her, and married another who had more money, returning to her on the death of his first wife. I have heard of a case of two poor people having to wait fifteen years for permission to marry, and spending 200 florins on applications. One of the writers on the subject gives the following instance. An operative earning twelve shillings a week, was engaged to a girl earning seven, and owner of a house valued at £120,

and a cow. They applied for permission to marry, and were refused; "means of subsistence not assured." Time went on, they had two children, and still their application was refused on the same ground. The owner of the manufactory took up their cause, and pleaded it himself with the official, saying, that this refusal was not what was intended by the Government. The official replied curtly, "What does that matter to us; the Government may have its own ideas on the subject, but we have ours, and *I* in particular am of opinion that such marriages are neither right nor useful." The author from whom I quote this, adds, "While I am writing, my servant girl, aged fifteen years, comes in dressed for a feast-day, and says that her father and mother are to be married to-day, and she must henceforth be called by her father's name. Twelve times her father's application for license to marry was rejected, and each time he had to pay fees and expenses, lawyer's bills," &c. &c.

This is the way the system works. Unless a man can show that there is no human likelihood of his coming on the parish, he is deprived of the most powerful inducement to exertion, and all his savings are gradually absorbed by the expense of the applications he must make, by the costly organization of a bureaucratic authority. Thus, with a view to encourage prudence, an actual waste of money is effected, and instead of bidding poor people accumulate their savings, and marry upon them, you make the savings go to maintain an anti-matrimonial jurisdiction. Nor is this the only breach of economy. The expense of two people living

apart, and keeping their illegitimate children out at nurse, is far greater than it would be for a family to live together. It has often been maintained that what is enough for two is enough for three; it is certain that a small increase is sufficient to support an additional person, and that nothing is more expensive than separate maintenance. The most expensive form of life is therefore forced upon people who are considered too poor to carry on the most frugal. I was very much touched by hearing the history of a poor artist in Munich, one of those thoroughly artistic temperaments one reads of, absorbed in his own world, and unable to obey the demands of the practical world around him. He was a widower, and wished to marry the maidservant in his house. Of course he could not get permission, and as he had a child by her, she was removed from his house, and made to take service elsewhere. The child was put out to nurse, the father had to pay a certain sum towards the support of the child and the mother, while deprived of the help of his servant, and not allowed the help of a wife. It may easily be supposed how unfitted an artist of this class would be to do all the duties of his house, how much more it cost him to make an allowance to the mother of his child, without any equivalent, than it would have cost for the family to live together; and how little chance there would be for any of them bettering themselves by their work, as there would have been if they had lived together. This is not nature's penalty for imprudence; this is only the misery the State can inflict on those who are too weak to oppose it.

It is not private economy alone that suffers in Bavaria; the public funds are also heavily taxed by the results of the marriage law. The communities profess to restrain marriage out of regard for their own purses; they forbid the rearing of families, lest the children should come on the parish. But by this short-sighted policy they cause the parishes to be burdened with illegitimate children, who have no responsible parents to support them, and who are therefore sure to be an expense to the community. Honest people, who have married, and have got a family too large for their means, feel the promptings of honour, and bear up to the last moment, sooner than give up their children. But no one has the same sense of duty with regard to illegitimate children, who do not bear his name, and whose legal claim on him is limited. And thus the communities procure a certainty of charge by wishing to avoid a chance of it. The same short-sightedness is found in the restrictions imposed on military marriages. No soldier is allowed to marry before thirty, and their children are pensioned up to the age of eighteen. The result of this is, that when the father dies he is almost sure to leave children younger than eighteen, who have to be supported at the public expense. It is, I believe established, that young marriages are not so prolific as those marriages contracted above the age of thirty; and as all marriage laws are devised with a view to limiting the number of births, it is clear that these laws defeat their object. Certainly, if the father married younger, there would be more chance of his children

having attained the age of eighteen before he died. As it is, tribes of young children are saddled upon the public purse.

The statistical tables of kingdoms in which marriage is restricted, and especially the tables of Bavaria, hold out warnings against the continuance of the system. To the triumphant question of a Conservative writer, "What would become of towns if every body in them was allowed to marry?" one may oppose a dismal picture of the present state of towns in which every one is not allowed to marry. It was found in Baden that the old families rapidly disappeared in towns where the right of establishing and marrying was not left free, and in many such towns it was quite impossible to make up the number of recruits for the army, as the population had so much diminished, that all the young men in the place did not suffice. Illegitimate births seem to keep pace in an exactly corresponding ratio to the regulations on marriage. In Lower Bavaria illegitimate births are one in four; in the Palatinate, where freedom from vexatious laws produces a less proportion of crime, more contentment, and far greater prosperity, they are one in nine; and in Saxony and Prussia one in thirteen. In Munich, in one year, there were 1,762 legitimate, and 1,702 illegitimate births; nor is it rare for the illegitimate births in one month to exceed the legitimate. But the worst side disclosed by these statistics is the proportion of deaths. In the whole of Bavaria more die under fourteen than over; and the number that die before attaining one year is four times as great as the number which comes next to it, grown

up people, who die between sixty and seventy. That is, in one year more than 69,000 children died, and only 62,000 persons over fourteen. Of these children 53,000 were under one year, whereas the greatest number of deaths above fourteen were 13,000, of people between sixty and seventy. If these figures do not open one's eyes to the results of the system pursued in Bavaria, I do not know what will. And yet without due commentary the figures do not tell half the tale. It would seem strange that while the illegitimate births in Munich so nearly approach the legitimate, the deaths of people over fourteen exceed the deaths under fourteen, while in many country places the children die faster than they are born. The secret of this is, that most of the illegitimate children are put out to nurse in country places, and that people from the country come up to Munich, that their shame may not be public at home. In all the villages round the chief cities of Bavaria, children are commited to the care of licensed nurses; only a small sum is paid for their maintenance, and they are starved out of the world. Thus, in the towns of Nuremberg and Wurzburg, the deaths above fourteen exceed. But in the *districts* of Nuremberg and Wurzburg, the deaths under fourteen are by far the most numerous.

I need scarcely enlarge on the moral results after producing these figures. It is evident that small regard is paid to the life that God has implanted in all His creatures, be they born in wedlock or not; and what regard can be paid to the sanctity of family relations, of the marriage tie, of the chain of duties and affections

that binds parents and children together, when every single one of them is thus profaned? There can be no respect of marriage if it is to be only a civil observance, contracted by those whom the community recognises as respectable; nor can a family grow up in one after years of separation and estrangement, when the children have been stealthily begotten, and have been born in shame. On these grounds alone a revision of the law is needed; and if, as some argue, the nation is not fitted to walk by itself, and cannot be trusted to provide for its own wants, the sooner it is freed from these leading-strings the more chance of its learning.

CHAPTER XXI.

LAWS OF POLICE.

THERE is a mysterious power in Munich, almost answering to the old secret tribunals of the *Vehm*, or the terrible messengers of state-punishments in Venice, to judge by the fear it inspires. It takes cognisance of every stranger and sojourner; its functions range from the highest departments to the lowest; it is never spoken of but in whispers, and while no definite knowledge of its details seems to exist, its measures are severely, though secretly denounced, by foreign residents. Till about a year ago there was no means of ascertaining the crimes it was allowed to visit and the penalties it was in the habit of inflicting. The extent and accuracy of its information, whether gathered from known or unknown sources, the prying into domestic life with which it has been charged, have rendered it an object of wonder to the inhabitants of Munich, and of hatred to the sons of freer countries. It is difficult to converse with an old resident on the ways of Munich without hearing fearful denunciations of the police authorities, backed by stories that seem marvellous, though they only want substantiation, not foundation in fact.

I have not examined the judicial organisation of Bavaria. In the absence of plentiful and reliable materials, I have been content to neglect the duties of a philosophic inquirer, especially as I found very great difficulties in the way. It has not been my object to go to the root of these matters, and with the existing obstacles to inquiry, no one who was not willing to break the ice and investigate every nook and cranny, could arrive at any results. Nor do I imagine that the results would repay him for his trouble. The mysteries of Munich cannot be so deep or exciting as those of the great capitals which have afforded fields for so much romance; and though, perhaps, the under current may be more rapid and turbid than the placid surface, the diver might bring up nothing worthy of public examination. Would it interest the English public to hear that in very truth the Munich police employed a gentleman's maid-servant to ascertain the nature of her master's relations with his house-keeper; or that a Frenchman was really separated from his travelling companion on grounds of public morality? Both stories may be true, as the police is legally empowered to provide against all moral offences. But if I were to tell all the tales that I have heard of the Munich police, and leave the natural inferences to be drawn from them, I should be conveying a very different idea from that which seems to be legitimate. There is no doubt a considerable amount of over-legislation in Munich, as there is throughout the Continent. Germans, especially, seem unable to dispense with it; and if they do not feel the inconvenience of their present system, the authori-

ties are hardly called upon to alter it. Thus much is certain, that the smallness of crime and the orderliness of public life in Munich contrast very favourably with the state of English towns, while the boorishness of the population would lead one to form the very worst opinion of their capacity for discipline.

The police system in Munich is based on the same principle as the laws of trade and of marriage. Every crime is provided for, and every inducement is put forward to make good citizens of the people. The police code, which was drawn up by the Chambers in 1861, and came in force 1st July, 1862, contains 231 articles, and out of a population of 140,000 twelve to fifteen hundred persons are punished every month. In one month I find the following number given:—3 for breaking the Sunday; 319 for breaking the laws of the strangers' police; 1 for putting his things up to lottery without permission; 40 for breaking the servants' laws; 34 for giving too late notice of having engaged servants; 15 for breaking the sanitary laws; 7 for breaking the fire laws; 2 for breaking the raft laws; 1 for stealing flowers from the cemetery; 3 for damage to fields; 18 for cruelty to animals; 39 for breaking the fiacre and driving laws; 66 for offences against the street police; 14 for not observing the police hour; 37 for making Blue Monday and arbitrarily absenting themselves from their work; 25 for defrauding the town dues; 1 for quackery; 17 for hawking; 43 for breaking the dog laws; 70 for dissoluteness, and 16 for favouring the same; 1 for usury; 261 for ill-treatment, injuries, and similar excesses; 17 for theft; 4 for em-

bezzlement; 2 for insulting the gendarmerie; 215 for idle vagabondage; and 34 for begging. In another month one person was punished for taking children to nurse without permission, six for taking part in lotteries of other people's effects. It will be seen by this list that the chief numbers refer to offences which are left unpunished in other countries. Of the large numbers, "261 for injuries, brutalities, and the like," is the only clause likely to figure in a less governed country; and this one speaks badly for the state of public civilisation. But in all other respects the crimes are ridiculously light. Munich is, perhaps, the only place left where the strangers' police is enforced with such rigour. I believe permissions to reside are no longer necessary in Vienna; they had been much relaxed in Venice, till the war of 1859 brought them in again. But the restrictions on trade and marriage make them still necessary in Munich, ridiculous as they may seem. So accustomed are dwellers in these German towns to police supervision that a German once declared life to be unsafe in America owing to the absence of a *polizei*, and an Englishman who had been long in Munich asked if the police in London allowed you to take a house where you liked, and to live as you felt disposed?

When seventy-four persons are punished in one month for offences against the laws relating to servants, one is tempted to inquire into the nature of such laws, and the effect they have on those subject to them. It is notorious throughout Germany that servants in Munich are bad, and yet the police take every precaution to

ensure their good behaviour. Every servant has to keep a book, stamped by the police, and containing certificates of character, signed by each successive employer. On entering a person's service, a servant has to take her book to the police, with a paper from her new master, stating the date of her entry into his house, which date is written in her book, with the name and address of her master, and guaranteed by the official stamp. On the blank page opposite, her character is written by the employer when she leaves his service, so that each period of her life is accounted for, and bad conduct would seem impossible against so sure a penalty. In spite of all these precautions, the tribe of servants in Munich seems to deteriorate instead of improving, and the characters given in their books are by no means reliable. Like the naval certificate, according to which every officer conducts himself with diligence, sobriety, and attention, and is always obedient to command, the certificate that Munich servants have always been honest and diligent, may be capable of considerable stretching. And thus the same conclusion is forced on us by the police regulations, as St. Paul formed with regard to the Jewish law; if there had been a law given which could have given life, verily righteousness should have been by the law.

But while the police authorities are engaged in taking care of public morals, and in the higher works of the law, their actual province is neglected. The street police is inefficient in the extreme. It never seems to cross the minds of the people of Munich, that the great body of officers which they keep up should be employed

in works of real utility, and while the gensdarmes are looking after morality, or seeing that no one takes a house without permission to reside, the streets are in a state of anarchy. A friend, who is far more familiar than I am with Munich life, but who perversely leaves me to write the book that he should have written, has mentioned many little facts of this nature in a letter to the *Parthenon*. He gives a strange picture of brewer's drays stopped exactly on a crossing, in order that the drayman may chat for half an hour with a friend, while all foot-passengers have to wade through the mud; of houses being repaired, and no temporary foot-path made in front; of shops being altered, and the whole pathway blocked up by a great wooden booth, in which the shopkeeper takes up his abode for the time; of the most unpleasant trades being practised in the open street, a coppersmith rivetting his cauldron, a tinman soldering the pipe of a house; while sawing, chopping, ramming and pounding wood, goes on all day in front of every one's windows. With such noises, added to the detestable drums of the immense garrison, the quiet streets of Munich are almost worthy of the name in the ironical sense of London satirists.

It may be a question how far the police are entitled to interfere in the matter of public morality. Some interference is obviously required. No thinking man can defend the existing state of London streets, and a comparison of Parisian morals and Parisian decency, with London morals and London decency, would suffice to prove the necessity of Government supervision. Unfortunately, Englishmen are, more than any other

nation, under the influence of phrases, and, sooner than allow a cant phrase to be employed against them with some show of truth, will submit to the greatest practical annoyances. In London we have the extreme of lawlessness, and it is universally admitted that our system is wrong. But the other extreme is by no means perfect, although public decency is preserved, and no sign of vice transpires. Rome and Munich are about the only two cities in Europe whose prostitution seems unknown. In Rome it is positively forbidden by the government of a priesthood; in Munich, I believe, it is licensed to the most limited extent, for strangers only. One result of such measures is, that nothing can be known about the dark side of the town. In London, vice is open to the most casual observer; any one may take his stand at the corners of streets and compute the numbers engaged in vicious pursuits; the haunts of vice are public and notorious. In Paris, too, the workings of the system can be watched without much difficulty; and the police provide statistical information which seems not altogether inaccessible. But in Rome and Munich no idea can be formed of the state of public morals. In no large city can one expect to find purity, and the accounts given of Rome below the surface are considered by many as an additional proof of the incapacity of the priestly government. In About's "Question Romaine"—a book which, however venomous in its spirit, has been shown to understate the facts bearing on the temporal power—there is an allusion to the results of this compulsory virtue; and a full statement of them was made by a Roman in a

pamphlet following the celebrated manifesto of "Le Pape et le Congrès." If one may judge from what one hears, the same evils exist in Munich. The difficulties thrown in the way of marriage contribute to sap the virtue of poor women, and the men, not finding any outlet for their passions, are naturally on the search for adventures.

"Munich," says Murray, "has the reputation of being a very dissolute capital." If the statistics of illegitimate births were to be trusted implicitly, such a reputation were certainly deserved. A stranger, however, coming from London or Paris with the usual idyllic ideas about Germany, would be far from coming to such a conclusion. In the quiet of the streets, the absence of all show of temptation, he would read a confirmation of that public virtue traditionally preserved from the times of Tacitus, and confirmed by Madame de Staël. Estimates of national character are almost always unsatisfactory, and in setting down whole nations as virtuous people forget that in every country the majority gives way to its instincts, and that a community without vice is a moral impossibility. Even in the time of the patriarchs the social evil was not unknown, although it had not arrived at such a pitch as to demand a polite inuendo to describe it. The words in which Heine analyses the ideal pictures of Madame de Staël are not inappropriate to characterise the real aspect of Germany, and the fancy views which are often formed of it. "Madame de Staël only sees one side of German life; she praises the intellectual part, the idealism of Germany, in order to attack the realism that was then pre-

vailing in France. Her book resembles in this respect the *Germania* of Tacitus, who probably had the same object in view, to satirise his countrymen indirectly by apologising for Germany. Madame de Staël only saw across the Rhine what she wished to see; a nebulous land of spirits, where men without bodies and all virtue walked on fields of snow, conversing only on metaphysics. Oh! what delightful freshness in your woods, she would cry, what delicious scent of violets; how peacefully the canary birds sing in their little German nests! You are a good and virtuous people, and you have no idea of the corruption that exists amongst us in France, in the Rue du Bac! She sees nothing but spiritualism around her; she praises our honesty, our probity, our morality, our admirable intellects, and our admirable hearts; she has no idea of our houses of correction, our sloughs of prostitution, our barracks, &c., &c." Such is the judgment of a German upon the morality of his native land, such the terms in which he rejects the exaggerated praise of a stranger.

I have merely touched on this subject incidentally, because the surface of Munich life might mislead passing visitors. But I leave it for others to sum up the facts bearing on the case, and either to acquit the town of the charge made against it, or to pronounce it guilty. My own conclusion is, that while some cities are more guilty than others, none can be accounted as innocent, and it is better to grant the unfortunate necessity for all large towns than to claim an exemption for some, at the risk of their faults being more severely scrutinised and more decidedly condemned.

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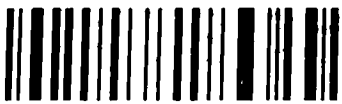
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